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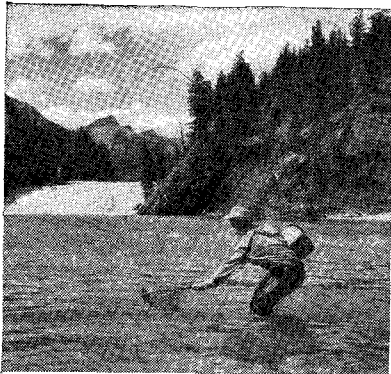
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Guatemala

WITHIN the past year or so the leftist government of Guatemala has twice announced conspiracies against it. The first, centering at the garrison town of Salamá in March, 1953, was supposed to be the work of the anti-Communists and the United Fruit Company. The second, late in January, 1954, brought forth the claim that Nicaragua, with Salvador, the Dominican Republic, and Venezuela, was plotting with the tacit approval of the United States and the material aid of the United Fruit Company. Both events have been followed by ruthless suppression of the opposition, who are labeled subversives. More significant has been the emergence in this period of the Communist Party as the dominant political force in Guatemala.

Circumstances favored the rise of Communist power in Guatemala. Under previous regimes, social and industrial progress was slow. Most of the population shunned the tropical coastal areas and preferred to live in the mountainous, sometimes almost inaccessible uplands. In a country of about 3 million, over 70 per cent illiterate, many are Indians suspicious of Western life and refusing to change their ways. There are two distinct social classes: the rich and the very poor.

The Reds have attempted to make much of the low wages received by Guatemalan labor. The minimum daily wage is supposed to be 80 cents for agricultural workers and \$1.25 for industrial labor in the populated areas. Even the government-operated farms do not meet this minimum, paying only half.

Deporting the unfriendly

The President's propaganda office is run by a smart Cuban Communist, who was taught the

Communist technique at a Prague propaganda school. In the January plotting, the populace was aroused to expect U.S. submarines landing troops and arms on the west coast of the nation.

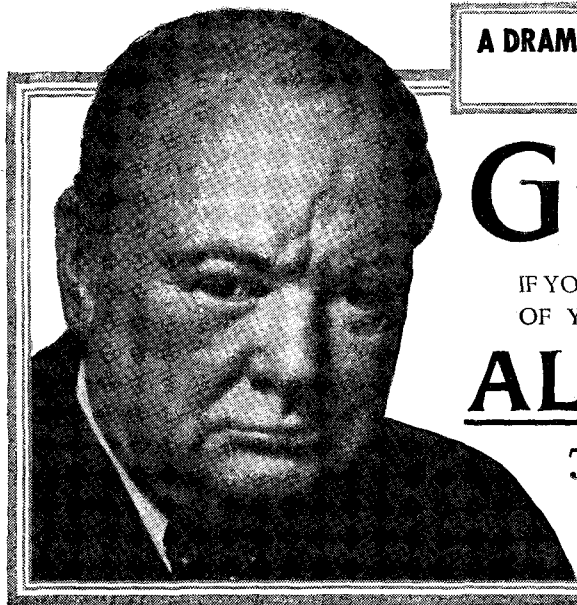
Two U.S. newspaper correspondents were recently deported. One, Sydney Gruson, a traveling correspondent for the *New York Times*, was accused of insulting President Jacobo Arbenz in a dispatch he had written three months previously, saying Arbenz was the prisoner of the Communists he had so warmly embraced only a few months ago. The second, Marshall Bannell, a free lance representing several publications, was ousted ostensibly for what was called his "unfriendly" dispatches but actually because he disclosed the fact that President Arbenz had just purchased a \$65,000 motor yacht at Belize in neighboring British Honduras.

The Inter-American Press Association immediately protested these actions as violations of the freedom of the press. The Guatemalan government then sought to explain that the two men had not been expelled for their work as newspapermen, but because of technicalities.

Another deportation was that of Franciscan Father Sebastian Buccellato. He had witnessed with concern excesses being carried out by the government under the guise of the agrarian program. When his communicants at Asunción Mita asked if it were right for them to accept seized property, he told them to observe the Commandments and urged that no land be accepted unless the owner had been adequately paid for it.

Father Buccellato was first arrested in November, 1953, and accused of intervening in internal

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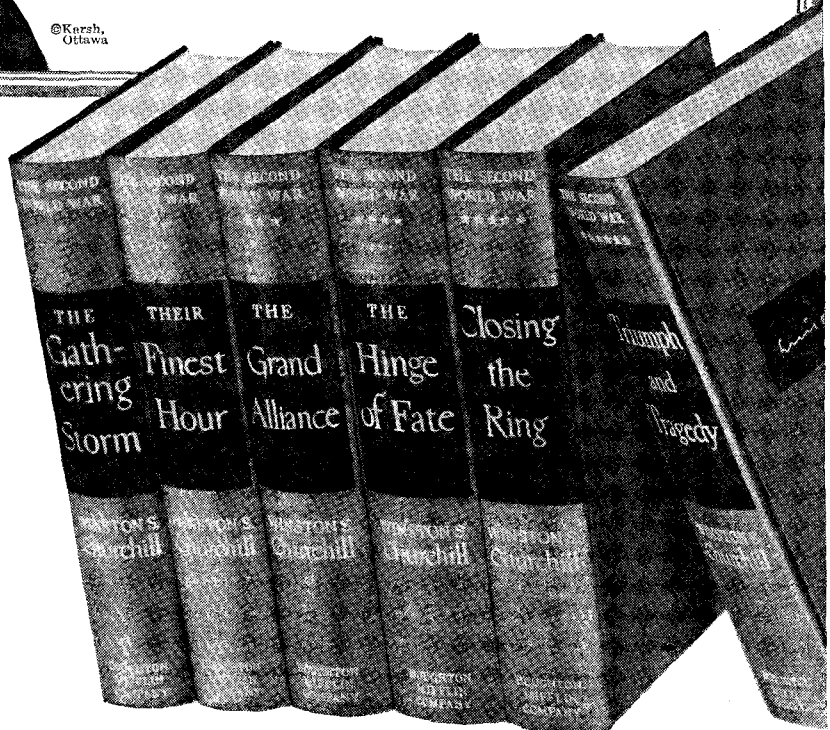
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The Atlantic Report on Guatemala



politics. He was then jailed at Jutiapa but released on appeal. Two months later, while returning from an eight-day circuit saying Masses and giving spiritual comfort, he was seized and forcibly divested of his religious habit.

Upon arrival in his native New York, Father Buccellato explained: "I am undesirable in Guatemala because I preached the Catholic religion. Because Communism is opposed to any religion, they want no leader who might give the people a moral doctrine that enables them to resist the Communist teachings. Communists there can commit murder without fear of being prosecuted. Spies are everywhere. Everyone is so spy-conscious that people are afraid to use telephones or to say much to each other."

Political infiltration

The value of the Communists to the revolutionary regime of President Arbenz has been their ability to get things done. They are closely organized and strictly disciplined. All those employed in government jobs pay 10 per cent to the treasury. They have infiltrated all four of the political parties forming the government coalition, and their carefully planted seeds of dissension already have caused the virtual disruption of the National Renovation Party, at one time the dominant political organization, and now appear ready to bring about division in the Revolutionary Action Party.

In fact, the Secretary General of the RAP arose in Congress recently and shocked his colleagues by saying that the Communist Party was the only party for Guatemala and that the other parties were transitory. Although he was later removed from his position, the damage had been done.

The non-Communist elements of the government regard their Communist colleagues with indifference, explaining that they are a local phenomenon and can be removed at will. Some army officers have protested the growing influence of the Red leaders, but President Arbenz assured them that he can control the Communists. The officers accepted this reassurance only after Arbenz promised them that the Communists would be thrown out at the end of his term.

Major Alfonso Martínez, onetime chief of the land reform program and a possible presidential candidate, left Guatemala for six weeks after he had protested the Communists' refusal to heed his direction and Communist-sponsored threats against him while he was personally investigating the ir-

regular seizure of the farmlands by armed bands in Escuintla province.

Land seizure a political football

The agrarian reform program was just what the Communists wanted. It was common knowledge that the program was aimed at the United Fruit Company, which had large reserves of land for future banana plantings. The private landowners were not unhappy, because they blamed the company's better working conditions and higher wage scales for their own labor problems and higher costs. Only after 234,000 acres of land owned by United Fruit had been expropriated were the land seizures extended to private landowners.

The government recently has been intensifying these in an effort to show that lands owned by nationals constitute the larger amount of expropriated areas. This is designed to answer the complaint of the U.S. government in August, 1953, that Guatemala discriminated against United Fruit because there had been relatively few takings of lands belonging to nationals. The Communist strategists ordered seizure of parts of farms owned by President Arbenz to prove there were no favorites.

The agrarian program has been a political football since the law was enacted in June, 1952. The Communist plan has made the local agrarian committees all-important while giving advisory powers to the departmental (or state) committees. The National Agrarian Council has the power to approve the recommendations of the lower committees. Final appeal is in the hands of the President, with the courts specifically left out and unable to hear appeals. It is the local committee that accepts a claim for land and in the end actually hands it over.

The parties rushed to pack the committees and bitter interparty battles resulted. Many of the officials in the National Agrarian Department were Communists, and they saw to it that Communists or their sympathizers were on the committees they wanted them on.

For some Guatemalans the agrarian program has been an opportunity, but not for others. Many of those receiving land were not prepared as farmers; some unemployed construction workers were sent to Escuintla and given expropriated land and some money. Most of these eventually abandoned the land and returned to Guatemala City.

The average small Guatemalan farmer is chiefly interested in growing corn, which has long been the



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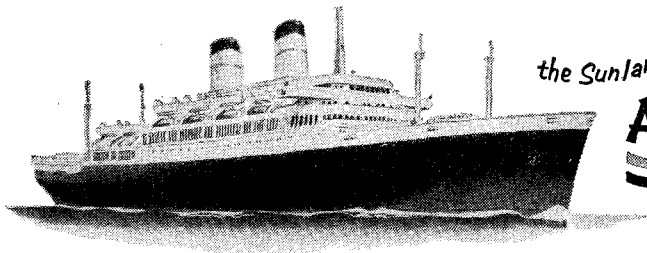
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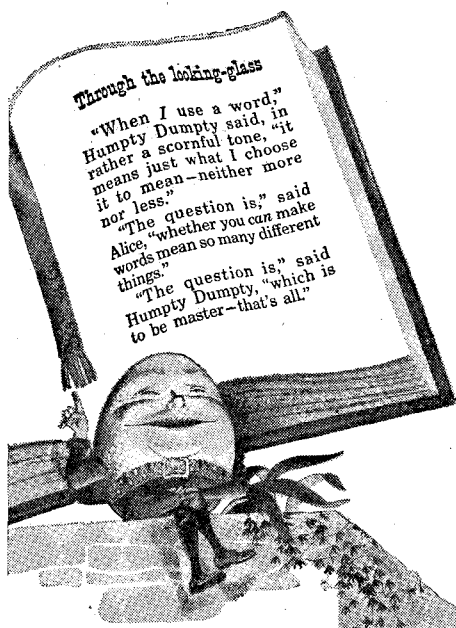
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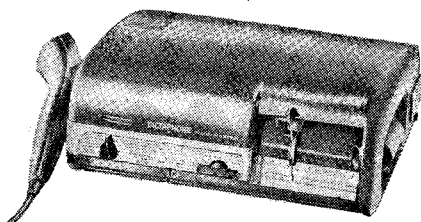
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basic food crop. Even where peasants have planted uncultivated land, seized under the agrarian program, to corn, private reports predict a corn shortage by mid-1954. The government denies this is so and claims there will be sufficient for export.

Hamstringing U.S. investors

The Communist objectives in Guatemala stem from Moscow's desire to divert the Western world's attention from the Soviet sphere of influence and force the issue in the Western Hemisphere. Thus the Communists in Guatemala go about hamstringing foreign companies and seek the elimination of companies doing business there, principally the United States concerns. These are: the United Fruit Company, which has extensive holdings on both coasts and is the largest private employer of labor, with approximately 14,000 on its payrolls; the International Railways of Central America; and the American-owned Empresa Eléctrica. The latter two have been the object of strikes organized and abetted by the Communist leader Gutierrez. The Communist deputy Paniagua took over direction of the striking railroaders from their own union heads.

American capital is not encouraged although more than a million dollars has been spent in the past year in an effort to encourage American tourists to resume visits to Guatemala. After the North Americans are out the Communists would move against the conservative landholders. Guatemalan Reds now are agitating for recognition of Russia and her satellites.

A Russian trade campaign was inaugurated, deliberately designed to undersell in Guatemala similar products offered by the United States and Great Britain. Goods offered by Mikhail K. Samoilov, the Russian commercial attaché from Mexico City, included radio receivers, bicycles, sewing machines, and photographic equipment from Russia and East Germany.

To the tourists who have wandered through Guatemala in the past year there are few indications of the Communist movement. To realize the extent of the Red influence in Guatemala they must read the official newspapers, attend government-sponsored meetings run by Communists in government buildings, listen to the radio. They should compare the official

statements of the government with the philosophies and misrepresentations voiced in Red publications.

They should attend the meetings of the intellectual society called Saker-Ti to hear diatribes against the Western world and in favor of Communism in Russia, China, and elsewhere. They should go to public schools to see exhibited the Russian motion pictures purporting to prove that U.S. aviators dropped germ bombs in Korea. They should watch the Communist-dominated convention of the Guatemalan Workers' Party issue to labor delegates posters captioned "Imperialist Hands! Keep Off Guatemala." These depicted Uncle Sam with one bloody, hooked, clawlike hand holding a bayonet pointed at Guatemala while the other tried to grab Guatemala's riches.

At the same moment the Communist Party of the United States was issuing a manifesto which was headed "Hands Off Guatemala!" The tourist should attend a session of the Guatemalan Congress, where one minute of silence was observed to commemorate the death of Premier Stalin of Russia—the only parliament in the Americas to do so.

Guatemala's immediate neighbors thought they could contain the threat of the expansion of Communist influence by taking action with the Organization of Central American States. Guatemala, although an enthusiastic sponsor of the group at its outset, eventually dropped out, making blistering attacks on its neighbors and accusing them of planning an invasion of Guatemala.

The problem facing Guatemala's neighbors is to convince other Latin American nations of the necessity of taking steps against Communism before it is too late. For most of them, Communism is a remote danger and by no means as proximate as is the ever present economic influence of the United States.

What can the U.S. do?

Under present law President Eisenhower can embargo U.S. trade with Guatemala if he finds that country to be a Communist nation. This law was adopted to control trading with Russia. Senator Margaret Chase Smith has introduced a resolution in the U.S. Senate to force the President

to a decision, by calling on the government to embargo Guatemalan coffee.

This would not be equitable and is not looked upon with favor by those most interested in developing this nation's relations with Latin America, for it smacks overmuch of economic intervention, which has always been difficult for the U.S. to disavow. Such a move might forge a united Guatemalan nation behind the Communists.

Already it has been bitterly attacked by all sides in Guatemala. The reason why such an embargo is regarded favorably by those advocating it is the paradox that the U.S. is financing the very interests it would like to see purged in Guatemala. The coffee business brings in about \$50 million annually to Guatemala. The government realizes about half of this from the sale of coffee grown on expropriated farms and from export duties.

The United States fifty years ago might have forcibly intervened to correct such a situation, but inter-American relations have progressed in the past half century and nonintervention is now generally regarded as a hemispheric principle. What the U.S. would like to see is unanimous and joint action on the part of the Latin Americans themselves to stifle Communism in Guatemala and elsewhere in the hemisphere.

But the Guatemalans have foreseen this, and Arbenz's predecessor, former President Arévalo, has been selling the Guatemalan line that she is being picked on, and has had a public offer of support from at least one nation, Chile. Arévalo has been working hard for support also from Argentina, Bolivia, and Ecuador.

But Communism is not yet a mass movement in Guatemala and further efforts by the Communists to entrench themselves might force a popular revulsion. Relatively few of the dominant Reds hold elective offices in the national government; most of them are in appointive jobs. Economic conditions, despite the high prices realized by coffee, are unstable, and there has been speculation that the quetzal might be devalued. This may awaken the Guatemalans to their danger.



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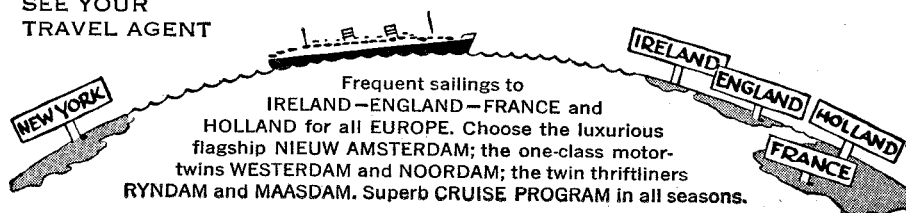
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This search has proceeded intermittently and with negligible results for sixty-one years. It now seems certain that large areas will be systematically surveyed and tested. However, the Australian-American company which made the strike holds almost exclusive oil-search rights over some 325,000 square miles of the Western Australian coastal region, the most probable oil-bearing country.

Overseas capital will certainly be attracted by the hope of oil discoveries. A substantial strike of oil would not only profoundly affect the country's economy but, because of Australia's unique geographical position, would be of immense strategic importance to the free world. By what may turn out to be extraordinarily fortunate timing, a refinery which will handle 3 million tons of crude oil annually is being built by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company at Kwinana, Western Australia, on the shores of a big natural harbor a few miles south of the capital, Perth. This development, which involves the creation of a new deepwater port, has, in itself, assisted the flow of capital from overseas.

Primarily in order to overcome difficulties caused by the nonconvertibility of sterling, American oil companies also are building a number of refineries in the eastern states. As a result of all this activity 85 per cent of Australia's petroleum requirements will be locally produced by 1956.

Atomic power?

The acceleration of interest in Australia, even prior to the discovery of oil, can be attributed to her apparently rich uranium deposits. Defense needs are being given first priority, and uranium oxide for delivery to America and Britain is expected to be in full production this year.

Because of the real need for atomic power in Australia, where water is scarce and the great reserves of good coal are concentrated on the eastern seaboard, sufficient uranium will be conserved to provide for Australia's future industrial development. The consensus among scientists is that Australia cannot hope for atomic power for industry in less than ten years. However, Mr. T. Playford, the Premier of South Australia, a state which has considerable uranium deposits, has said that an atomic power station will be built there by 1960.

Labor's uphill fight

Elections for the Federal Parliament will be held in June or July. During the two months' visit to Australia of Queen Elizabeth II and her husband a political truce has been tacitly observed, but soon after their departure this month the election campaign will open in earnest.

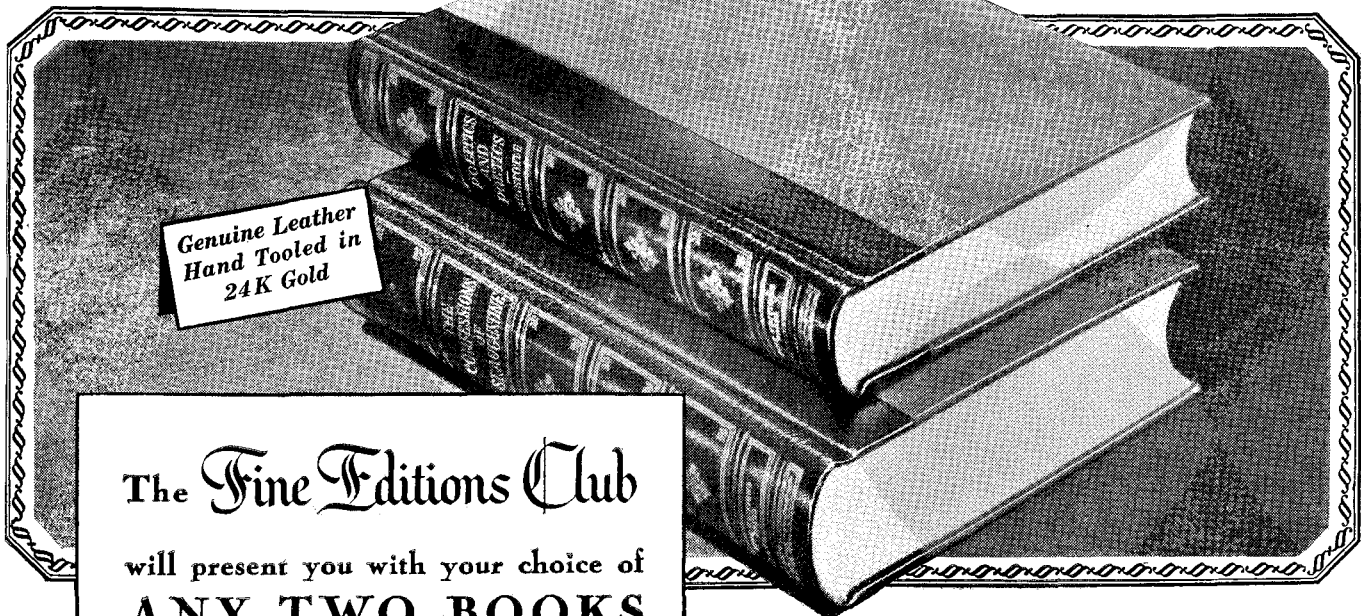
Some months ago Labor seemed justifiably confident of victory. The country, however, has largely recovered from the 1952 recession, and the Liberal-Country Party Government has regained some of the support which it alienated through its drastic measures to stabilize the economy. Financial and economic controls have been progressively relaxed; unemployment has been reduced to negligible proportions; and substantial taxation relief was given by the budget of last September. Consequently the Government is now prepared to rely on its record, and Labor is no longer in the happy position of being able to ride to power on the Government's unpopularity.

The Labor Party is also beset by internal troubles. The party machine has been captured by the right wing, with the result that Labor's socialistic objective has receded into the background. This has disgruntled some of the party's left-wing members and small breakaway movements have sprung up in three of the six states. However, control by the right wing will enable Labor to make a strong bid for middle-class support.

To the Prime Minister, Mr. Robert G. Menzies, or to the Leader of the Opposition, Dr. H. V. Evatt, loss of the elections may easily bring loss of

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party leadership. Both men are now approaching sixty and each has the dubious advantage of towering intellectually above his followers. Mr. Menzies lost the Prime Ministership in 1941 and spent eight years in opposition before regaining office. The chances are against a second political recovery.

Dr. Evatt, who stepped down from the High Court bench in 1941 to enter Federal politics, became Leader of the Opposition on the death of Joseph B. Chifley in 1951. He has never been Prime Minister. Australian Labor is prone to distrust intellectuals and to prefer leaders who have come from the trade-union movement. This feeling may come to the surface if Labor should lose.

Production costs and wages

If economic recovery is to be permanent, Australia must reduce production costs, now inflated to a degree which threatens the structure of her secondary industry. Manufacturers have protested vigorously at each successive relaxation of the restrictions on imports, and the machinery for regulating import tariffs has been streamlined in order to meet their demands.

But neither a larger flow of imports to keep inflation in check nor higher tariffs to prevent unemployment in industry is a solution to the problem of costs. A considerable measure of taxation relief was provided for companies and individuals in the last budget, but since this merely removed the crushing burden which had been imposed two years previously, it will provide incentive only to a limited degree.

Basic wages for each of the states have been set by the Federal Arbitration Court and have been adjusted quarterly according to changes in the cost of living. After a twelve months' hearing, the Arbitration Court last September rejected the employers' application for a reduction in wages and an extension of the 40-hour working week. However, the Court decided to suspend the quarterly cost-of-living wage adjustments, which had had the effect of doubling the basic wage in five years. It was hoped that this would lead to speedy stabilization of wages, as the majority of Australian workers come under Federal Arbitration Court regulations.

Shortly after the Court's decision was announced, however, the cost-of-living index showed a slight rise. There followed considerable legislative and legal activity both on the part of some state governments which declined to apply the wage freeze to workers employed under awards of their states, and on the part of the Australian Council of Trade Unions, which challenged in the High Court the Arbitration Court's constitutional authority. The High Court, however, upheld the judgment of the Arbitration Court.

Meanwhile the Arbitration Court decided not to issue cost-of-living figures for the December or subsequent quarters. Following the High Court decision and this latest move by the Arbitration Court, there has been a marked reluctance on the part of state governments to take any further action. The Arbitration Court's attempt at stabilization may therefore succeed.

Management-labor relations

If the solution to the problem of production costs is not found through enlightened coöperation between management and labor, it will be forced by the inexorable dictation of economic pressure. The decision by the governing body of Australian trade unionism, the Australian Council of Trade Unions, at its last annual congress in September, to countenance incentive schemes in industry may lead to an improvement in management-labor relations and to higher production.

Australian unions have hitherto bitterly opposed all incentive schemes; and although their new policy by no means denotes unqualified approval of incentives, it does at least accept the fact that they are already in operation and are spreading.

Another new departure in Australian industry in recent months has been the negotiation of agreements on a plant basis by collective bargaining between the management and the several unions involved. It would be incorrect to say that labor is fully prepared to coöperate with management, but the tendency is certainly in that direction.

Scientific research

Australia is not solely preoccupied with internal problems. For the past



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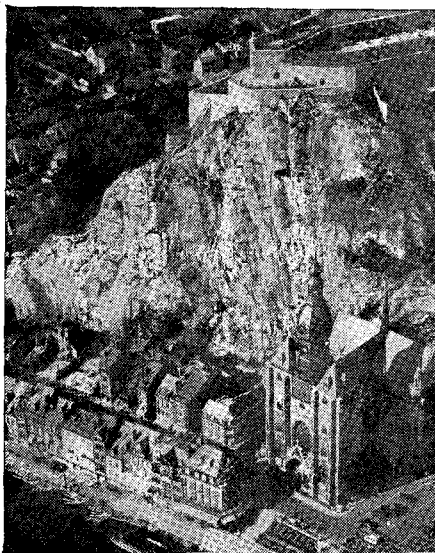
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six years she has maintained meteorological and scientific stations on Heard and Macquarie Islands, situated far to the south. An expedition to Antarctica is now being undertaken by the Federal Government in order to establish on the Antarctic mainland a permanent station which, it is hoped, will not only justify Australia's claim to an area almost as large as Australia itself, but will also provide valuable scientific and meteorological information.

An increasing proportion of the industrial work connected with the guided missile tests at the Woomera Rocket Range is now being carried out in Australia. This has led to the negotiation of a new agreement with Britain covering the share of the rapidly rising costs to be borne by each country.

The main item on the program at Woomera, which is also being used as a proving ground for Britain's atomic weapons, is the testing of Britain's latest "homing" rocket, which, it is claimed, can hunt down its quarry at a speed of 2000 miles per hour. The Australian "Jindivik" pilotless jet plane is to be used for testing purposes. The guided rocket program is essentially a combined British-Australian operation. The missiles are first tried out in England, and are then sent to Woomera, where large-scale tests can be carried out under realistic conditions. Modifications which may prove necessary can now be effected in Australia.

The pact with America

Although the Anzus Pact is frequently discussed and criticized, Australia is well aware of its value. America agreed to the pact in 1951 as the price of Australia's signature to the Japanese Peace Treaty, and the wording itself makes it clear that it was intended only as a temporary arrangement pending the development of a more comprehensive system of security in the Pacific.

Critics take the view that the time is now ripe for a complete revision of Pacific security arrangements. If a broad agreement on the lines of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization is impossible of achievement, it is contended, at least the defense of the Southeast Asian area should include America, Australia, New Zealand, Britain, France, and possibly Thai-

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land. This view arises from the fact that Australia has a direct interest in the security of Southeast Asia, including Indonesia.

Fear of Japan

Despite the insurance afforded by the Anzus Pact, Australia is still extremely sensitive to even the long-term possibility of renewed Japanese aggression. It is generally recognized that some form of Japanese rearmament is inevitable, and in present world conditions even desirable, but Dr. Evatt was expressing popular opinion when he said that Australia must keep the closest watch on the form and content of Japanese rearmament.

Fear of Japan is further apparent in the dispute which has arisen over Japanese pearl-fishing rights in North Australian waters. Failure to agree on suitable fishing grounds led to the proclamation of Australian sovereignty over the continental shelf and the institution of a system of licensing and control of pearl fishing in those waters. Japan rejected Australia's claim to sovereignty, and the dispute has been referred to the International Court at The Hague.

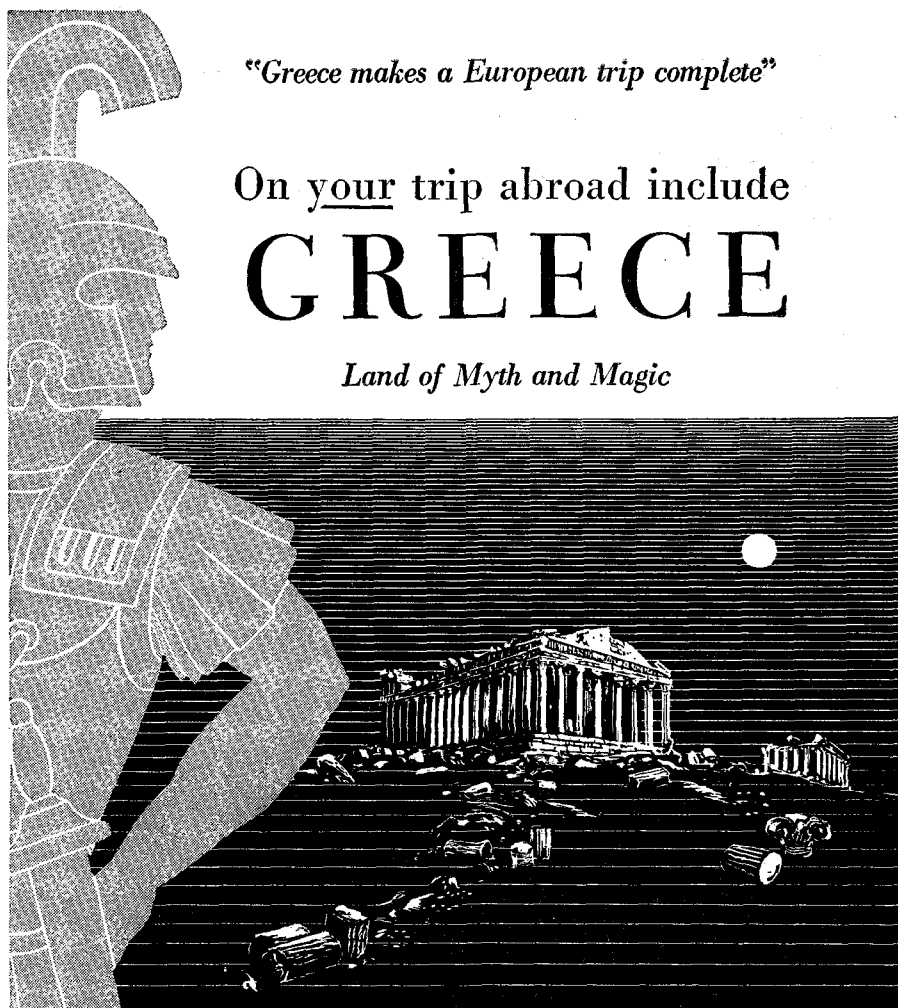
Australian preoccupation with the possibility of future Japanese aggression may seem farfetched when considered against current Southeast Asian problems. The Republic of Indonesia, with a population of nearly 80 millions, lies immediately to Australia's north. Relations between the two countries are excellent and trade between them is complementary, although heavily in Indonesia's favor. Furthermore Australia, through the Colombo Plan, is helping Indonesia's development.

Indonesia, however, lays claim to Dutch New Guinea — a claim which, if conceded, would give Indonesia a common frontier with Australia in New Guinea. The Second World War showed New Guinea to be the key to Australia's defense in any attack from the north. For her own security, therefore, Australia strongly supports Dutch resistance to Indonesia's claim. In any realistic assessment of possibilities in that area, Australia cannot ignore the activities of Chinese Communists in Indonesia and the growing strength of the Indonesian Communist Party, which already claims a membership of 100,000.

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Washington

As the head of the Republican Party, President Eisenhower is concerned with the election of a Republican majority in Congress. Yet he needs the support of Democrats to put through a substantial part of his legislative program. Thus he is bedeviled on the one hand by the call to help party orators turn on the political heat, and on the other by the threat that too much heat will cause him real trouble on Capitol Hill.

This explains the initial hesitant White House reaction to the row between Army Secretary Stevens and Senator McCarthy. Almost no issue since World War II has caused such spontaneous outpouring of feeling in Washington, and the public seemed to see the issue more clearly than the Administration. Secretary Stevens was handicapped because there had in fact been laxity in the Army's handling of what McCarthy called a "Fifth Amendment Communist" — though the automatic promotion and subsequent honorable discharge of the drafted dentist in question were carried out in accordance with regular procedure.

Stevens also was diverted by the argument over whether officers could be compelled to testify before Congress — a point still in some doubt as respects loyalty matters. Thus he lost his chance to make an effective case on the overwhelming issue: the methods of McCarthyism, as exemplified by McCarthy's bullying of General Zwicker for carrying out his orders. Stevens, whose naïveté was demonstrated in the Fort Monmouth case, claimed victory when he appeared to others to have surrendered completely. Considerations of party harmony apparently weighed more heavily with the Administration than the opportunity to take issue with McCarthy.

The President has made clear his own distaste for excessive partisanship and by implication rebuked members of his own entourage. But the extremists continue without apparent restraint. What differentiates the present situation from the rough-and-tumble political debates of the past is the imputation of disloyalty. In the hyperbole of political campaigns it long has been accepted tactics to brand the opposition as composed of

nincompoops and scoundrels. The Democrats have been just as willing as the Republicans to employ such labels. But in the context of the world Communist conspiracy, to accuse a party of being an accomplice in treason is to accuse it of the most reprehensible crime of all. Such innuendoes are resented bitterly by men whose record of fighting Communism was already clearly established when some of the present accusers were still trying to block efforts to prevent the Communist engulfment of Europe.

The President is torn between his expressed hope that Communism will not be an issue in the 1954 campaign and the belief of the political hucksters that charges of Communism have an irresistible appeal which will enable the Republicans to win. Many of the Republicans making the charges no more represent what Eisenhower stands for than a Model T exemplifies the current automotive fashion. Yet, so far, Eisenhower has been unwilling flatly to repudiate them.

No party, of course, can muzzle all of its extremists. But there remains a fundamental struggle between the moderate faction of the party which agrees with Eisenhower and the right wing which despises his views. Until now Eisenhower has sought to curb the excesses of the right wing by conciliating it.

It is entirely conceivable that as the President gives more attention to party affairs his concept of leadership will change, just as it has changed regarding his relationship with Congress. Without anything so flamboyant as an overt effort to dictate to the party, the President has the power to bring the reactionaries to heel in his control of patronage. But this requires a decision that the support of the moderates in both parties is more important than the extremists in his own — and that is a difficult choice to make with an election coming up.

The exaggeration of security

The Administration was tripped by its own maneuver in the fiasco over the number of "security risks" separated from the government. The most



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charitable interpretation is that, by making a great show of activity, the Administration hoped to minimize the issue of Communism in government. But the play fell flat when critics brought out that only a handful of the 2200 cases involved suspected disloyalty, that most separations were for undesirable traits of character, and that some persons who left voluntarily had been classified later as security risks without their knowledge. The clamor for a breakdown became deafening.

Republican officials themselves invited the clamor. In his State of the Union message the President asserted with obvious pride that 2200 persons had been separated "under the standards established by the new employee security program." Other spokesmen were less restrained. Postmaster General Summerfield coupled the 2200 with a condemnation of those "who make treason an occupation." Senator McCarthy proclaimed that "practically all" of the 2200 "were removed because of Communist connections or perversion."

As a result it has become a wry joke in Washington that no one dares leave the government without incurring the danger that he will be included in the security risk figures. There is no such thing, of course, as a vested right to government employment. The problem is how to dismiss persons who, for varying reasons having nothing to do with loyalty, are unsuited for government employment, without permanently damaging their reputations and livelihood. Obviously there can be no safeguard if they are to be stigmatized indiscriminately as traitors.

The Eisenhower standard

When the new security program was adopted last spring, it was widely hailed as an improvement over the loyalty program begun in the Truman Administration. Originally the standard for dismissal had been reasonable grounds for belief that the employee was *disloyal*. Subsequently this was amended to provide for dismissal upon reasonable doubt that the employee was *loyal*.

The Eisenhower program uses a much broader standard in prescribing dismissal whenever the employment of a person is not clearly consistent with the interests of national security. The final decision, instead of

resting with an independent board, is made by the head of an agency.

In addition to the obvious grounds of Communist Party membership, espionage, and treason, the new program permits security dismissals for such faults as untrustworthiness, immoral or disgraceful conduct, alcoholism, and sexual perversion. Under the new system as under the old, the accused employee is denied the right to face his accusers. The hope, however, was that the substitution of a "suitability" test for "loyalty" would afford better protection both to individuals and to the government.

What, then, has caused the turmoil? For one thing, the broader standards have been construed as a hunting license by all sorts of junior sleuths on and off Capitol Hill, and they have perpetrated some almost unbelievable indignities. One official of great ability and eminence reportedly was interrogated along this line: "You've been a bachelor for many years. How can you prove you're not a homosexual?"

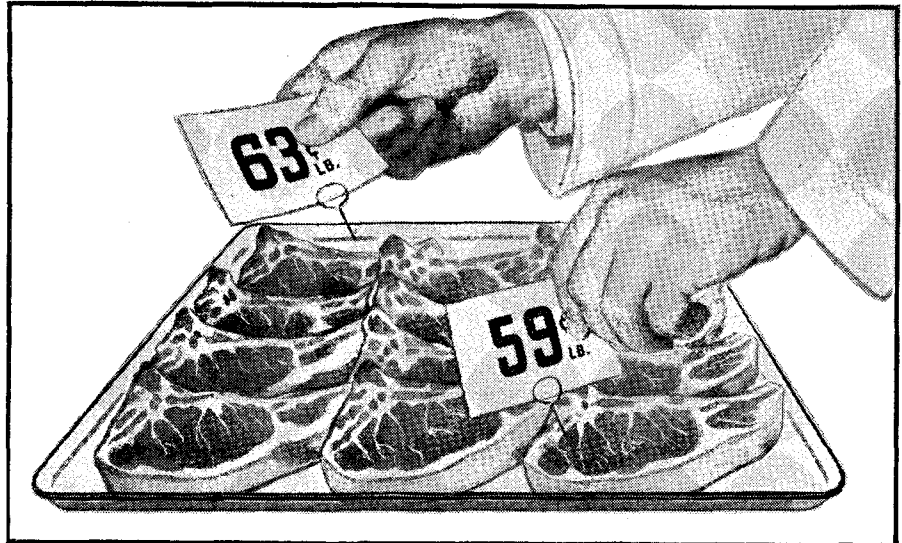
For another thing, the transition from the old to the new standards has been manifestly difficult because loyalty and security have become associated in the public mind. In view of the previous history of the loyalty program, some stigma of suspected disloyalty inevitably attaches to anyone separated for security reasons.

How much publicity?

Finally, there has been a mixture of concepts. Implicit in the new program was the promise that it would be carried out quietly and without fanfare. But the Administration allowed the separation figures to be exploited in an attempt to make political capital. This made a breakdown imperative. There is a question whether it is possible to draw an effective line between absolute secrecy in such matters and full publicity.

Under the Canadian system there is no publicity. Employees separated for security reasons are not differentiated from those discharged for inefficiency or in reductions in force, and there is no statement of charges. An employee who believes he has a grievance may present it to a member of Parliament. Much the same arrangement prevails in Great Britain, where the emphasis has been on delimiting sensitive positions in the

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government. As of January 15, only 148 persons had been suspended under the British program, and more than half of these were later reinstated or transferred to nonsecret work.

The safeguards provided under a system of parliamentary responsibility, of course, are impracticable in a system of divided powers. Changes of party are accomplished under parliamentary government with far less disruption to the civil service. Under the American system a policy of total secrecy would run the grave risk that it could be used to mask wholesale firings for political reasons.

The dread of McLeod

It is on this point, indeed, that the most fears have arisen about the Administration's program. No one has done more to promote the fears than the State Department security officer, Robert Walter Scott McLeod. McLeod, who during his political speaking tour accused critics of engaging in a "numbers game," was forced to acknowledge to a House Appropriations subcommittee that only 11 of the 534 State Department employees separated as security risks had been ousted for

loyalty reasons. Action in 7 of the 11 cases had been initiated during the Truman Administration. House members reported that no Communists had been found.

Yet it is no exaggeration to say that the dread of McLeod pervades every corner of the State Department. High officials decline to talk over the telephone because they believe their wires are tapped. McLeod presided over the combined Bureau of Security, Consular Affairs and Personnel — an administrative monstrosity which gave him control of most of the department's internal machinery. In addition, he was designated director of the Administration's foreign refugee relief program — a duty he performs with such vigor that by mid-February only four immigrants had been admitted under the program.

A police reporter on an Iowa newspaper before World War II, McLeod became an FBI agent in 1942. His work as resident agent in Concord, New Hampshire, brought him to the attention of Senator Styles Bridges, who made McLeod his administrative assistant.

A mild-mannered, chunky, bespectacled man still under forty, "Scotty" McLeod gives a disarming impression of great reasonableness. He has been popular with Congressional committees. It is only when he is drawn out that his philosophy becomes alarming. He is innately suspicious of anyone not a Republican, and he appears to believe deeply that there is no such thing as an objective civil service. Anyone appointed under the Democratic regime is therefore suspect. Yet it did not occur to him that there was anything incongruous in the fact that he, as the personnel boss of a department attempting to carry out a bipartisan foreign policy, took the stump to make partisan Lincoln Day speeches.

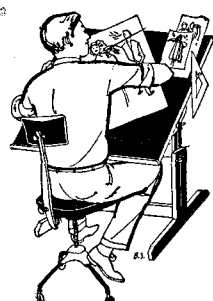
Early in March, McLeod was deprived of his personnel functions by departmental order and Edward T. Wailes was appointed Assistant Secretary for Personnel Administration.

Last year McLeod opposed the nomination of Charles E. Bohlen as Ambassador to Russia because, among other things, Bohlen had been "part of the Kennan axis." It is in this sort of atmosphere that the Administration is trying to conduct its security program. McLeod, of course, is not typical. But the knowledge that the security figures have been juggled for political purposes and that one security officer has been able to conduct a reign of terror hardly creates confidence in the program.

Mood of the Capital

President Eisenhower was never more skillful than in the submerging of the Bricker Amendment. Clearly the White House viewed the amendment as a crippling threat to the President's authority in foreign affairs. But Eisenhower avoided saying flatly that he would not accept an amendment to clarify the treaty-making power. He always appeared willing to consider any step that would not abridge his authority. This very reasonableness meant that the pro-Bricker and anti-Bricker factions fought, not with the President, but with each other.

Eisenhower had a strong assist from the Democrats. Senator George's substitute amendment was intended as a serious effort to eliminate the worst restrictions of the Bricker bill. But other Democrats, who opposed any change, used it to shatter the force of



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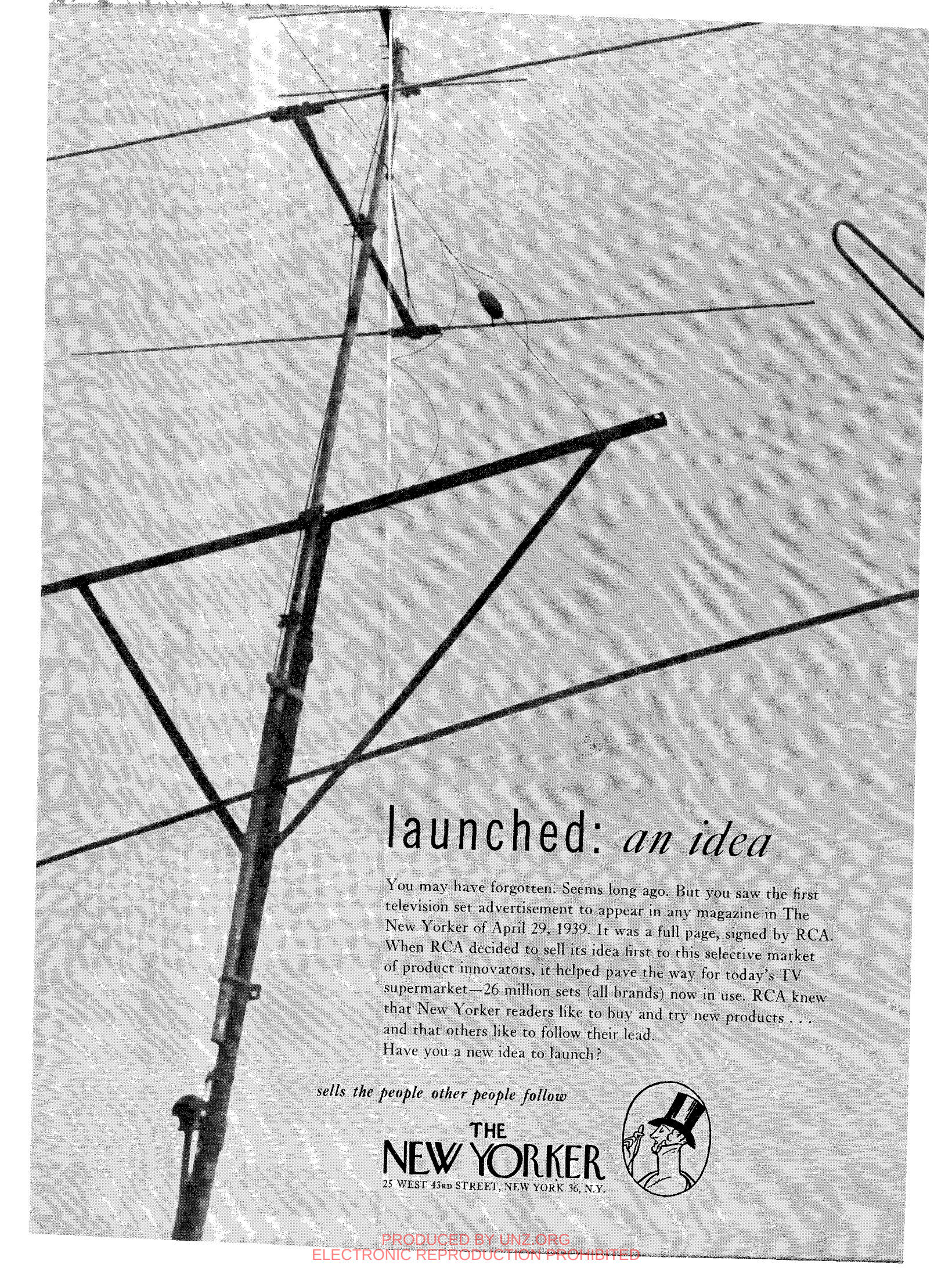
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the entire movement. Senator Hayden pointed out, for instance, that the migratory bird treaty with Canada, repeatedly cited as a horrible example of the abuse of the treaty power, was originally made at the specific request of Congress.

Senator Ives regards the fight as basically between the two wings of the Republican Party, with the isolationists still trying to fence in the President. Ives believes that there really is a loophole in the Constitution which leaves state prerogatives in jeopardy, and he favors the appointment of a body of experts to consider a remedy dispassionately. But he could not stomach the so-called "which" clause inserted by the Senate Judiciary Committee, and he was bitter at the extremism of the American Bar Association.

The Bricker Amendment did rally many isolationists as a gesture of no confidence in the United Nations. One associate of the President sees in it a revulsion against UNESCO and the human rights convention. It appealed to authoritarian fringe groups such as the Committee for Constitutional Government. It also enlisted the vociferous support of Senator McCarthy and his Texas "angel," H. L. Hunt, the sponsor of the "Facts Forum" program which purports to state the case for and against the UN, as if the United States were not already deeply committed to it.

Some people contend that the amendment was the product of frustration over the cold war — that it embodied a revolt against the personal diplomacy and executive agreements of the Roosevelt era, particularly the negotiations at Yalta.

Whatever the reasons, they added up to a dangerous assault on the concept of an independent executive — an assault which the President recognized and used a sort of divide and conquer stratagem to overcome. No one was of more help to the President than Senator Alexander Wiley, the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Wiley saw the dangers and was extremely effective in pointing them out. His performance was the more remarkable because he is up for re-election, and it took real courage to defy the censure of the McCarthy-dominated Republican organization in Wisconsin.



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SOMETHING CAN BE DONE. You can strike back at this cruel killer with a really generous gift to the American Cancer Society. Your money is urgently needed—for research, for education, for clinics and facilities. Please make it a really BIG gift!

Cancer
MAN'S CRUELEST ENEMY
Strike back—Give
AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"We Need Private Schools"

SIR:

As I was reading Oliver La Farge's article, "We Need Private Schools," in your February issue, I had the feeling that he had made a thought-provoking and constructive contribution to the current search for a solution to an urgent problem, the improvement of our public schools—until I came to the second from the last paragraph and encountered a startling caricature of scientific or "educated" thinking. My experience leads me to say that the half-dozen clear implications in that paragraph simply are not true.

Everyone agrees that American education needs a great deal of improvement. But it makes a vast difference what is prescribed as a cure. Some, for example, would have us believe that all difficulties would be eradicated if only we would return to the fundamentals of a liberal education. I wish it were that simple.

Most of us would be willing to settle for any proposal that promised a real solution to our problems, even if that solution involved acceptance of that which we may have generally deplored. One is led to wonder if our recently vociferous critics have taken the trouble to examine the awful complexity of the public school problem as it *really exists*, instead of assuming that the problem is merely the creation of visionary professors of education and impractical teachers. It is difficult to believe that truly informed people, either inside or outside the teaching profession, could so easily accept or propose simple solutions that ignore so many elements of the problem. I fear our current dis-

sonant chorus of criticism is producing a confused instead of an informed citizenry.

HAROLD L. PAUKERT
*Supervising Principal, Public Schools
Kohler, Wis.*

SIR:

Oliver La Farge may be an educated man in some ways, but he has grossly misrepresented the real position of James Bryant Conant on private schools. Why does the *Atlantic* print such factually untrue stuff?

EDGAR FULLER, *Executive Secretary
National Council of
Chief State School Officers
Washington, D.C.*

SIR:

My husband and I have been buying private prep school educations for our two sons for the past five years. It was therefore most reassuring to have the appraisal on our investment by Oliver La Farge.

Our sons receive an academic preparation which includes English, history, philosophy, and a four-year course in Latin; and they are getting, I sincerely believe, a better mental training than they could receive in a public school today. As a former teacher I am happy that I have been able to give my children a private school education.

CATHERINE NORDBERG
Mackinac Island, Mich.

SIR:

After reading Mr. La Farge's article, and realizing that my child and millions of others are, for financial reasons, condemned to a public school education, including the illiterate

"history teachers," I take some comfort in Oscar Wilde's observation that "education is an admirable thing, but it is well to remember from time to time that nothing that is worth knowing can be taught." It is even possible that this applies to private schools as well as public, and there is hope for all our children.

MRS. MICHAEL A. MILLER
New Kensington, Pa.

SIR:

Mr. La Farge's statement concerning army officers who could not speak "even the most elementary French," although they were college graduates, is ridiculous. Of the thousands of officers, there must have been hundreds who could pronounce French words better than an enlisted man who had never been exposed to French in high school or college. What does Mr. La Farge expect us to make of them in three years—linguists?

Some of those officers, I am certain, when they were in high school, studied French with their eyes instead of their ears, and just enough to get by. Many a teacher of French in public and private schools is knocking himself out trying to impress upon the pupil the "importance" of oral French. I know, because I'm still trying.

MICHAEL F. TEPEDINO
Batavia, N.Y.

"New England and the South"

SIR:

The serious decline of certain New England industries has indeed been speeded, as Senator John F. Kennedy points out in his article, "New England and the South" (January *At-*

Would you save this CHILD?

IF YOU SAW THIS CHILD, would you pick him up and save him as Bill Asbury, CCF representative, did in Korea a few weeks ago? We are sure you would not "pass by on the other side" to leave him die. He is now in a CCF orphanage being decently cared for. He is there with other children—children like the baby whose mother brought him to the superintendent, saying she could not find work and could not care for her baby. The baby was accepted and the mother started away and then fell. When the superintendent reached her, she was dead—of starvation. Some CCF orphanage children were pulled apart from the arms of their mothers—the children just faintly alive, their mothers dead.

Bill Asbury is making no complaint about the dirt and discomfort connected with his job or even about the vermin, far more alive on such a child than the child himself. But he is heavy hearted over the many children he can't save for lack of funds.

He will be glad, if you wish, to pick up a starving boy or girl for you and place him or her in one of the 42 Korean orphanages in which CCF assists children. The cost in Korea and in all countries where CCF operates is ten dollars a month and you will receive your child's name, address, story and picture. You can correspond with your child. Children can be "adopted" in CCF orphanages around the world; in the following countries: Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, Formosa, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, United States and Western Germany.

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lantie), by the cheap nonunion labor and tax-free plants found in the South. Desirable as legislation may be to end such unfair competition, it is doubtful whether such a move can save these declining industries—for, to paraphrase Toynbee, the verdict in the case of a dying industry is rarely murder, it is almost always suicide.

New England's woolen industries—on which the crisis centers—having lost much business to synthetics, cannot meet the challenge of low-cost manufacturing in the South. The communities of New England, its business management, and its labor all share the responsibility for this condition.

It is not low wages that make low costs—a truism recognized in international trade and applying equally well to regional competition. Southern mills are incomparably more efficient than New England mills, with a few notable exceptions. Not only have New England mills on the whole inefficient or obsolete machinery but the rank and file of labor have consistently opposed the efficient use of manpower. Thus, in a northern and a southern worsted mill having the same equipment, the northern worker will run six looms while his southern counterpart runs twelve or sixteen, as engineering analysis has proved to be easily possible. The nonautomatic loom still runs in New England, while many southern mills are two steps ahead, having discarded even the automatic loom as inefficient and adopted the new Swiss-type weaving machine. Many southern mills therefore could double their wages and still have a cost advantage.

To complete this picture, the New England communities have taken their mills only as easy tax sources, doing nothing to reduce their high power and transportation costs or aid their main industry in any way.

L. LADIN

Capital City Woolen Mills
Des Moines, Iowa

SIR:

Amen to every word Senator Kennedy said in his article. Born in the South forty-one years ago, I have been employed in enough jobs to know full well that the wage differential between the North and South is great and is unfair to Southerners.

How many daily newspapers north of the Mason-Dixon line paid their regular proofreaders as little as \$30 for a 40-hour week in 1944? That

was my wage here. How many northern textile machinery parts manufacturers paid their shipping clerks as little as \$22.50 for a 40-hour week in 1941? While I was receiving that amount here, clerks in a Hopedale, Massachusetts, plant were receiving \$30 a week or more.

Soldiers in the World War II Army laughed when I told them about Southern wages.

J. WILSON HARRISON
Spartanburg, S.C.

SIR:

There is one encouraging thing in Senator Kennedy's article: "Not a single one of the John Doe Company's southern plants has been organized by a labor union, although attempts at unionization have been made for more than ten years."

In 1951 the people of Danville were given a lesson in unionism. It included dynamitings, deceit, and the most vulgar abuse of those citizens who disagreed with the union's aims. Let's hope the South can continue to shape its own destiny without assistance from the Rieves, the Baldonzis, or the Kennedys.

EDWARD WALLER
Danville, Va.

SIR:

In "New England and the South" Senator Kennedy politically hurdles what some think the main siphon of New England industry: a municipal real-estate tax averaging in the larger southern cities \$20 per thousand against the Boston rate of \$70 a thousand.

IRVING ZIEMAN
Boston, Mass.

I Personally —

SIR:

In the last paragraph of R. P. Lister's "Thesis and Antithesis" (February *Atlantic*) he states that his favorite German sentence is not a sentence, but a word "taken from that great Teutonic authority, Mark Twain," and that it is *Hottentottenpotentatenmuttermörderattentatsverräter*.

This word contains only 51 letters and is evidently an abridgment, made at the cost of some important information, of Mr. Clemens's 70-letter word *Hottentostenstrottelmutterattentäterlattengitterwetterkatterbeutelratte* found on page 166 of the 1924 edition of his autobiography. It will be noted that this unabridged one-word sen-

The CATHOLIC Woman Is Never In Doubt!

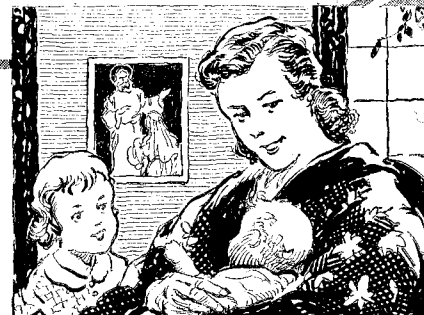
The Catholic woman, of course, has the same problems of living that other women have.

But she is never in doubt as to how to solve them. In every decision she makes . . . large and small . . . whether they occur in her adolescence or later on as a wife and mother . . . she can use the clearly defined principles of her Catholic Faith. This, some will say, is a form of "thought control" to which they would not submit. By the same reasoning, the Bible with its strict commandments guiding human behavior could also be called a form of thought control.

Women generally, of course, are opposed to divorce. Many of them regard it as a grave social evil. Catholic women not only share this view, but know that according to God's law, divorce with remarriage is a serious sin.

Catholic women may be tempted, at times, unlawfully to limit the number of their children to fit the family income. But the Church reminds them this is a violation of God's law. Likewise, the obligation to provide religious training for their children is not a matter of choice. It is a clear duty.

Sincere people of all faiths, it is true, are devoted in their church attendance and conscious of their need to worship God. But for all Catholics, including women, these are regular obligations which they can never shirk. Attendance at Mass on Sundays and Holy Days, Confession and Communion at least once a year, and fasting and abstinence, are not merely religious exercises which a Catholic may observe or ignore. They constitute elements in the required Catholic "way of life."



Catholics gladly choose this way because they believe that the Church . . . dating down the centuries from Peter to the present day . . . speaks with the voice and authority of Christ. And believing this, they are never in doubt concerning moral and spiritual values . . . never at a loss for spiritual assurance and help for guidance and consolation.

Whether you are a woman or a man . . . married or single . . . it will be an interesting and moving experience for you to read our specially-prepared pamphlet describing the powerful impact of the Catholic Faith upon the life of a woman. It's yours for the asking — will be sent to you in a plain wrapper — and nobody will call on you. Write today for Pamphlet B-44.

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In fact, so stimulating is this association that student members often begin to sell their work before they finish the course. We do not mean to insinuate that they skyrocket into the "big money," or become prominent overnight. Most beginnings are made with earnings of \$25, \$50, \$100 or more, for material that takes little time to write — stories, articles on business, travel, hobbies, literary affairs, homemaking, local, club and church activities, etc. — things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

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ence features the assassin as the man who had been confined in a kangaroo cage after killing a Hottentot mother living in Strättertrotel.

E. SNELL HALL
Jamestown, N.Y.

SIR:

While eating my dinner this evening, I was reading the story of the little dog in the February *Atlantic* and I simply had to write immediately and tell you what a fine story "The Trouper" is — and how I loved it. Norman Matson has not used many words, but he knows how to tell a story with sympathy and humor.

MRS. MARY E. MCGRAW
Pinehurst, N.C.

SIR:

We are very much interested to see that your February issue carries as a Public Interest Advertisement the speech on world trade which Mr. Eugene Holman made to the National Foreign Trade Council in November.

The League of Women Voters has made world trade a subject for study for a number of years and will continue to do so. It is a complex subject and we agree with Mr. Holman that the tendency has been, in general, toward oversimplification. We are glad to see that he treats the matter thoroughly in its various phases, yet in understandable language.

We commend you for giving his remarks wider circulation.

MRS. JOHN G. LEE, President
League of Women Voters
of the United States
Washington, D.C.

I rejoice to say that my memory was quite accurate and that I need not have apologized as I did a month ago for saying in "The Peripatetic Reviewer" that "Chief" Meyers caught Christy Mathewson. The "Chief" was behind the plate in the World Series for 1911 and 1913, both of which I saw; Roger Bresnahan caught Mathewson in 1905, before I was quite old enough to enjoy the Polo Grounds. — THE EDITOR

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OLDEST & FINEST BOYS' CAMP IN SOUTHWEST. Texas Hill city. Est. 1921. 160 boys, 4 age groups, 7-17. 5, 8, 10 weeks. Unmatched for climate, site, improvements, staff, programs. Riding, swimming, all land, water sports, crafts. Catalog.

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Flexible program for ages 8-17. Professionally trained, mature counselors and R.N. Swimming, fishing, all sports, camp-owned horses, trips, crafts, Orchestra and Chorus. Fee inclusive. Call Plaza 2-1076 in Chicago, Ill. Or write: Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Mason, Dirs., Cumberland, Wis.

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Denmark, Me. Girls 13-18. Fee \$450. Unique program under experienced staff includes skills in camp-craft, canoeing, swimming. "Big Trip" by canoe in Allagash Region. Special C.I.T. course, girls 17-18, \$350. Illus. folders.

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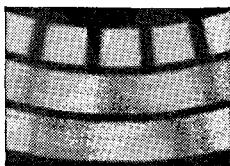
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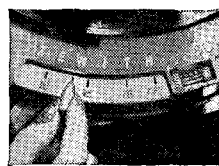
to the word "realism" in music. Of course, the final authority is your own two good ears. Which is why we most cordially invite you to bring your favorite LP record in to your Zenith dealer's . . . and hear it come to life for the first time.

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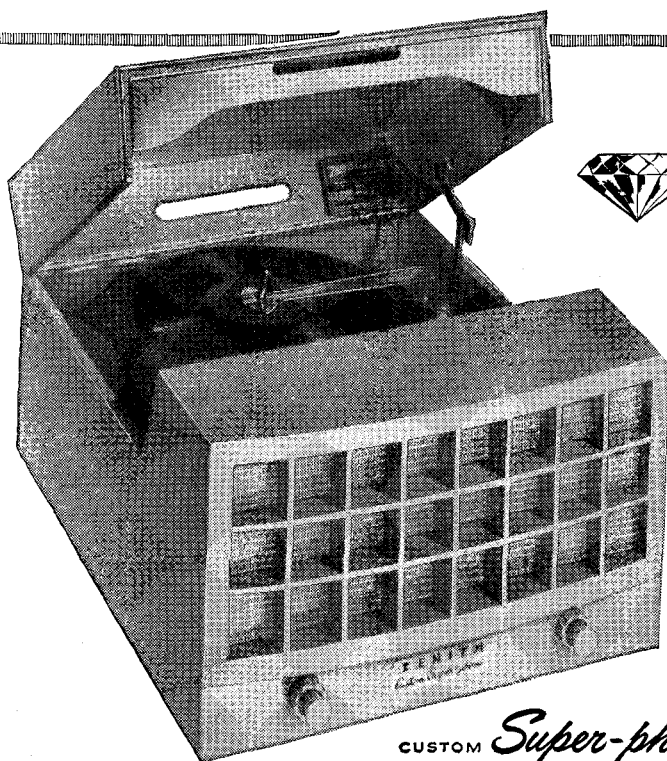
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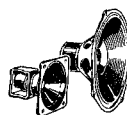
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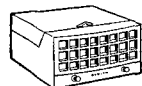
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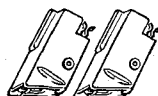
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For more than four decades Rufus M. Jones was the most influential and best loved of Quakers. As professor of philosophy at Haverford College, the author of more than fifty books, and a speaker in enormous demand, he touched young and old; an inveterate traveler, he reached out to men of all beliefs, and the radiance of his spirit was a beacon in a half century which suffered from two World Wars. We turn to JANET WHITNEY, biographer and novelist, for this memorable portrait of a great Friend.

RUFUS JONES: FRIEND

by JANET WHITNEY

I FIRST met Rufus Jones in the autumn of 1917. I had just come to this country as a young bride, and my American husband took me out to a large Quaker gathering called the Five Years Meeting in Richmond, Indiana. Maple trees roofed every street with gold, and the fallen leaves made a carpet of gold underneath. In the large meetinghouse delegates from sixteen American Yearly Meetings had assembled to do business, with "fraternal delegates" from Philadelphia and London as guests. I was put on the highest bench behind the desk of the presiding officers, and a big banner on the wall above me read "London" in large letters because I was a fraternal delegate from London Yearly Meeting. At the close of the morning's session a tall, lean man with scanty reddish hair and a mustache rose up in one of the seats in front of me, turned round and held out both his hands and took mine, and said, "Thee's welcome here! I'm Rufus Jones."

I was deeply thrilled. For to all Quakers in all countries Rufus Jones was a living symbol of Quakerism. A witty Friend once made a catchword about him:—

Rufus Jones just twirls his thumb
And makes all Quakerism hum.

The Religious Society of Friends depends in an extraordinary way on person to person influence. It has no pope, no bishop, no moderator, no head

executive assembly, council or committee, or central governing body. It consists of autonomous groups called Yearly Meetings whose boundaries have been fixed by geography and custom. Even London Yearly Meeting, the parent of all other Yearly Meetings and the oldest in the world, has no authority beyond Great Britain. But in each generation traveling Friends (and often one Friend in particular) arise, who by personal magnetism, a contagious faith, and a devotion to an occasional, voluntary, itinerant ministry, act as a living cement to fix the whole Society together; comparable to the blood which was said to be the unknown ingredient in ancient Roman cement. The outstanding Friend of this kind in the late nineteenth century was my grandfather by marriage, Bevan Braithwaite, a barrister by profession, and a Greek and Latin scholar. He was nicknamed in his day "the Bishop of the Society of Friends." Rufus Jones was the outstanding Friend, the unofficial "Bishop," of the generation following.

Rufus Jones was born and brought up in a conservative New England Meeting, South China, Maine, and he never withdrew his membership from that body. As professor of philosophy at Haverford College, he was resident during the major part of his life in the area of the Orthodox Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and he shared in and stimulated its concerns. Beyond the Alleghenies he visited many pastoral meetings and so

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became an integral part of western Quakerism. In this way, by his strong personality and winning friendship, and by his fresh presentation of what Quakerism really stood for, he bridged gulfs which up to the time I met him had not been bridged in any other way. Not that all agreed with him by any means, but they found it easy to discuss with him, to argue with him, to quarrel with him (as he would say) "in love."

Rufus Jones did not win his way to this position easily. He told a story of how once when he was an awkward, tall young man, unused to public speaking, he rose in a Quaker meeting and broke the solemn silence with what many considered a most bizarre sermon; and when his halting periods came to an end and he sat down, an elderly woman Friend rose on the facing benches and acidly remarked, "Our Lord said, 'Feed my lambs.' He did not say, 'Feed my giraffes.'"

How the giraffe became the lamb has some aspects of an American success story — a poor New England farm boy developing into a national and international figure. The success was a by-product. The ambition was to serve God. "While I was too young to have any religion of my own," he wrote in *Finding the Trail of Life*, "I had come to a home where religion kept its fires always burning. I was not christened in a church [Quakers do not practice the sacraments], but I was sprinkled from morning to night with the dew of religion. At Meeting some of the Friends who prayed shouted loud and strong when they called upon God, but at home He always heard easily, and He seemed to be there with us in the living silence. My first steps in religion were thus *acted*. It was a religion which we *did* together. Almost nothing was said in the way of instructing me. We all joined together to listen for God and then one of us talked to Him for the others. . . . Pre-eminently there was Aunt Peace, my father's oldest sister, who lived with us, one of God's saints. As soon as I came into the arms of my Aunt Peace, she had an opening, such as often came to her for she was gifted with prophetic vision. 'This child,' she said, 'will one day bear the message of the Gospel to distant lands and to peoples across the sea.'"

Under the encouragement of Aunt Peace, Rufus with his energy and initiative earned a scholarship to the Quaker boarding school at Providence, Rhode Island (now the Moses Brown School). At Haverford College (another scholarship) he pastured on the friendship of his professor of mathematics and philosophy, Pliny Chase. In later years, at Harvard, he was a marked student under William James and Josiah Royce, George Santayana and George Herbert Palmer. James and Palmer in particular were not only valued teachers but loving friends until their death. Study abroad brought Rufus other friends, the most famous the young Sabatier, just beginning on Saint

Francis, who fed his growing interest in mysticism. Reading in French, German, and Italian widened his outlook. He once wrote, "Plato and Plotinus, Dante and Goethe, have been throughout my life of prime importance to me."

It was characteristic of Rufus Jones that he did not go straight from Haverford to Harvard, although on graduation he was offered a Harvard fellowship in history. He chose instead an ill-paid teaching post in a Quaker boarding school in New York State. The art of teaching was the art of communication. And boys and girls responded to such an approach, and presently gave him their love and attention. Problems of discipline melted under the young leader's enthusiasm and simplicity, and the trouble he took to make his lessons interesting. Life took on added tempo in Rufus's classes.

His next call came from his home state. As an assistant master and later as a school principal of Oak Grove Seminary in Vassalboro, Maine, Rufus continued the preparation for his unknown future. There were times when he felt as if he were dissipating his energy. He read passionately (nearby Colby College Library furnished books) but he did not know what to read *for*. The urge to write produced a biography of his uncle and aunt, Eli and Sybil Jones (Quaker ministers), and then found no other outlet for ten years. Yet exercising his powers in these various ways limbered his mental and moral muscles, matured his character, and made his years of graduate study at Harvard, when they came, far richer.

2

IT WAS in a sunny wood on holiday in the foothills of the Alps that Rufus Jones found his aim at last, in one of the few definitely mystical experiences of his life. "I was on a solitary walk . . . wondering whether I should ever get myself organized and brought under the control and direction of some constructive central purpose of life, when I felt the walls between the visible and invisible suddenly grown thin, and I was conscious of a definite mission of life opening out before me. I saw stretch before me an unfolding of labor in the realm of mystical religion. I remember kneeling down alone in a beautiful forest glade and dedicating myself then and there in the quiet and the silence, but in the presence of an invading life, to the work of interpreting the deeper nature of the soul and its relation to God." His work in philosophy under Bruno Fischer at Heidelberg persuaded Rufus Jones that the best approach to an understanding of mysticism was to be found in philosophy and psychology. When some years later the time for Harvard came, this field, and not that of history, was where he did his ripe study. It thus became manifest that a deep, though at the time unknown,

life purpose lay behind his rejection of the first opportunity to go to Harvard. The fellowship in history would have deflected him. He had been, as Quakers say, "led."

From then on, the bar against his writing was lifted, and it poured out on a flood tide. For more than fifty years he published a book every year. Most of them were short books, easily read, directed at the great public; the others were historical or philosophical works which took many years to produce. The dynamic faith that was in him provided an endless subject. It demanded ever-fresh outlets of expression, and the stream became clearer and deeper. His life "grew" into a pattern around this central purpose. Variety of activity provided recreation and not distraction. Editing the *American Friend*, organizing the Five Years Meeting, promoting conferences of Friends, visiting endless meetings up and down the country, or abroad, all fitted in with his writing and speaking.

Once, when our friendship was firmly established, I asked him how he had managed, with all the other things he did, to get many books written. He meditated a moment, twirling his thumbs over his waistcoat, his eyes small and kind behind his strong lenses, and then said, "Well, I wrote my books on Tuesdays."

That remark not only gave me great delight, but it furnished a key to Rufus's accomplishment. There were vacations, there were sabbaticals — take them for granted. What counted was the regular habit, the weekly sitting down in the quiet study after breakfast and driving his rapid pen on his free day. He told me that having given consideration, in reverie and reading, through odd times in the week, about what he should write, he lost not a moment when he sat down at his desk.

Rufus Jones had a well-organized mental kitchen and practiced a New England thrift in using up every scrap. When he gave a course of lectures at a conference or at a university, he afterwards incorporated them into a book. This was the origin of the two books which I had read before I saw him, *Social Law in the Spiritual World* and *The Double Search*. Other books contained the crystallization of spontaneous sermons which Rufus had delivered in Quaker meetings up and down the country, and had written out afterwards, from memory, in a condensed or an expanded form.

Men and women have always flocked to anyone who will sound in the market place that he has bread to sell "without money and without price." The new voice, the new conviction, comes with power. It may shock or offend but it attracts. Here's somebody who *really means it*. Rufus Jones linked the new psychology to religious faith and he was hungrily listened to.

It is now well known [he wrote in *The Double Search* in 1906] that isolated personality is impossible. He who is to enjoy the rights and privileges of person-

ality must be conjunct with others. He must be an organic member in a social group and share himself with his fellows, while at the same time he receives contributions from them. In like manner God and man are conjunct.

I believe that no psychological discovery has ever thrown so much light upon the meaning of atonement and prayer as this fact of the conjunct life does, and I hope that many others may come to feel the freshness and reality of these deepest religious truths as I have felt them. . . .

Beyond the edge of what we are there is always dawning a farther possibility — that which we ought to be — the *a fronte* compulsion. This is one of God's ways of revealing Himself.

Christ is God humanly revealed. As soon as we realise that personality is always a revelation of the ultimate reality of the universe there are no metaphysical difficulties in the way of an actual incarnation of God. It is rather what one would expect. There is no other conceivable way in which God could be revealed to man . . . only a Person can show Him.

"The Word became flesh and dwelt among us and we beheld his glory."

Reading and friendship and travel and hard work and new experiences had all done their part in developing this energetic faith. But it is prayer from which the soul draws its chief nourishment. And it is sorrow that drives a man to prayer.

The earliest sorrow that had fallen upon the young teacher, struggling in his first job, was the discovery that his wife, lover of flowers and nature, had developed tuberculosis. There followed the breaking-up of the family, the wife being sent to Saranac and the two-year-old son to grandparents. In his autobiographical books Rufus Jones never retraces that sad path. There is a heavy melancholy that is worse than sharp sorrow. Those who have endured long anxiety and depression can find a fellow in him. Without the remedies to tuberculosis that now exist, Sarah Jones, in spite of Saranac and her own fine spirit, slowly died. Her son was then five years old. An extraordinarily close and tender relationship grew up between the widowed father and the motherless child. Lowell — called by his father "Nolty" — was nine and a half when Rufus Jones married Elizabeth Cadbury. Elizabeth was a woman whose shy and warm heart devoted itself from that moment to her husband's life in complete selflessness, and found a rich return in the reflected light of his career.

Less than two years after this new establishment of a happy family life, Nolty suddenly died. It may have been a lightning attack of polio; the doctors then could not name it. The lively eleven-year-old boy, on a visit to his grandparents, had shown no sign of illness. His father and stepmother were on the high seas, for a summer of lectures at Woodbrooke in England. It was now that Rufus Jones had the second of the definitely mystical experi-

ences of his life. Walking alone on deck in the summer night in a serene frame of mind, he was suddenly melted and overwhelmed by a sense of the Divine Presence in an all-enveloping Love. No words, no premonition, no human attachment entered into this ecstasy. Next morning the ship docked at Liverpool, and a cablegram was handed to him giving the news of his son's death; and he knew then for what he had been prepared.

Years later he wrote: "What I did for him cannot be known — there is no one to tell it; but I live still to say that no human being could have done more to teach me the way of life than he did. He helped me to become simple and childlike, gentle and loving, confident and trustful. . . . I know that nothing has ever carried me back, or up, or down into the life of God, or done more to open out the infinite meaning of love, than has my visible separation from Lowell, for the mystic union has never broken and it can know no end."

3

ON April 30, 1917, a small group of representative Quakers met in Philadelphia from all parts of the country and formed a committee to unite all Friends in America in national service of a kind consistent with the Quaker "testimony against all war." This committee presently called itself the American Friends Service Committee and elected Rufus Jones as its chairman. A deputation from it was welcomed into company with the first Red Cross commission sent overseas by the government to investigate needs and opportunities on the field.

The new American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia adopted a statement which said, "The alternative to war is not inactivity and cowardice. It is the irresistible and constructive power of good will." And they called on American citizens of all faiths "for the invention and practice on a gigantic scale of new methods of conciliation and altruistic service."

The work of the American Friends Service Committee is too well known to need enlargement here. Their English Quaker partners presently united all forms of the English work under the Friends Service Council. Thirty years later, in 1947, the Nobel Peace Prize was given jointly to the Friends Service Council and the American Friends Service Committee, in recognition of the fact that their work was providing one of the greatest influences for peace and good will yet known among mankind.

Rufus Jones always emphasized that the Quaker volunteer workers have one guiding principle: to undo or to assuage the ravages of war. They recognize no enemies, no aliens, no inferiors, no outcasts, no favorites. Need alone obtains their attention. In their warm and humble effort to help they will stop at nothing. They will scrub the floor, or bind the wound, or plow the garden, or feed the child;

and always they will comfort the heart. The comfort they bring is like new bread to the hungry, because the workers never get stale or case-hardened. Not only their religious faith but the constant turnover of personnel ensures this. Most volunteers can only afford to give their time gratis for a year or for two. So fresh ones are always flowing in, all anxious to share their treasure — mental, spiritual, material — with the victims of war and war's aftermath.

I pause at this point to take notice of a warning. The younger generation, in the person of my distant son, writes me not to "blow an off-key trumpet." He remarks: "Rufus Jones made an important contribution to the cause of human brotherhood, but the cause of human brotherhood is much broader than Quakerism. Many Quakers forget this and feel that they are somehow God's chosen people and that anything they do to further the cause of human brotherhood and peace on earth is automatically far more important than anything done by non-Quakers." May we be forgiven for this horrible sin. He continues: —

"Actually I think the foundation of the American Friends Service Committee was a world contribution (especially in conjunction with the feeding of German children after World War I) but . . . it must be viewed in the perspective of a very large and complex world, where tremendous forces ebb and flow, and where the depth and complexity of human problems is *100 times greater* than I think most Quakers have ever allowed themselves to suspect." There is too much truth in the reproach.

Rufus Jones's message, whether in print or spoken, usually ran beyond the borders of the Society of Friends. His irrepressible high spirits set electric currents going wherever he went. He broke down opposition with laughter. In wartime he told a story of a belligerent female who called over a fence to a youth milking a cow, "Young man, why aren't you at the front?" The young man replied, in simplicity, "Because there is no milk at that end." Speaking at a Commencement on the rising cost of higher education and the doubt of parents and guardians as to whether it was worth it, Rufus remarked, "They often feel like the Israelites in the wilderness, who excused themselves to Moses for their Moloch worship when he came down the mountain, saying to him, 'Behold, we put in all this gold and we got out this calf!'"

I was at Swarthmore Commencement one year when Rufus was the speaker. Times were depressed and colleges were running low. Haverford was feeling a pinch; but the brilliant Swarthmore President, Dr. Frank Aydelotte, had a report to offer full of fireworks — fellowships, gifts, scholarships, bequests. When Rufus Jones rose, he began his speech impromptu: "What Dr. Aydelotte has been telling us reminds me of the story of the little city

girl who was shown over a silver fox farm. When she had stared at everything she said to her guide, 'And how often do you skin 'em?' "

His opponents in the sphere of religion and theology realized uneasily that the magnetism of Rufus Jones's personality and the dynamic of his message were bound to break up stereotyped patterns. Some resisted him as long as they could. He liked to tell how once, when he went on invitation to give an address to a large gathering of Friends, "a member of the group who strongly disapproved of my position broke the period of silent worship, which came before I was introduced, with a vocal prayer that began with the words: 'Thou knowest, O Lord, that now we are about to hear a great many things that are not so!'" "

What was Rufus Jones's message? It was founded on a return to the old Quaker mysticism, a belief in direct and immediate conference with the Holy Spirit, through the Inward Light. Each contact with God is an act of faith. "Faith is more than insight," said Rufus Jones. "It is always the beginning of action. It is propulsive. It fortifies the will. It begins as an experiment and ends as an experience. I carried this idea through a number of aspects of life, and endeavored to show that 'faith' instead of being a weak basis of religion is one of the strongest of all the pillars upon which life rests, and that even knowledge itself is possible only on the ground of assent to truths not yet demonstrated."

As he ripened into maturity and power, his modest house on the campus of Haverford College became a mecca not only for Quakers but for pilgrims of all faiths and of no faith from all over the world, drawn by the magnetism of his books and the fame of the Service Committee. Rufus became keenly aware of the belief held by George Fox that Quakerism was not for the few, that it was in reality a spiritual movement for the many. As George Fox had not set out to found a sect, but to renew the sense of contact with the living spirit of God in any sect or people anywhere, so Rufus Jones felt that the Society of Friends, now drawing attention from so many people who had never paid it attention before, could find a spiritual service far beyond its borders. He therefore persuaded his fellow Quakers of the benefit of a loose organization to be called The Wider Quaker Fellowship which any people who cared to could join. Roman Catholic priests are eligible for membership in The Wider Quaker Fellowship, as are Unitarians and Hindus and agnostics. The common meeting ground is perhaps the mystical church, always deep in the Quaker heart, and much emphasized in the teaching of Rufus Jones. The organization of this Fellowship, an entirely new idea to Friends, shows perhaps more than anything else what a change in emphasis was made by American Quakerism under Rufus Jones's

leadership during his lifetime, from being exclusive and "select" to seeking for all means of outreach.

Quakers of all varieties have always united on three main "testimonies": the testimony against war, the testimony against judicial oaths (as implying a double standard of truth), and the testimony against extravagance and display. Rufus Jones interpreted the last this way: "I hold that the simple life in food and drink, in speech and in clothes, in houses and land, must in the last analysis come back to a more fundamental simplicity, that of the inner spirit. And I was convinced that this inner spirit of simplicity brings out a unique fellowship with God, an intimate friendship of spirit with spirit — a love that casts out fear."

Heresy hunters might find objectionable material in his utterance, and sometimes did, and Rufus had to clarify his orthodoxy. "Another truth which I endeavored to interpret, with vividness and reality, was the perfect union of the divine and human nature of Christ. When I began my work, there were two well known tendencies in evidence. On the one hand the divinity of Christ was emphasized to such an extent that his humanity was quite lost. He was thought of as a Being from another world, of another order, supernatural, mysterious, unlike us at every point. On the other hand there was a tendency to deny his uniqueness, to insist on a humanity for him like ours, and to grant him nothing more. He was a highly endowed, prophetically gifted man. Here once more the real trouble lay in the misreading of the full truth of both the divine and the human. . . . For me that chasm was unreal. God is and always was *here*. We have intimate commerce with one another. We could not be persons in any real sense without partaking of God, nor could he be really God and not share with us in grace and love and fellowship. He needs us, and in a deeper sense we need him. The vine must have branches to be a vine. In *The Double Search*, I was drawing on my own experience when I said, 'The discovery of God and communion with Him are first fruits of the mystic nature of personality. The edge of the self is always touching the circle of life beyond itself to which it responds. The human heart is as sensitive to God as the retina is to light waves.' "

Once when he was ill, Rufus Jones invited me over and we talked about the fear of death, from which, not having had it during the wars, I was then suffering a severe attack. He lay back on his pillows, laughing, looking tremendously happy, and said, "That's a four o'clock in the morning fear. Everybody is at a low ebb then. I have discovered that there is a religion of experience, beyond any argument or theory. As when my little boy died, I have found it absolutely real that God holds one's hand. There's nothing, anywhere, to be afraid of."



Since he gave up flying in 1948, JOHN FITCH has driven in most of the major road races of North and South America and Europe. In the 1952 Pan-American road race in Mexico, as the first American to drive for Mercedes-Benz, he set a record for the final leg, averaging 133 m.p.h. for the 230 miles. In the 1953 sports car race at Reims, he drove for the Cunningham team, and from his experiences he has written the account which follows.

THE CURVE

A True Episode in the Race at Reims

by JOHN FITCH

1

THAT fast curve meant trouble for me. The first time I drove it during practice, I thought the rear axle had broken loose from its centering bracket, the way the car waddled. That's how rough it was. I actually brought the car to the pits to be repaired. But the car was all right. It was just that I didn't like that fast curve and I guess it didn't like me.

Elizabeth didn't like it either. She just said it was too fast. The road was pretty narrow past the pits, and our concrete stall with the open side facing the road and the grandstands across it must have made a sound trap of some kind. When one of the fast ones flashed by, a burst of exhaust would jolt the air and you could feel a piercing vibration in your eardrums. I explained that we passed the pits at Le Mans just as fast, 150 m.p.h., so what was wrong with this? She hadn't been around the course and it wouldn't have told her anything if she had, but she stuck to her guns. She didn't like it. She just said it was too fast. Women in general and pregnant women in particular seem to have a way of knowing things. I wouldn't say I didn't like the course, but — to be honest — I liked a lot of others much better.

The lap record at Reims was well over 100 m.p.h. on this famous old circuit which had been the venue of the important Grand Prix of France since long before the war. The course, about five and a half miles to the lap, was roughly a triangle with the hypotenuse snaking through four fast curves over the rolling farm country. The first of the curves was the one I am talking about. The rest of the course was straight, the two shorter sides of the triangle rolling over the low hills to 30 m.p.h. hairpins.

The road climbed past the pits to the top of the hill where the Dunlop Bridge, shaped like half a tire on end, crossed over it. The bridge was a

marker of more than the hilltop. Before the bridge was the starting line — the tribunes, the timers, the lights, the pits, the social part of the race where friends and officials wandered between the paddock and the pits, greeting campaigners from other races and detouring by the bar regularly. This was the heart of the champagne country. Past the bridge was the curve. At night the bridge caught all the light from what we called Broadway. You could feel a slight compression as you popped through it into the deserted darkness. No lights and no parties here; just the approach to the fast curve, almost invisible after the bright lights. You went into it fast because you knew you had done it before, not because you could see it or know how you were going to do it again. That's how it was; before the bridge was Broadway, and past it was the fast curve where everyone was on his own in the dark — the kind of place where people talk to themselves seriously.

During night practice this darkness beyond the bridge was split by the flaming wreck of a French Panhard. While passing in the curve, one wheel got in the gravel of the shoulder and sent the Panhard spinning. It tripped on the ditch, rolled, and threw the blazing driver onto the road. All the race cars carried fire extinguishers, and the first driver on the scene doused the flames of the Frenchman's clothes. The following cars stopped and drivers rushed up with their extinguishers, but the burning car was hopelessly enveloped in flames, now licking at the inverted wheels. After the ambulance had gone, the red pyre, towering into the night sky, was an unholy sight as we plunged into darkness under the bridge.

The race started at midnight and ran for twelve hours until noon the following day. In the carnival atmosphere before the race, the refreshment stands did a bustling business with their staple drink of

champagne. The ubiquitous loudspeaker relayed lively dance music, advertised as jazz, from the pavilion, and the crowd was in a playful mood before its all-night lark in the balmy summer air. With the special French talent for abandoning themselves to the light society of a public party, they seemed to say, if you are foolish enough to chase yourselves around the countryside all night in the fastest cars you can find, we are foolish enough to stay up and watch you and enjoy ourselves.

The two American Cunninghams were favored by many after their outstanding performance at Le Mans three weeks before. The builder and *chef d'équipe*, Briggs Cunningham, would drive one, relieved by young Sherwood Johnston, eager to do well in his first race in a Cunningham. Phil Walters and I were teamed, as we had been many times before, on the new car in which we had finished third at Le Mans.

They were big cars as sports cars go, weighing 2500 pounds without fuel or driver. The Cunningham group had modified the big Chrysler engine until it produced over 300 dependable h.p. We had four carburetors so that it could "breathe" while turning at its peak of 5400 r.p.m., and double valve springs to make the valves close at this speed. We had to hedge a little on the "Made in USA" label by using a four-speed transmission from Italy that gave us the ratios needed to use all the available power and to help us slow down from high speed for the slow corners. Without engine drag to help reduce speed, our brakes would have taken an even more severe beating, perhaps to the point of failure.

Our magnesium wheels were light and strong. We could reach 100 m.p.h. from a dead stop in about ten seconds, the time it takes a powerful modern car in optimum tune to reach 60; 5400 r.p.m. on the tachometer (a speedometer would be useless to us) gave us 156 m.p.h., the maximum we could use for more than a few seconds and expect the engine to stay together. The urgencies of the race permitted brief bursts over 160 m.p.h.

Entered against us were the light French Gordinis, always astonishingly fast, a strong team from the Italian Ferrari camp, two formidable French Talbots, and among others, Stirling Moss driving one of the English Jaguars that had won Le Mans. It was strong opposition, but we had confidence in our cars and hoped to win.

2

At the stroke of midnight, Phil began our race well, dashing across the road, scrambling into the car, and pulling away under the bridge among the first few. There had been an extravagant display of fireworks flashing and cascading in the northern sky, but the tumult and noise of these first few

laps in darkness was more of a show. Gordini, Ferrari, Jaguar, Talbot, Cunningham, and all the other teams seemed to be trying to win the twelve-hour race in the first hour. The dance band behind the paddock gave up.

More than half the competitors were driving little racing sports cars derived from small French production models. They were superbly made and wonderfully fast for their size, having a top speed near 115, from an engine smaller than many motorcycle engines. Their relatively slow acceleration and top speed made passing them a ticklish business when the fast cars would pass with 50 to 80 m.p.h. greater speed, especially when the faster car might be overtaking at a cool 150 to 160. When entering a fast curve or approaching a hairpin, passing became very difficult to judge accurately. The small cars were so many and the circuit so short that we were constantly passing someone. "It's like a warm Sunday on the Merritt Parkway" was the way Briggs Cunningham described it.

Behra, the popular Frenchman, led the race from the start, driving a Gordini, followed by the competent Italian, Maglioli, in his red Ferrari coupe. The U.S. racing colors of blue and white were third — Phil, in our new Cunningham.

Phil came in to refuel at 3 A.M., and after checking over the car, I started my turn. The car felt heavy with a full load of gas, 330 pounds of fuel alone, but the engine was singing and would reach maximum revs, giving about 156, before a downhill run on the longest straight. Behra threw a tire tread and plunged off the fast curve. Now Maglioli was leading by nearly a lap and we were second. This was a good position and it was still early in the race. We were well within striking distance and a lot could happen yet. The new tires were wearing into a shape that gripped the road better, and with each lap the fast curve following the plunge into darkness under the bridge could be taken a trifle faster.

On one lap, I remember, I blew the horn and flashed the headlights when something blinked erratically near the road on the back straight. Suddenly the point of light crossed the shoulder, and the headlights caught a red fox bounding across the road with inches to spare, his thick brush horizontal with speed.

The battering wind stream and the abrupt bouncing which lifted me above the level of the small windshield into a blast of air produced an annoying stiff neck that made it difficult to look around as much as I wished. Even our special lights were simply not adequate to these speeds, and our path on the course was fixed as much by memory and optimism as by sight. It seemed sometimes that the same small cars would be overtaken twice in the same lap, there were so many of them. This, with the lurching and wallowing

through the rough curve, seemed to induce a mild vertigo in the featureless night. I was never so glad to see the stars dim and the eastern sky light up in a race before. The dawn broke and there was no more overtaking at high speed with only the dancing tail lights to judge the close passing.

Five of the twelve hours were now behind us. A failure to anticipate a driver's intention sent me down the escape road at the hairpin for a loss of perhaps five seconds. It would have been more except that the escape road curved quickly back to the course. I had begun to pass a little open car on a short straight with plenty of room to make it before the hairpin, when he started across my path. I had too much speed to brake and drop behind; such an attempt would have ended with a slide into the rear of his car. I had no other choice but to accelerate past, in spite of the approaching corner, before he cut in front, and luckily, I made it into the escape road, which on that corner happens to take the place of the usual ditch or stand of solid trees.

3

THE Cunningham was feeling good, getting lighter as the fuel tanks emptied and the wearing tires increased their bite on the road. I went faster on the pit straight until I was holding the throttle wide open as I passed under the bridge. This was enough, though, as the entrance into the curve was then a real problem with the car shifting and pitching erratically over the bumps. Any increase of speed here now became a matter of how soon power could be resumed in the curve. Further experiment found my absolute limit to be a gentle but increasing throttle opening started when the car was set into its new direction on the curve, getting full throttle just as the end of the curve came in sight. The rev counter read 4500 — about 140. I settled down to that, feeling any further improvement would be at an unreasonable risk. It was nearly light now and cars could be recognized across the fields leading to the triangle of the sharper hairpin. I identified Maglioli's red Ferrari as the car that had for hours been behind me on every lap.

I had just sighted the end of the fast curve and gently opened the throttle wide when suddenly the rear of the car broke to the outside of the curve, quick and far. Oil, I thought — a patch of oil as slick as ice. At any rate I knew I was in real trouble. I turned the wheel toward the slide to keep from spinning, but the car had angled across the road too far for the steering to compensate at full turn. It was heading across the now straight road, pointing hopelessly off its line of travel and charging for the ditch and a field below. As the flying gravel of the shoulder rattled against the undercarriage, I leaned far over into the passenger's seat and thought of the hundreds of times I had expected to be in this spot when luck or opportunity

intervened at the last moment. This time, I told myself out loud, you're in for it.

There was a wrench at the safety belt at the first plunge end over end. Each time we hit, I thought it had to be the last. Each was spine-shattering, frame-breaking, earth-shaking, impossibly, unreasonably sharp and stunning. The car must be torn to pieces, the frame tubes and the engine must be skating across the fields — no two pieces could possibly stay together! The crashing and bashing went on for an unconscionable time, the car in convulsive gyrations as I pressed to the side, still holding the wheel and bracing elbows against hips to stay in. Then dead silence. I sat up with a strange sense of a gap in time or memory, and looked at an unfamiliar scene. Instead of a road, a smoky wheatfield. Instead of the wide sloping hood, a dirty litter of oil-splattered junk threaded with ripe wheat, steam wafting from the pulled water hoses and the hole in the cocked radiator where the filler neck had been.

A fine dust settled like mist on the quiet scene. A hand turned the ignition off — my own, with a red tear on the back of the glove. Landed upright and no fire. A crumpled alloy piece like a chunk of wrecked aircraft lay a few yards ahead. The front of the body. I am at Reims and I have had a wreck and I have blood in my mouth. It is dripping in my lap but I am all right. I am a normal optimist and not surprised to be all right. But as I look around I have a hunch I am lucky. I don't know what happened. Everything is at odd angles — the steering wheel, the cowling, the wheat and earth in the car, the front of the car and door gone. A car goes by sounding muffled. Muffled by distance? I know I am at Reims, but where? I think of Elizabeth waiting at the pits and I am suddenly in a hurry to get there and I feel very energetic and impatient. I unhook the safety belt and take an unusually short step to the ground. Nothing I can do here. The car is not going to burn. The left front wheel is gone. The other tires are up, the left rear is out of line with the chassis. The magnesium wheels don't bend, so there is a big job under there.

I go toward the sound of cars and climb a bank, crawling through the weeds at the top when a loud red Ferrari flashes by two feet from my nose. It is leaving the fast curve and I know which way to go. I turn back and run toward the pits. Two incredulous gendarmes approach. With tentative smiles, they ask if I am from the wreck. They seem embarrassed. I tell them everything is all right. There is nothing to do to the car; the course is clear and I have to get to the pits. I run on, reassuring them over my shoulder. Here are my skid marks. They show all the tires up and in the right position. I wish one of them had been flat. I wrecked a car and I'm looking for an excuse. Another gendarme and a nurse are running toward me on the other side of the road. A couple of

Deutsch-Bonnets pass as I have an exchange like the one with the first gendarmes. I can run very fast with no effort. I should do this more often — very pleasant with the wind in the face. A white Cunningham comes by and I signal thumbs up, but no response as the driver is intent on the curve. I can't tell if it is Briggs or Sherwood Johnston because there is a lot of dust or mist cutting visibility. There is Behra's Gordini in the field. It went squarely over the huge chipped rock which ripped the bottom out and dragged the body out in the back.

It is a long way but I seem to run without tiring. I feel irrationally carefree and even elated, as though I suddenly had no responsibility, no problems, no possessions or plans to worry about. A shipwreck survivor may have lost all his goods as well as his ship; he may even have some explaining to do later, but at the moment he wades ashore he has nothing but his pants, no duty but to hold them up, and he has survived!

The side of my head is warm, and blood is running off my helmet strap and down my clothes. I stop at a first-aid shack to get cleaned up. I know I am all right but I must look pretty bad. I don't want to scare Elizabeth or anyone else in the pits. There are at least ten people in the tiny shack who greet me like Lindbergh landing at Paris. They all help patching my car and cleaning my clothes and helmet as I try to tell them in French what happened. I was thinking how much easier it would be in English when I realized I knew what had happened. I could remember it all then.

The quick breakaway that went too far to recover, the awful feeling when I gave up and ducked under the cowling, the gravel rattling underneath and I thought I was in for it.

I had counted on that cowling brace that looks like a piece of the Brooklyn Bridge, and it held.

The car that Jack and Roy and Phil and John and everyone had sweated over day and night was a write-off. A few pieces of it might race again, but they would be very small pieces. I realized that right now no one was thinking about the car. The garbled reports that reach the pits after a wreck are bewildering and frightening. If there was an eyewitness from a following car who had since stopped at the pits, he would tell a terrifying story. Elizabeth must be sick with worry.

I hurried from the shack with assurances and many thanks in clumsy French, ran down to the pits and along the back of the booths to the Cunningham team, to find Elizabeth — thank God —

sound asleep. Everyone was extremely kind, offering coffee, pills, braces, coats, chairs, everything available. They were not interested in the condition of the car. Bandages were changed, although they had just been put on. Doctors must be like mechanics — no one else does it right. Every member of our team required detailed assurances that I was all right; all insisted that I lie down, the last thing I wanted to do. Not one person asked me how I could have been such an incompetent clumsy fool as to wreck the best car we had. Not one. Not a suggestion. The crowning disappointment was to learn that just before the wreck we had gone into the lead. Maglioli's Ferrari was disqualified for a pit infraction.

An hour later Elizabeth woke and I told her that Phil and I were out of the race. I had carefully combed my hair and was dressed for visiting cathedrals. I said I had had an accident, which explained the bandages. She looked incredulous and showed it — a girl needs a little time after she wakes to get her disguises up. She couldn't accept the possibility that I had wrecked a car without good reason, and she held out for an oil patch or a bad tire. I was okay and that part was all right. Glad she had been asleep. She had heard my name and much unintelligible comment about our Cunningham #10 over the loudspeaker but paid no attention, thinking we had probably gone into the lead. Okay.

I had been noticing a growing stiffness and an acute sensitivity to movement in my head. My brain felt as if it had turned to jelly. When I moved, there was a piercing pressure in my temples, which felt thin as parchment. Every muscle and tendon was sore, and unless I accurately balanced my head over my shoulders the cords in my neck protested sharply. I was very tired and a little nauseated, eager now to lie down.

The sun became bright and strong. Stirling Moss seemed sure to win with his Jaguar — he did win — and the character of this unspoiled young star is such that even his rivals were pleased. The short and fierce Grand Prix would soon roar away. The drama of the race moved on at its set schedule.

The other Cunningham went on to finish third. As wrecks go, this was a good one. No one else was involved; no one was even angry. I never did find out what caused it. "You all right?" Briggs kept asking me. I suppose I was, but I couldn't help wondering about that curve — whether I hadn't overreached myself and simply lost it. And it had been a real fine machine.



Those who have seen or read The Confidential Clerk and The Cocktail Party will follow with special interest this discussion by T. S. ELIOT of the aims and responsibilities of a poet who is also a playwright. The essay which follows is a slightly condensed version of the lecture which Mr. Eliot delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Book League in London. In book form it will be published by the Cambridge University Press.

THE THREE VOICES OF POETRY

by T. S. ELIOT

I

I SHALL explain at once what I mean by the "three voices." The first is the voice of the poet talking to himself — or to nobody. The second is the voice of the poet addressing an audience, whether large or small. The third is the voice of the poet when he attempts to create a dramatic character speaking in verse; when he is saying, not what he would say in his own person, but only what he can say within the limits of one imaginary character addressing another imaginary character. The distinction between the first and the second voice, between the poet speaking to himself and the poet speaking to other people, points to the problem of poetic communication; the distinction between the poet addressing other people in either his own voice or an assumed voice, and the poet inventing speech in which imaginary characters address each other, points to the difference between dramatic, quasi-dramatic, and non-dramatic verse.

I wish to anticipate a question that some of you may well raise. Cannot a poem be written for the ear, or for the eye, of one person alone? You may say simply, "Isn't love poetry at times a form of communication between one person and one other, with no thought of a further audience?"

There are at least two people who might heckle me on this point if they could be present: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Browning. In the poem "One Word More," written as an epilogue to *Men and Women*, and addressed to Mrs. Browning, the husband makes a striking value judgment: —

Rafael made a century of sonnets,
Made and wrote them in a certain volume
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
Else he only used to draw Madonnas:
These, the world might view — but one, the volume.
Who that one, you ask? Your heart instructs you. . . .

You and I would rather read that volume . . .
Would we not? than wonder at Madonnas — . . .

Dante once prepared to paint an angel:
Whom to please? You whisper "Beatrice." . . .
You and I would rather see that angel,
Painted by the tenderness of Dante,
Would we not? — than read a fresh *Inferno*.

I agree that one *Inferno*, even by Dante, is enough; and perhaps we need not too much regret the fact that Rafael did not live to multiply his Madonnas: but I can only say that I feel no curiosity whatever about Rafael's sonnets or Dante's angel. If Rafael wrote, or Dante painted, for the eyes of one person alone, let their privacy be respected. We know that Mr. and Mrs. Browning liked to write poems to each other, because they published them, and some of them are good poems. We know that Rossetti thought that he was writing his "House of Life" sonnets for one person, and that he was only persuaded by his friends to disinter them. Now, I do not deny that a poem may be addressed to one person: there is a well-known form, not always amatory in content, called The Epistle. We shall never have conclusive evidence: for the testimony of poets as to what they thought they were doing when they wrote a poem, cannot be taken altogether at its face value. But my opinion is, that a good love poem, though it may be addressed to one person, is always meant to be overheard by other people. Surely, the proper language of love — that is, of communication to the beloved and to no one else — is prose.

Having dismissed as an illusion the voice of the poet talking to one person only, I think that the best way for me to try to make my three voices audible to you, is to trace the genesis of the distinction in my own mind. The writer to whose mind the distinction is most likely to occur is probably the writer like myself, who has spent a good many years in writing poetry, before attempting to write for the stage at all. It may be, as I have read, that

there is a dramatic element in much of my early work. It may be that from the beginning I aspired unconsciously to the theatre — or, critics might say with more asperity, to Shaftesbury Avenue. I have, however, gradually come to the conclusion that in writing verse for the stage both the process and the outcome are very different from what they are in writing verse to be read or recited.

Twenty years ago I was commissioned to write a pageant play to be called *The Rock*. The invitation to write the words for this spectacle — the occasion of which was an appeal for funds for church-building in new housing areas — came at a moment when I seemed to myself to have exhausted my meagre poetic gifts, and to have nothing more to say. To be, at such a moment, commissioned to write something which, good or bad, must be delivered by a certain date, may have the effect that vigorous cranking sometimes has upon a motor-car when the battery is run down. The task was clearly laid out: I had only to write the words of prose dialogue for scenes of the usual historical pageant pattern, for which I had been given a scenario. I had also to provide a number of choral passages in verse, the content of which was left to my own devices: except for the reasonable stipulation that all the choruses were expected to have some relevance to the purpose of the pageant, and that each chorus was to occupy a precise number of minutes of stage time. But in carrying out this task, there was nothing to call my attention to the third, or dramatic voice: it was the second voice, that of myself addressing — indeed haranguing — an audience, that was most distinctly audible.

Apart from the obvious fact that writing to order is not the same thing as writing to please oneself, I learned only that verse to be spoken by a choir should be different from verse to be spoken by one person; and that, the more voices you have in your choir, the simpler and more direct the vocabulary, the syntax, and the content of your lines must be. This chorus of *The Rock* was not a dramatic voice; though many lines were distributed, the personages were unindividuated. Its members were speaking *for me*, not uttering words that really represented any supposed character of their own.

The chorus in *Murder in the Cathedral* does, I think, represent some advance in dramatic development: that is to say, I set myself the task of writing lines, not for an anonymous chorus, but for a chorus of women of Canterbury — one might almost say, the charwomen of the Cathedral. I had to make some effort to identify myself with these women, instead of merely identifying them with myself. But as for the dialogue of the play, the plot had the drawback (from the point of view of my own dramatic education) of presenting only one dominant character; and what dramatic conflict there is takes place within the mind of that character. The third, or dramatic voice, did not

make itself audible to me until I first attacked the problem of presenting two (or more) characters, in some sort of conflict, misunderstanding, or attempt to understand each other, characters with each of whom I had to try to identify myself while writing the words for him or her to speak. You may remember that Mrs. Cluppins, in the trial of the case of *Bardell v. Pickwick*, testified that “the voices was very loud, sir, and forced themselves upon my ear.” “Well, Mrs. Cluppins,” said Serjeant Buzfuz, “you were not listening, but you heard the voices.” It was in 1938, then, that the third voice began to force itself upon my ear.

2

IN a lecture on “Poetry and Drama,” delivered three years ago and subsequently published in the *Atlantic*, I said: —

In writing other verse [i.e. non-dramatic verse], I think that one is writing, so to speak, in terms of one's own voice: the way it sounds when you read it to yourself is the test. For it is yourself speaking. The question of communication, of what the reader will get from it, is not paramount . . .

There is some confusion of pronouns in this passage, but I think that the meaning is clear; so clear, as to be a glimpse of the obvious. At that stage, I noted only the difference between speaking for oneself, and speaking for an imaginary character; and I passed on to other considerations about the nature of poetic drama. I was beginning to be aware of the difference between the first and the third voice, but gave no attention to the second voice. I am now trying to penetrate a little further into the problem. So, before going on to consider the other voices, I want to pursue for a few moments the complexities of the third voice.

In a verse play, you will probably have to find words for several characters differing widely from each other in background, temperament, education, and intelligence. You cannot afford to identify one of these characters with yourself, and give him (or her) all the “poetry” to speak. The poetry (I mean, the language at those dramatic moments when it reaches intensity) must be as widely distributed as characterization permits; and each of your characters, when he has words to speak which are poetry and not merely verse, must be given lines appropriate to himself. When the poetry comes, the personage on the stage must not give the impression of being merely a mouthpiece for the author. Hence the author is limited by the kind of poetry, and the degree of intensity in its kind, which can be plausibly attributed to each character in his play. And these lines of poetry must also justify themselves by their development of the situation in which they are spoken. Even if a burst of magnificent poetry is suitable enough for the character

to which it is assigned, it must also convince us that it is necessary to the action; that it is helping to extract the utmost emotional intensity out of the situation.

The poet writing for the theatre may, as I have found, make two mistakes: that of assigning to a personage lines of poetry not suitable to be spoken by that personage, and that of assigning lines which, however suitable to the personage, yet fail to forward the action of the play. There are, in some of the minor Elizabethan dramatists, passages of magnificent poetry which are in both respects out of place — fine enough to preserve the play for ever as literature, but yet so inappropriate as to prevent the play from being a dramatic masterpiece. The best known instances occur in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*.

How have the very great dramatic poets — Sophocles, or Shakespeare, or Racine — dealt with this difficulty? This is, of course, a problem which concerns all imaginative fiction — novels and prose plays — in which the characters may be said to live. I can't see, myself, any way to make a character live except to have a profound sympathy with that character. Ideally, a dramatist, who has usually far fewer characters to manipulate than a novelist, and who has only two hours or so of life to allow them, should sympathize profoundly with all of his characters: but that is a counsel of perfection, because the plot of a play with even a very small cast may require the presence of one or more characters in whose reality, apart from their contribution to the action, we are uninterested.

I wonder, however, whether it is possible to make completely real a wholly villainous character — one toward whom neither the author nor anyone else can feel anything but antipathy. We need an admixture of *weakness* with either heroic virtue or satanic villainy, to make character plausible. Iago frightens me more than Richard III; I am not sure that Parolles, in *All's Well That Ends Well*, does not disturb me more than Iago. And I am quite sure that Rosamond Vincy, in *Middlemarch*, frightens me far more than Goneril or Regan. It seems to me that what happens, when an author creates a vital character, is a sort of give-and-take. The author may put into that character, besides its other attributes, some trait of his own, some strength or weakness, some tendency to violence or to indecision, some eccentricity even, that he has found in himself. Something perhaps never realized in his own life, something of which those who know him best may be unaware, something not restricted in transmission to characters of the same temperament, the same age, and least of all, to the same sex. Some bit of himself that the author gives to a character may be the germ from which the life of that character starts. On the other hand, a character which succeeds in interesting its author may elicit from the author latent potentialities of

his own being. I believe that the author imparts something of himself to his characters, but I also believe that he is influenced by the characters he creates. It would be only too easy to lose oneself in a maze of speculation about the process by which an imaginary character can become as real for us as people we have known. I have penetrated into this maze so far only to indicate the difficulties, the limitations, the fascination, for a poet who is used to writing poetry in his own person, of the problem of making imaginary personages talk poetry. And the difference, the abyss, between writing for the first and for the third voice.

3

THE peculiarity of my third voice, the voice of poetic drama, is brought out in another way by comparing it with the voice of the poet in non-dramatic poetry which has a dramatic element in it — and conspicuously, in the dramatic monologue. Browning, in an uncritical moment, addressed himself as "Robert Browning, you writer of plays." How many of us have read a play by Browning more than once; and, if we have read it more than once, was our motive the expectation of enjoyment? What personage, in a play by Browning, remains living in our mind? On the other hand, who can forget Fra Lippo Lippi, or Andrea del Sarto, or Bishop Blougram, or the other bishop who ordered his tomb? It would seem without further examination, from Browning's mastery of the dramatic monologue, and his very moderate achievement in the drama, that the two forms must be essentially different. Is there, perhaps, another voice which I have failed to hear, the voice of the dramatic poet whose dramatic gifts are best exercised outside of the theatre? And certainly, if any poetry, not of the stage, deserves to be characterized as "dramatic," it is Browning's.

In a play, as I have said, an author must have divided loyalties; he must sympathize with characters who may be in no way sympathetic to each other. And he must allocate the "poetry" as widely as the limitations of each imaginary character permit. This necessity to divide the poetry implies some variation of the style of the poetry according to the character to whom it is given. The fact that a number of characters in a play have claims upon the author, for their allotment of poetic speech, compels him to try to extract the poetry from the character, rather than impose his poetry upon it. Now, in the dramatic monologue we have no such check. The author is just as likely to identify the character with himself, as himself with the character: for the check is missing that will prevent him from doing so — and that check is the necessity for identifying himself with some other character replying to the first. What we normally hear, in fact, in the dramatic monologue,

is the voice of the poet, who has put on the costume and make-up either of some historical character, or of one out of fiction. His personage must be identified to us — as an individual, or at least as a type — before he begins to speak. If, as frequently with Browning, the poet is speaking in the role of an historical personage, like Lippo Lippi, or in the role of a known character of fiction, like Caliban, he has taken possession of that character. And the difference is most evident in his “Caliban upon Setebos.” In *The Tempest*, it is Caliban who speaks; in “Caliban upon Setebos,” it is Browning’s voice that we hear, Browning talking aloud through Caliban. It was Browning’s greatest disciple, Ezra Pound, who adopted the term “persona” to indicate the several historical characters through whom he spoke: and the term is just.

I risk the generalization also, which may indeed be far too sweeping, that dramatic monologue cannot create a character. For character is created and made real only in an action, a communication between imaginary people. It is not irrelevant that when the dramatic monologue is not put into the mouth of some character already known to the reader — from history or from fiction — we are likely to ask the question “Who was the original?” About Bishop Blougram people have always been impelled to ask, how far was this intended to be a portrait of Cardinal Manning, or of some other ecclesiastic? The poet, speaking, as Browning does, in his own voice, cannot bring a character to life: he can only mimic a character otherwise known to us. And does not the point of mimicry lie in the recognition of the person mimicked, and in the incompleteness of the illusion? We have to be aware that the mimic and the person mimicked are different people: if we are actually deceived, mimicry becomes impersonation. When we listen to a play by Shakespeare, we listen not to Shakespeare but to his characters; when we read a dramatic monologue by Browning, we cannot suppose that we are listening to any other voice than that of Browning himself.

In the dramatic monologue, then, it is surely the second voice, the voice of the poet talking to other people, that is dominant. The mere fact that he is assuming a role, that he is speaking through a mask, implies the presence of an audience: why should a man put on fancy dress and a mask only to talk to himself? The second voice is, in fact, the voice most often and most clearly heard in poetry that is not of the theatre: in all poetry, certainly, that has a conscious social purpose — poetry intended to amuse or to instruct, poetry that tells a story, poetry that preaches or points a moral, or satire which is a form of preaching. For what is the point of a story without an audience, or of a sermon without a congregation? The voice of the poet addressing other people is the dominant voice of epic, though not the only voice. In Homer, for

instance, there is heard also, from time to time, the dramatic voice: there are moments when we hear, not Homer telling us what a hero said, but the voice of the hero himself. *The Divine Comedy* is not in the exact sense an epic, but here also we hear men and women speaking to us. And we have no reason to suppose that Milton’s sympathy with Satan was so exclusive as to seal him of the Devil’s Party. But the epic is essentially a tale told to an audience, while drama is essentially an action exhibited to an audience.

4

Now, what about the poetry of the first voice — that which is not primarily an attempt to communicate with anyone at all?

I must make the point that this poetry is not necessarily what we call loosely “lyric poetry.” The term “lyric” itself is unsatisfactory. We think first of verse intended to be sung — from the songs of Campion and Shakespeare and Burns, to the arias of W. S. Gilbert, or the words of the latest “musical number.” But we apply it also to poetry which was never intended for a musical setting, or which we dissociate from its music: we speak of the “lyric verse” of the metaphysical poets, of Vaughan and Marvell as well as Donne and Herbert. The very definition of “lyric,” in the Oxford Dictionary, indicates that the word cannot be satisfactorily defined: —

Lyric: Now the name for short poems, usually divided into stanzas or strophes, and directly expressing the poet’s own thoughts and sentiments.

How short does a poem have to be, to be called a “lyric”? The emphasis on brevity, and the suggestion of division into stanzas, seem residual from the association of the voice with music. But there is no necessary relation between brevity and the expression of the poet’s own thoughts and feelings. “Come unto these yellow sands” or “Hark! hark! the lark” are lyrics — are they not? — but what sense is there in saying that they express directly the poet’s own thoughts and sentiments? *London*, *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, and *The Deserted Village* are all poems which appear to express the poet’s own thoughts and sentiments, but do we ever think of such poems as “lyrical”? They are certainly not short. Between them, all the poems I have mentioned seem to fail to qualify as lyrics, just as Mr. Daddy Longlegs and Mr. Floppy Fly failed to qualify as courtiers —

One never more can go to court,
Because his legs have grown too short;
The other cannot sing a song,
Because his legs have grown too long!

It is obviously the lyric in the sense of a poem “directly expressing the poet’s own thoughts and

sentiments," not in the quite unrelated sense of a short poem intended to be set to music, that is relevant to my first voice — the voice of the poet talking to himself — or to nobody. It is in this sense that the German poet Gottfried Benn, in a very interesting lecture entitled *Probleme der Lyrik*, thinks of lyric as the poetry of the first voice: he includes, I feel sure, such poems as Rilke's Duinese Elegies and Valéry's *La Jeune Parque*. Where he speaks of "lyric poetry," then, I should prefer to say "meditative verse."

What, asks Herr Benn in this lecture, does the writer of such a poem, "addressed to no one," start with? There is first, he says, an inert embryo or "creative germ" (*ein dumpfer schöpferischer Keim*) and, on the other hand, the Language, the resources of the words at the poet's command. He has something germinating in him for which he must find words; but he cannot know what words he wants until he has found the words; he cannot identify this embryo until it has been transformed into an arrangement of the right words in the right order. When you have the words for it, the "thing" for which the words had to be found has disappeared, replaced by a poem. What you start from is nothing so definite as an emotion, in any ordinary sense; it is still more certainly not an idea; it is — to adapt two lines of Beddoes to a different meaning — a

bodiless childful of life in the gloom
Crying with frog voice, "what shall I be?"

I agree with Gottfried Benn, and I would go a little further. In a poem which is neither didactic nor narrative, and not animated by any other social purpose, the poet may be concerned solely with expressing in verse — using all his resources of words, with their history, their connotations, their music — this obscure impulse. He does not know what he has to say until he has said it; and in the effort to say it he is not concerned with making other people understand anything. He is not concerned, at this stage, with other people at all: only with finding the right words or, anyhow, the least wrong words. He is not concerned whether anybody else will ever listen to them or not, or whether anybody else will ever understand them if he does. He is oppressed by a burden which he must bring to birth in order to obtain relief. Or, to change the figure of speech, he is haunted by a demon, a demon against which he feels powerless, because in its first manifestation it has no face, no name, nothing; and the words, the poem he makes, are a kind of form of exorcism of this demon. In other words again, he is going to all that trouble, not in order to communicate with anyone, but to gain relief from acute discomfort; and when the words are finally arranged in the right way — or in what he comes to accept as the best arrangement he can find — he may experience a moment of exhaustion, of appeasement, of absolution, and of something very near annihilation, which is in itself

indescribable. And then he can say to the poem: "Go away! Find a place for yourself in a book — and don't expect *me* to take any further interest in you."

I don't believe that the relation of a poem to its origins is capable of being more clearly traced. You can read the essays of Paul Valéry, who studied the workings of his own mind in the composition of a poem more perseveringly than any other poet has done. But if, either on the basis of what poets try to tell you, or by biographical research, with or without the tools of the psychologist, you attempt to explain a poem, you will probably be getting further and further away from the poem without arriving at any other destination. The attempt to explain the poem by tracing it back to its origins will distract attention from the poem, to direct it on to something else which, in the form in which it can be apprehended by the critic and his readers, has no relation to the poem and throws no light upon it.

I should not like you to think that I am trying to make the writing of a poem more of a mystery than it is. What I am maintaining is, that the first effort of the poet should be to achieve clarity for himself, to assure himself that the poem is the right outcome of the process that has taken place. The most bungling form of obscurity is that of the poet who has not been able to express himself *to* himself; the shoddiest form is found when the poet is trying to persuade himself that he has something to say when he hasn't.

5

SO FAR I have been speaking, for the sake of simplicity, of the three voices as if they were mutually exclusive: as if the poet, in any particular poem, was speaking *either* to himself or to others, and as if neither of the first two voices was audible in good dramatic verse. And this indeed is the conclusion to which Herr Benn's argument appears to lead him: he speaks as if the poetry of the first voice — which he considers, moreover, to be on the whole a development of our own age — was a totally different kind of poetry from that of the poet addressing an audience. But for me the voices are most often found together — the first and second, I mean, in non-dramatic poetry; and together with the third in dramatic poetry too. Even though, as I have maintained, the author of a poem may have written it primarily without thought of an audience, he will also want to know what the poem which has satisfied *him* will have to say to other people. There are, first of all, those few friends to whose criticism he may wish to submit it before considering it completed. They can be very helpful, in suggesting a word or a phrase which the author has not been able to find for himself; though their greatest service perhaps is to say simply "this passage won't do" — thus confirming a suspicion which the author had

been suppressing from his own consciousness. But I am not thinking primarily of the few judicious friends whose opinion the author prizes, but of the larger and unknown audience — people to whom the author's name means only his poem which they have read. The final handing over, so to speak, of the poem to an unknown audience, for what that audience will make of it, seems to me the consummation of the process begun in solitude and without thought of the audience, the long process of gestation of the poem, because it marks the final separation of the poem from the author. Let the author, at this point, rest in peace.

So much for the poem which is primarily a poem of the first voice. I think that in every poem, from the private meditation to the epic or the drama, there is more than one voice to be heard. If the author never spoke to himself, the result would not be poetry, though it might be magnificent rhetoric; and part of our enjoyment of great poetry is the enjoyment of *overhearing* words which are not addressed to us. But if the poem were exclusively for the author, it would be a poem in a private and unknown language; and a poem which was a poem only for the author would not be a poem at all. And in poetic drama, I am inclined to believe that all three voices are audible. First, the voice of each character — an individual voice different from that of any other character: so that of each utterance we can say, that it could only have come from that character. There may be from time to time, and perhaps when we least notice it, the voices of the author and the character in unison, saying something appropriate to the character, but something which the author could say for himself also, though the words may not have quite the same meaning for both. That may be a very different thing from the ventriloquism which makes the character only a mouthpiece for the author's ideas or sentiments.

Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow . . .

Is not the perpetual shock and surprise of these hackneyed lines evidence that Shakespeare and Macbeth are uttering the words in unison, though perhaps with somewhat different meaning? And finally there are the lines, in a play by one of the supreme poetic dramatists, in which we hear a more impersonal voice still than that of either the character or the author.

Ripeness is all

or

Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live.

And now I should like to return for a moment to Gottfried Benn and his unknown, dark *psychic material* — we might say, the octopus or angel with which the poet struggles. I suggest that between the three kinds of poetry to which my three voices correspond there is a certain difference of process.

In the poem in which the first voice, that of the poet talking to himself, dominates, the "psychic material" tends to create its own form — the eventual form will be to a greater or less degree the form for that one poem and for no other. It is misleading, of course, to speak of the material as creating or imposing its own form: what happens is a simultaneous development of form and material; for the form affects the material at every stage; and perhaps all the material does is to repeat "not that! not that!" in the face of each unsuccessful attempt at formal organization; and finally the material is identified with its form. But in poetry of the second and in that of the third voice, the form is already to some extent given. However much it may be *transformed* before the poem is finished, it can be represented from the start by an outline or scenario. If I choose to tell a story, I must have some notion of the plot of the story I propose to tell; if I undertake satire, moralizing, or invective, there is already something given which I can recognize and which exists for others as well as myself. And if I set out to write a play, I start by an act of choice: I settle upon a particular emotional situation, out of which characters and a plot will emerge, and I can make a plain prose outline of the play in advance — however much that outline may be altered before the play is finished, by the way in which the characters develop. It is likely, of course, that it is in the beginning the pressure of some rude unknown *psychic material* that directs the poet to tell that particular story, to develop that particular situation. And on the other hand, the frame, once chosen, within which the author has elected to work, may itself evoke other psychic material; and then, lines of poetry may come into being, not from the original impulse, but from a secondary stimulation of the unconscious mind. All that matters is, that in the end the voices should be heard in harmony; and, as I have said, I doubt whether in any real poem only one voice is audible.

You may well, by now, have been asking yourselves what I have been up to in all these speculations. Have I been toiling to weave a labored web of useless ingenuity? Well, I have been trying to talk, not to myself — as you may have been tempted to think — but to the reader of poetry. I should like to think that it might interest the reader of poetry to test my assertions in his own reading. Can you distinguish these voices in the poetry you read, or hear recited, or hear in the theatre? If you complain that a poet is obscure, and apparently ignoring you, the reader, or that he is speaking only to a limited circle of initiates from which you are excluded — remember that what he may have been trying to do, was to put something into words which could not be said in any other way, and therefore in a language which may be worth the trouble of learning. If you complain that a poet is too rhetorical, and that he addresses you as if you were a public

meeting, try to listen for the moments when he is not speaking to you, but merely allowing himself to be overheard: he may be a Dryden, a Pope, or a Byron. And if you have to listen to a verse play, take it first at its face value, as entertainment, for each character speaking for himself with whatever degree of reality his author has been able to endow him. Perhaps, if it is a great play, and you do not try too hard to hear them, you may discern the other voices too. For the work of a great poetic

dramatist, like Shakespeare, constitutes a world. Each character speaks for himself, but no other poet could have found those words for him to speak. If you seek for Shakespeare, you will find him only in the characters he created; for the one thing in common between the characters is that no one but Shakespeare could have created any of them. The world of a great poetic dramatist is a world in which the creator is everywhere present, and everywhere hidden.



THE PRIEST'S CURSE ON DANCING

by HOWARD NEMEROV

"DANCE for a year and a day!" he cried
 When we danced in the chantry of church
 And before his altar and down the nave,
 Leaping like fish in a wave,
 And danced out the door and over the dead
 While he stood there calling his curse —
 "Dance for a year and a day!" he said.
 "Dance till you die!" and some of us did.

Joan who was the priest's own daughter,
 With hair unbound, with dancing eyes,
 Led us through England and over the water
 Until we landed at Champayne Fair,
 And for a year danced there
 Happy as people in Paradise,
 While rich and poor paid on the drum
 To see the scandal in Christendom.

No cloak nor shoe wore thin that year,
 Nor needed we eat or drink or sleep,
 But with legs of iron and lungs of leather
 We went in every weather
 To the same tune and the single step
 And the curse of the priest who kept us there,
 And then those French put up a tent
 Around and over us as we went.

Now Joan and some others are buried there
 Thigh deep in the labyrinth of the dance,
 Who trod their grave in the merry year,
 Leaping like fish in a weir.
 The other of us by curse or chance
 Cried from the pit for cane and crutch
 To steady our quivering legs to church,
 For the flesh dances on out of sense.



*An essayist who really laid it on the line in his abrasive book, *Generation of Vipers*; a deep-sea fisherman who can tell a fish story which is both exciting and plausible, as he proves in one of his recent volumes, *Denizens of the Deep*, PHILIP WYLIE is a free lance who divides his residence between New York City and Florida. He is a lean man who likes his food — that is, when his mother-in-law or his wife has cooked it; but, for the rest, he thinks that American food has lost the flavor and fragrance for which it once was famous.*

SCIENCE HAS SPOILED MY SUPPER

by PHILIP WYLIE

I

I AM a fan for Science. My education is scientific and I have, in one field, contributed a monograph to a scientific journal. Science, to my mind, is applied honesty, the one reliable means we have to find out truth. That is why, when error is committed in the name of Science, I feel the way a man would if his favorite uncle had taken to drink.

Over the years, I have come to feel that way about what science has done to food. I agree that America can set as good a table as any nation in the world. I agree that our food is nutritious and that the diet of most of us is well-balanced. What America eats is handsomely packaged; it is usually clean and pure; it is excellently preserved. The only trouble with it is this: year by year it grows less good to eat. It appeals increasingly to the eye. But who eats with his eyes? Almost everything used to taste better when I was a kid. For quite a long time I thought that observation was merely another index of advancing age. But some years ago I married a girl whose mother is an expert cook of the kind called "old-fashioned." This gifted woman's daughter (my wife) was taught her mother's venerable skills. The mother lives in the country and still plants an old-fashioned garden. She still buys dairy products from the neighbors and, in so far as possible, she uses the same materials her mother and grandmother did — to prepare meals that are superior. They are just as good, in this Year of Grace, as I recall them from my courtship. After eating for a while at the table of my mother-in-law, it is sad to go back to eating with my friends — even the alleged "good cooks" among them. And it is a gruesome experience to have meals at the best big-city restaurants.

Take cheese, for instance. Here and there, in big cities, small stores and delicatessens specialize in cheese. At such places, one can buy at least some of the first-rate cheeses that we used to eat — such

as those we had with pie and in macaroni. The latter were sharp but not too sharp. They were a little crumbly. We called them American cheeses, or even rat cheese; actually, they were Cheddars. Long ago, this cheese began to be supplanted by a material called "cheese foods." Some cheese foods and "processed" cheese are fairly edible; but not one comes within miles of the old kinds — for flavor.

A grocer used to be very fussy about his cheese. Cheddar was made and sold by hundreds of little factories. Representatives of the factories had particular customers, and cheese was prepared by hand to suit the grocers, who knew precisely what their patrons wanted in rat cheese, pie cheese, American and other cheeses. Some liked them sharper; some liked them yellower; some liked anise seeds in cheese, or caraway.

What happened? Science — or what is called science — stepped in. The old-fashioned cheeses didn't ship well enough. They crumbled, became moldy, dried out. "Scientific" tests disclosed that a great majority of the people will buy a less-good-tasting cheese if that's all they can get. "Scientific marketing" then took effect. Its motto is "Give the people the least quality they'll stand for." In food, as in many other things, the "scientific marketers" regard quality as secondary so long as they can sell most persons anyhow; what they are after is "durability" or "shippability."

It is not possible to make the very best cheese in vast quantities at a low average cost. "Scientific sampling" got in its statistically nasty work. It was found that the largest number of people will buy something that is bland and rather tasteless. Those who prefer a product of a pronounced and individualistic flavor have a variety of preferences. Nobody is altogether pleased by bland foodstuff, in other words; but nobody is very violently put off. The result is that a "reason" has been found for

turning out zillions of packages of something that will "do" for nearly all and isn't even imagined to be superlatively good by a single soul!

Economics entered. It is possible to turn out in quantity a bland, impersonal, practically imperishable substance more or less resembling, say, cheese — at lower cost than cheese. Chain groceries shut out the independent stores and "standardization" became a principal means of cutting costs.

Imitations also came into the cheese business. There are American duplications of most of the celebrated European cheeses, mass-produced and cheaper by far than the imports. They would cause European food-lovers to gag or guffaw — but generally the imitations are all that's available in the supermarkets. People buy them and eat them.

Perhaps you don't like cheese — so the fact that decent cheese is hardly ever served in America any more, or used in cooking, doesn't matter to you. Well, take bread. There has been (and still is) something of a hullabaloo about bread. In fact, in the last few years, a few big bakeries have taken to making a fairly good imitation of real bread. It costs much more than what is nowadays called bread, but it is edible. Most persons, however, now eat as "bread" a substance so full of chemicals and so barren of cereals that it approaches a synthetic.

Most bakers are interested mainly in how a loaf of bread looks. They are concerned with how little stuff they can put in it — to get how much money. They are deeply interested in using chemicals that will keep bread from molding, make it seem "fresh" for the longest possible time, and so render it marketable and shippable. They have been at this monkeyshine for a generation. Today a loaf of "bread" looks deceptively real; but it is made from heaven knows what and it resembles, as food, a solidified bubble bath. Some months ago I bought a loaf of the stuff and, experimentally, began pressing it together, like an accordion. With a little effort, I squeezed the whole loaf to a length of about one inch!

Yesterday, at the home of my mother-in-law, I ate with country-churned butter and home-canned wild strawberry jam several slices of actual bread, the same thing we used to have every day at home. People who have eaten actual bread will know what I mean. They will know that the material commonly called bread is not even related to real bread, except in name.

2

For years, I couldn't figure out what had happened to vegetables. I knew, of course, that most vegetables, to be enjoyed in their full deliciousness, must be picked fresh and cooked at once. I knew that vegetables cannot be overcooked and remain even edible, in the best sense. They cannot stand on the stove. That set of facts makes it impossible,

of course, for any American restaurant — or, indeed, any city-dweller separated from supply by more than a few hours — to have decent fresh vegetables. The Parisians manage by getting their vegetables picked at dawn and rushed in farmers' carts to market, where no middleman or market-man delays produce on its way to the pot.

Our vegetables, however, come to us through a long chain of command. There are merchants of several sorts — wholesalers before the retailers, commission men, and so on — with the result that what were once edible products become, in transit, mere wilted leaves and withered tubers.

Homes and restaurants do what they can with this stuff — which my mother-in-law would discard on the spot. I have long thought that the famed blindfold test for cigarettes should be applied to city vegetables. For I am sure that if you puréed them and ate them blindfolded, you couldn't tell the beans from the peas, the turnips from the squash, the Brussels sprouts from the broccoli.

It is only lately that I have found how much science has had to do with this reduction of noble victuals to pottage. Here the science of genetics is involved. Agronomists and the like have taken to breeding all sorts of vegetables and fruits — changing their original nature. This sounds wonderful and often is insane. For the scientists have not as a rule taken any interest whatsoever in the taste of the things they've tampered with!

What they've done is to develop "improved" strains of things for every purpose but eating. They work out, say, peas that will ripen all at once. The farmer can then harvest his peas and thresh them and be done with them. It is extremely profitable because it is efficient. What matter if such peas taste like boiled paper wads?

Geneticists have gone crazy over such "opportunities." They've developed string beans that are straight instead of curved, and all one length. This makes them easier to pack in cans, even if, when eating them, you can't tell them from tender string. Ripening time and identity of size and shape are, nowadays, more important in carrots than the fact that they taste like carrots. Personally, I don't care if they hybridize onions till they are as big as your head and come up through the snow; but, in doing so, they are producing onions that only vaguely and feebly remind you of onions. We are getting some varieties, in fact, that have less flavor than the water off last week's leeks. Yet, if people don't eat onions because they taste like onions, what in the name of Luther Burbank do they eat them for?

The women's magazines are about one third dedicated to clothes, one third to mild comment on sex, and the other third to recipes and pictures of handsome salads, desserts, and main courses. "Institutes" exist to experiment and tell housewives how to cook attractive meals and how to turn leftovers

into works of art. The food thus pictured looks like famous paintings of still life. The only trouble is it's tasteless. It leaves appetite unquenched and merely serves to stave off famine.

I wonder if this blandness of our diet doesn't explain why so many of us are overweight and even dangerously so. When things had flavor, we knew what we were eating all the while — and it satisfied us. A teaspoonful of my mother-in-law's wild strawberry jam will not just provide a gastronome's ecstasy: it will entirely satisfy your jam desire. But, of the average tinned or glass-packed strawberry jam, you need half a cupful to get the idea of what you're eating. A slice of my mother-in-law's apple pie will satiate you far better than a whole bakery pie.

That thought is worthy of investigation — of genuine scientific investigation. It is merely a hypothesis, so far, and my own. But people — and their ancestors — have been eating according to flavor for upwards of a billion years. The need to satisfy the sense of taste may be innate and important. When food is merely a pretty cascade of viands, with the texture of boiled cardboard and the flavor of library paste, it may be the instinct of *genus homo* to go on eating in the unconscious hope of finally satisfying the ageless craving of the frustrated taste buds. In the days when good-tasting food was the rule in the American home, obesity wasn't such a national curse.

How can you feel you've eaten if you haven't tasted, and fully enjoyed tasting? Why (since science is ever so ready to answer the beck and call of mankind) don't people who want to reduce merely give up eating and get the nourishment they must have in measured doses shot into their arms at hospitals? One ready answer to that question suggests that my theory of overeating is sound: people like to taste! In eating, they try to satisfy that like.

The scientific war against deliciousness has been stepped up enormously in the last decade. Some infernal genius found a way to make biscuit batter keep. Housewives began to buy this premixed stuff. It saved work, of course. But any normally intelligent person can learn, in a short period, how to prepare superb baking powder biscuits. I can make better biscuits, myself, than can be made from patent batters. Yet soon after this fiasco became an American staple, it was discovered that a half-baked substitute for all sorts of breads, pastries, rolls, and the like could be mass-manufactured, frozen — and sold for polishing off in the home oven. None of these two-stage creations is as good as even a fair sample of the thing it imitates. A man of taste, who had eaten one of my wife's cinnamon buns, might use the premixed sort to throw at starlings — but not to eat! Cake mixes, too, come ready-prepared — like cement and not much better-tasting compared with true cake.

It is, however, "deep-freezing" that has really

rung down the curtain on American cookery. Nothing is improved by the process. I have yet to taste a deep-frozen victual that measures up, in flavor, to the fresh, unfrosted original. And most foods, cooked or uncooked, are destroyed in the deep freeze for all people of sense and sensibility. Vegetables with crisp and crackling texture emerge as mush, slippery and stringy as hair nets simmered in Vaseline. The essential oils that make peas peas — and cabbage cabbage — must undergo fission and fusion in freezers. Anyhow, they vanish. Some meats turn to leather. Others to wood pulp. Everything, pretty much, tastes like the mosses of tundra, dug up in midwinter. Even the appearance changes, oftentimes. Handsome comestibles you put down in the summer come out looking very much like the corpses of woolly mammoths recovered from the last Ice Age.

Of course, all this scientific "food handling" tends to save money. It certainly preserves food longer. It reduces work at home. But these facts, and especially the last, imply that the first purpose of living is to avoid work — at home, anyhow.

Without thinking, we are making an important confession about ourselves as a nation. We are abandoning quality — even, to some extent, the quality of people. The "best" is becoming too good for us. We are suckling ourselves on machine-made mediocrity. It is bad for our souls, our minds, and our digestion. It is the way our wiser and calmer forebears fed, not people, but hogs: as much as possible and as fast as possible, with no standard of quality.

The Germans say, "*Mann ist was er isst* — Man is what he eats." If this be true, the people of the U.S.A. are well on their way to becoming a faceless mob of mediocrities, of robots. And if we apply to other attributes the criteria we apply these days to appetite, that is what would happen! We would not want bright children any more; we'd merely want them to look bright — and get through school fast. We wouldn't be interested in beautiful women — just a good paint job. And we'd be opposed to the most precious quality of man: his individuality, his differentness from the mob.

There are some people — sociologists and psychologists among them — who say that is exactly what we Americans are doing, are becoming. Mass man, they say, is on the increase. Conformity, standardization, similarity — all on a cheap and vulgar level — are replacing the great American ideas of colorful liberty and dignified individualism. If this is so, the process may well begin, like most human behavior, in the home — in those homes where a good meal has been replaced by something-to-eat-in-a-hurry. By something not very good to eat, prepared by a mother without very much to do, for a family that doesn't feel it amounts to much anyhow.

I call, here, for rebellion.



A PRAYER ON THE NIGHT BEFORE EASTER

by JOHN HOLMES

My God, Whose law I believe in, and have signed to serve in my best,
My voice comes strange to You, and new, and never raised before.
This is the new time, and I have a first prayer to make, addressed
Not so much in jubilation as in need, as the newcomer asks more.

Make my mother's dying easy and soon, and make my son's growing
Long. Give my wife her child. Allow me years enough. And gather
Under Your care those I believe You love as I do, not much showing
Love, except in the unspoken ways of being and of coming together.

Heal our illnesses which we have brought upon ourselves. Help us.
I myself have evaded punishment, and have been subtle, and secret.
Lord, do justly what heat, weight, and water do, and star-rise.
Hear me. My beloved trust my trust in You, that You never forget.

I ask too much, stirred who should be stilled by this holiday.
What a beggar! I burst out with my troubles and my crowded love,
Trying to say everything at once. But I was never taught to pray.
Forgive me, and let me help You remember those I am thinking of.

Prisoners of war, the war far away and brutal, or the war near,
Silent and terrible and complicated and within, where wars begin.
I would like to know You know. I think always of someone somewhere
Who cries out to me, and You, and may not be heard, and cries again.

And those with no words, all those with no lucky skill, and no luck.
The twisted. The trapped in small anxieties. The girl with no face
A man will look at. The man who can work, and can find no work.
Lord, think with me, think with me, as I reach to You from this place.

My wife carrying our child. I said that. All those separated.
All those who wait. Those, too, who rule themselves, or else rule.
Those leading the way through workings of the law, and those led.
Those lost. The very young. The very old. But I know You know them all.

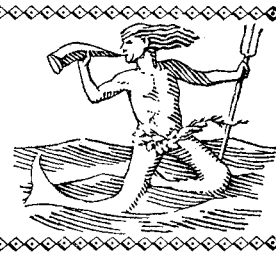
For my kind of selfishness, thank You, that I have been let be
This busy unadmirable, this persistent unruly, this same me.
But I will not cancel myself in Your eyes. I must be here.
I must be. And as I can, and with Your consent, I must care.

Thank You for the example of great men to men less known,
And somehow let them know that they stand, and they stand up.
I mean, too, the quiet artists, and doctors, men on their own
Working. Put Your hand under them, that they may not stop,

That they may not fall, that like the force of gravity, You,
Whose hand is under us all, will balance and bear us. And keep
Oh kitchen-and-wood-smell ours, and all we hardly know we do,
And keep for us, those of us who need it, sleep, and sleep.



The Atlantic Serial



The years 1916 to 1923 were the formative ones for Ernest Hemingway, and his development as a young writer is the substance of a forthright, illuminating book by CHARLES A. FENTON, from which the Atlantic has selected three telling installments. The first, depicting Hemingway's education in the high school of Oak Park, Illinois, and his journalistic training on the Kansas City Star, appeared in our March issue. In this present installment we follow Hemingway through his war experiences and on to his friendship with Sherwood Anderson. Mr. Fenton, an Instructor of English at Yale University, served in the Royal Canadian Air Force, took his Ph.D. at New Haven in 1953, and is now correcting proofs of his book, The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway, which will be published by Farrar, Straus & Young in May.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: THE YOUNG YEARS

by CHARLES A. FENTON

8

Hemingway had been taught a great deal in his months on the *Kansas City Star*. Now he was ready to move on. The war was still very much on his mind. Although he had been turned down twelve times by the medical examiners of various units because of defective eyesight, he suddenly got the break he had been hoping for. It was a *Star* friendship which led Hemingway into the war. Ted Brumback was the son of a socially prominent Kansas City family. An undergraduate at Cornell from 1913 through 1915, he had left college for a year after a golfing accident that cost him an eye. Then, despite his vision, he was accepted by the American Field Service as an ambulance driver and served with the Chasseurs Alpins in France from July until November of 1917. His enlistment up, he returned to Kansas City and obtained a cub reporter's job on the *Star*. Hemingway, a dynamo of furious energy at an office typewriter, attracted Brumback's attention on his first day in the city room.

"Every tenth letter or so," Brumback wrote later, "would print above the type line. He didn't seem to mind. Nor did he mind when the two keys would jam." Hemingway finished abruptly and called for a copy boy. He turned to Brumback. "That's rotten looking copy," Hemingway said. "When I get a little excited this damn type mill goes haywire on me." He got up and held out his

hand. "My name's Hemingway," he told Brumback. "Ernest Hemingway. You're a new man, aren't you?"

The two became close friends. In 1936, when he wrote for the *Star* a brief memoir of his friendship with Hemingway, Brumback described him in much the same terms as his other Kansas City contemporaries did. "He was a big, handsome kid," Brumback wrote, "bubbling over with energy. And this energy was really remarkable. He could turn out more copy than any two reporters." Brumback told Hemingway, of course, about his experiences in France, and so as early as Christmas, 1917, Hemingway was talking about joining some sort of ambulance unit. In April the opportunity finally presented itself. They were able to capitalize on it, appropriately, because of their connection with the *Star*. The legend was that when one day a wire service story came to the telegraph desk, dealing with the Red Cross's need for volunteers with the Italian Army, the two young men cabled applications before the paper used the item.

From Kansas City Hemingway took with him not only the lessons he had learned about writing but also a trained reporter's eye which would enable him to profit considerably more from his Italian experiences than if, for example, he had been able to enlist directly from high school the previous June. He took with him too a reservoir of material

upon which he could draw when he began his serious writing in 1919. The two harshly moving short stories, "A Pursuit Race" and "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen," are the memorable harvest of his *Star* assignments. Prior to their publication in 1927 and 1933 he had written what he later called "some good stories about Kansas City" which were lost, without carbons, in the late fall of 1922. Even in 1952, when he was asked about his memories of Kansas City, Hemingway was still planning to go back to the period for material. "I was always going to write about Kansas City myself," he said. "I know it just as it was then."

9

By the second week of May, Hemingway and Brumback were in New York, waiting for a ship to Europe. The Red Cross issued their uniforms on May 12 and a week later the unit was part of a Fifth Avenue parade — marching downtown from 82nd Street to the Battery — and was reviewed by President and Mrs. Wilson. Hemingway acted as right guide for the first platoon. He was jubilant about finally getting into the war; Brumback remembered him as "delirious with excitement."

The Red Cross ambulance corps in Italy was modeled on the American Field Service. All the original personnel in Italy, for whom Hemingway's group had been signed on as replacements, had been recruited in Paris from men who had served with the Field Service Sections in France. The structure and atmosphere of the American Field Service, with its heroic record of work with the French, dominated this new world into which Hemingway was being initiated, and its history clarifies the Italian milieu. Section One of the Field Service went on duty in Alsace in April, 1915. By 1916, at the time of the Verdun attack, the unit was operating one hundred and twenty-five ambulances, donated by American philanthropy and manned by American drivers. The enlistment of almost exclusively undergraduate or recently graduated personnel was already well established. Hemingway's own Section in Italy contained a high proportion of college men, from institutions as diverse as Stanford, Princeton, Boston University, Illinois, the University of California, Dartmouth, and Pennsylvania State College. The camaraderie was intensified by the nature of the work and the organization of the corps. The Red Cross ambulance unit in Italy was divided into five Sections. The Sections were small enough — less than fifty men, in the case of Hemingway's Section IV — so that real intimacy naturally developed.

The job was difficult, responsible, and frequently dangerous. When the work was light, the shift was the traditional military one of twenty-four hours on, twenty-four off. In the case of night attacks, the cars were driven without lights and worked

without letup. In their letters and diaries the drivers expressed again and again their horror when, at the end of a long drive, under shelling, they discovered they had been driving not an ambulance but a hearse. Of his own memories of Italy, Hemingway later recalled: —

I thought . . . about what a great advantage an experience of war was to a writer. It was one of the major subjects and certainly one of the hardest to write truly of and those writers who had not seen it were always very jealous and tried to make it seem unimportant, or abnormal, or a disease as a subject, while, really, it was just something quite irreplaceable that they had missed.

Hemingway, crossing the Atlantic in late May of 1918 to join this atmosphere of adventure and service, in which he would take his first lessons in war, made the most of whatever excitement there was. He arrived in Paris in the midst of the first shelling of the city by the new, long-range German gun, Big Bertha. At the Gare du Nord Hemingway gave Brumback his instructions. "Tell the taxi," he commanded his friend, "to drive up where those shells are falling. We'll get a story for the *Star* that'll make their eyes pop out back in Kansas City." A heavy tip to the driver allowed them to begin what Brumback called, with restraint, "one of the strangest taxi drives I shall probably ever experience." They spent over an hour driving through Paris trying to catch up with the burst. Finally they succeeded. "The shell hit the façade of the Madeleine," Brumback wrote, "chipping off a foot or so of stone." Perhaps by design, or perhaps merely by virtue of his own *Star* training, Brumback described the incident in 1936 in a facsimile of Hemingway's own prose. "No one was hurt. We heard the projectile rush overhead. It sounded as if it were going to land right in the taxi with us. It was quite exciting."

Paris, after they had exhausted the possibilities of Big Bertha, soon became monotonous. "This is getting to be a bore," Hemingway told Brumback. "I wish they'd hurry and ship us off to the front." A day or two later, they did leave for Italy; by the middle of June Hemingway was sending excited postcards to Kansas City. From Milan they were hurried by truck on an emergency basis to a scene of complete devastation outside the city. "Having a wonderful time!!!" Hemingway wrote back to a friend on the *Star*. "Had my baptism of fire my first day here, when an entire munition plant exploded. We carried them in, like at the General Hospital, Kansas City."

The scene made a deep impression on him, so vivid that he returned to it fourteen years later in his angry, antiwar story, "A Natural History of the Dead." His 1932 memory of the impressions of the 1918 scene was harsh and specific. "Regarding the sex of the dead," he wrote, "it is a fact that one becomes so accustomed to the sight of all the

dead being men that the sight of a dead woman is quite shocking. I first saw inversion of the usual sex of the dead after the explosion of a munition factory which had been situated in the countryside near Milan, Italy. . . . I remember that after we had searched quite thoroughly for the complete dead we collected fragments. . . . Many fragments we found a considerable distance away in the fields, they being carried farther by their own weight."

Not yet nineteen years old, Hemingway's primary concern was to find more of the same. "I go to the front tomorrow," he wrote back to Kansas City. "Oh, Boy!!! I'm glad I'm in it." From Milan the entire contingent of twenty-two drivers moved on to Schio, ninety miles to the east, where they joined Section IV and relieved those men whose enlistments had expired. Almost immediately the Austrians violated an unwritten pledge by which each side had refrained from shelling certain towns. Schio had been such a town. Hemingway was as excited as he had been in Paris. "We set off," Brumback remembered, "running for the [railway] station to get there before the next shell arrived." The bombardment was over by the time they reached the target, but Hemingway consoled himself with the certainty of Italian revenge. "Visiting team's started playing dirty ball," Hemingway told his friend. "We'll hear from the home team on that."

Schio itself, in addition to the charm of its lost immunity, had a special interest for two former reporters; Section IV was publishing its own monthly newspaper, *Ciao*, Italian for "good-by." *Ciao's* four pages were in format and treatment a duplication of an American high school paper. "All the hysterics of Section IV," the front page promised. Its "Weather Report" was in the same style: "clear; with bombing moon, possibility of sky becoming overcast before morning with planes, with resulting hail."

The June issue included a story by Hemingway in the Lardnerian manner he had last used in the *Trapeze* in 1917. His article — "Al Receives Another Letter" — was the longest single item in the paper and was organized with a coherence that stemmed directly from the severe city room discipline of Kansas City.

Well Al we are here in this old Italy and now that I am here I am not going to leave it. Not at all if any. And that is not no New Years revolution Al but the truth. Well Al I am now an officer and if you would meet me you have to salute me. What I am is a provisional acting second lieutenant without a commission but the trouble is that all the other fellows are too. There aint no privates in our army Al and the Captain is called a chef. But he don't look to me as tho he could cook a damn bit. And the next highest officer he is called a sou chef. And the reason that they call him that is that he is chef of the jitneys and has to cook for the 4ds. But he has a soft job Al because there are only one 4d. lefts.

The story was an excellent one, about eight hundred words long, and as technically finished as anything Hemingway had yet written. "Do you remember that fellow Pease Al that I wrote you about what was our captain? Well he is a p.s.l.A.w.a.c. now just like the rest of us and he speaks to me pretty regular now and yesterday he darn near called me by first name. But what are we fighting for anyway except to make the world safe for the Democrats?" The satire established Hemingway firmly in the minds of his companions, several of whom not only recalled the story, many years later, but also remembered the delight with which he had written it.

"Al Receives Another Letter" was the extent of Hemingway's published work during the war, although he persistently thought of himself as a writer and, indeed, continued to write a good deal during the late summer of 1918. The necessary opportunity and leisure to write were given to him very shortly. He was seriously wounded on July 8, 1918, and spent the next three months in the American Red Cross Hospital at Milan.

10

HEMINGWAY was one of the few casualties among the American drivers in Italy. The way in which he was wounded was an indication both of his eagerness for action and his genuine desire to serve the Allied cause. Section IV was assigned to an area enviously designated by the other Sections as the Schio Country Club. The men were quartered on the second floor of an abandoned woolen mill. In front of the mill was a flat meadow where the drivers played baseball. Beside the mill was the stream from which it had previously drawn its power. The young Americans swam and sun-bathed there. Hemingway's reaction to this routine, broken only by relatively uneventful ambulance runs, was a natural one. The front was near enough so that he was highly conscious of it, and yet for the moment it was as inaccessible as if he were once again spending the summer at Horton Bay. The Italian command to which Section IV was attached was apparently dug into the mountains for an indefinite time. There was no indication that the Austrians would ever attempt to dislodge it.

"I'm fed up," Hemingway said after a week of baseball and swimming. "There's nothing here but scenery and too damn much of that." He thought of getting out of the ambulance corps altogether, "to see," he told Brumback, "if I can't find out where the war is." If that failed, he hoped that he might at least be able to get transferred to a sector on the Piave River. "They play ball down there," Hemingway announced bitterly. While he waited for an opportunity to get in the game, he had to be content with his duties in the mountains. Section IV was equipped largely with Fiats, and he was

detailed to an Italian ambulance. There were hair-pin turns that were banked by thousand-foot drops. The road from Schio up Monte Pasubio to the advance line dressing posts was a well-made one, but so narrow that the barbed wire on either side almost touched the fenders.

Hemingway's ultimate solution was a blend of the two alternatives he had discussed with Brumback. He left the ambulance corps, though not the Red Cross, and wangled his way further east to the more active Piave front. With several others from Section IV he volunteered for duty with the Red Cross Canteen. He obtained the new assignment at the moment when the Italians were making their counter offensive all along the Piave, attempting to push the Austrians back across the river. The new job was in every way a forward area operation. The canteens were operated at seventeen points along the front, some in the mountains, some — like Hemingway's — in the plains, but none of them more than a few kilometers back of the trenches. Each canteen served hot coffee, chocolate, jam, and soup. The soldiers brought their own bread. There were also rations of candy and tobacco. The room contained writing tables, Red Cross postcards and letterheads, and reading material. The walls were decorated with flags and patriotic inscriptions. The canteen was thus a kind of soldier's club, available both to passing troops and to men from the command which was fighting in the nearby trenches. The officers allowed their troops to leave the trenches three or four times a week to come back to the canteen. Hemingway took charge of such a canteen in late June of 1918.

The canteens were frequently in the range of shellfire; one American lieutenant was killed only a few weeks before Hemingway himself was wounded. Several of the canteens were destroyed or damaged by Austrian fire. Hemingway, however, was no less restless than he had been in Kansas City on the Federal Building beat. He had not come to Italy to supervise the pouring of hot coffee or the distribution of patriotic literature. He resumed his single-minded campaign for more action.

He had made friends immediately with the Italian officers in the trench units, and now he persuaded the local commander to allow him to come up to the trenches themselves. Every day thereafter Hemingway mounted his bicycle at the canteen and rode to the front, "laden down," Brumback wrote to Hemingway's father, "with chocolate, cigars, cigarets, and postcards." Hemingway followed this routine for six days. He had achieved his goal; he was in the war. He became a familiar and welcome figure; the Italian soldiers were always asking for the *giòvane Americano*. He threw himself into the front-line atmosphere with the same intensity, heightened here by conviction and dedication, which he had shown in high school and in Kansas City. With his gifts for absorbing a new

world he saturated himself in the sensations of trench life. Out of those six days, and the abbreviated seventh, supplemented by a few more weeks with the infantry in October, Hemingway would create during the next fifteen years not only *A Farewell to Arms* but also several fine short stories. "I learned about people," he said later of this period, "under stress and before and after it. . . . Also," Hemingway added drily, "learned considerable about myself." Even the letters he wrote home showed his concentration on the reality around him in the trenches.

You know they say there isn't anything funny about this war, and there isn't. I wouldn't say that it was hell, because that's been a bit over-worked since General Sherman's time, but there have been about eight times when I would have welcomed hell, just on a chance that it couldn't come up to the phase of war I was experiencing.

For example, in the trenches, during an attack, when a shell makes a direct hit in a group where you're standing. Shells aren't had except direct hits; you just take chances on the fragments of the bursts. But when there is a direct hit, your pals get spattered all over you; spattered is literal.

He was already regarded by the Italians as having a charmed life, but at midnight on July 8, near the tiny village of Fossalta, two weeks before his nineteenth birthday and seven days after his first trip to the trenches, he was struck by the exploding fragments of a trench mortar which landed a few feet from him. He was handing out chocolate to the Italian soldiers. According to the legend which developed in Section IV, however, testimony to his comrades' recognition of his temperament, Hemingway was said to have been wounded a moment after he had seized an Italian rifle and begun firing toward the Austrian lines. An instant later, it was rumored, he saw an Italian sniper fall in no man's land. As Hemingway went out to bring him in, the shell from the mortar exploded. In reality an Italian standing between him and the explosion was killed instantly; a second, standing a few feet away, had both legs blown off. A third soldier, another of those who had been waiting for chocolate, was badly wounded. Hemingway, having regained consciousness, "picked [him] up on his back" and carried him to a first-aid dugout.

The scene was forcefully recorded, with only minor variations, in *A Farewell to Arms*. Hemingway told Brumback he did not remember how he got to the dressing station, nor that he had carried in the Italian. An Italian officer described the events to him the next day. A few years later, when Hemingway's early fiction was causing certain critics to identify him as merely a callous recorder, Hemingway told Max Perkins, his editor at Scribner's, that he had "not been at all hardboiled since July 8, 1918 — on the night of which I discovered that that also was vanity."

The fact of being wounded, and as seriously as he was, had immense psychological implications for Hemingway. His front-line service was brief and unmarital, but the wound qualified him as a combat man and deepened his absorption in war as a temporary arena for the study of men and the practice of his creative energy. Because of the shock of the wound, and the three months of enforced idleness, Hemingway was able to evaluate, even if only in an elementary way, the experiences he had endured and observed. The brevity of his service, he later concluded, was an advantage to him as an artist. "Any experience of war," he said in 1952, "is invaluable to a writer. But it is destructive if he has too much."

In the hospital at Milan he talked to men who had also survived the front. From a young English officer he first heard, and adopted as "a permanent protecting talisman," the lines from *Henry IV*: "By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death . . . and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next." Four years later there occurred his second major lesson in war, when he covered the Greco-Turk fighting as a correspondent. Hemingway summed up the experience of war many years later.

When you go to war as a boy you have a great illusion of immortality. Other people get killed; not you. . . . Then when you are badly wounded the first time you lose that illusion and you know it can happen to you. After being severely wounded . . . I had a bad time until I figured it out that nothing could happen to me that had not happened to all men before me. Whatever I had to do men had always done.

He paid a heavy price for insight. He received two hundred and twenty-seven separate wounds from the mortar and was hit simultaneously in the leg by a machine gun round. "My feet," he wrote his family from Milan, "felt like I had rubber boots full of water on (hot water), and my knee cap was acting queer. The machine gun bullet just felt like a sharp smack on the leg with an icy snow ball." After he regained consciousness the second time he was carried three kilometers by stretcher. The road was being shelled and the bearers — as in *A Farewell to Arms* — dropped him frequently. The dressing station had been evacuated during the attack; he lay for two hours in a stable waiting for an ambulance. An Italian ambulance ultimately moved him to another dressing station. "I had a lot of pals among the medical officers," he told his family. Twenty-eight shell fragments were then removed from his legs. He drew pictures, in his letter home, to indicate to his family the size of the fragments.

Hemingway spent five days in a field hospital before he was fit to be moved to the base hospital in Milan. He had another operation there, and another, and then another; he had a dozen operations in all. His right leg was in a plaster splint

for some weeks. "I wouldn't really be comfortable now," he wrote after six weeks in the hospital, "unless I had some pain." His closing sentences were boyishly ironic. "As Ma Pettingill says, 'Leave us keep the home fires burning.'"

A few weeks after his convalescent leave ended in the early fall, Hemingway managed to get himself assigned as an acting lieutenant to the Italian infantry. He served with them during October and until the Armistice in November. Thus, when the war ended, he was a bona fide fighting man. He was recommended for the silver medal of valor for his conduct at Fossalta; and because he earned the medal the hard way he has always had a combat soldier's sensitivity to both the significance and limitations of ribbons.

11

HEMINGWAY was discharged by the Red Cross on January 4, 1919. A few days later he sailed for New York on the steamship *Giuseppe Verdi*. Immediately on landing he received the first of many attentions from the press. The New York *Sun* carried a five-hundred-word story on page eight about his war record and wounds. He was described as the first wounded American to arrive home from the Italian front, "with probably more scars than any other man, in or out of uniform, who defied the shrapnel of the Central Powers." Manhattan had not yet become bored with its returning heroes, and Hemingway was an excellent subject; the vividness of the *Sun's* phrases about his wounds clearly came from him.

He went home to Oak Park for a brief visit. His effect on the community, and on his own generation in particular, was spectacular. "I remember him distinctly," a contemporary recalled in 1940, "walking up the street in his blue uniform, and limping, with a cane." He was invited to speak at the high school. In the assembly hall he discussed his experiences and, one of his audience later reported, "held up a pair of shrapnel-riddled trousers for the students to see." He told them that it was the first speech he had ever made, and that he intended it to be his last, but he discussed the war in lucid terms.

There were several things which modified the pleasant triumph. There was another operation on his leg, and there was the familiar disenchantment with suburbia. He did a good deal of restless walking around the village, and he developed a cynical manner toward the girls whom he occasionally took out. He told an older friend one day that he was deeply in love. "A great temporary happiness," he explained, "has overcome me." There were stories about his presence in the Italian saloons of Chicago, and gossip about a party he went to with some ensigns from the Great Lakes Naval Station. Finally he went to Northern Michigan and stayed

there a long time, fishing, writing, reading. He came back to Chicago several times, and in the summer of 1919 he located Ted Brumback, who was working there on the old *Journal*. "He looked the same," said Brumback, who had last seen him in the Milan hospital a year before, "but he limped." Hemingway persuaded Brumback to come up to Michigan. At night, as they sat around the campfire after a trout dinner, Hemingway outlined his plans. He intended to get a job on a newspaper and write in his spare time. As soon as he could make a living from his fiction, he would devote all his time to it. He was buoyant and confident with Brumback, telling him that he expected to be able to support himself as a fiction writer after "a short time."

Hemingway worked hard in Michigan and stayed on after his own family and the rest of the summer colony had gone home. "I put in a fall and half [a] winter writing up in Petoskey, Michigan," he said many years later, describing the extent of the preparation which preceded his first expatriate publication in 1923. It was a period of discouraging rejection. "I worked and wrote," he said on another occasion, "and couldn't sell anything." The chronology of rejection — which, except for his journalism, would continue until 1922 — had begun, actually, during the war. From Milan Hemingway had mailed to a friend in Chicago a number of stories which she tried unsuccessfully to sell for him in the United States.

In retrospect, however, the period he spent in northern Michigan in 1919 was of great profit. With its associations and implications, it gave Hemingway the material for a large part of his earliest published fiction. One of his first stories, "Up in Michigan," was drawn from it. Of the fifteen stories in *In Our Time*, the collection which in 1925 brought him his first important critical recognition, seven stemmed directly from the peninsula country he had fished and hunted since boyhood. The solitary weeks he spent there in 1919, coming as they did as an aftermath to his Italian experiences, allowed him a rich perspective. A number of his wartime friends came up to Michigan with him for short vacations that year, including Bill Horne and several others from the ambulance corps. "Hemingway, to my own certain knowledge," Horne said many years later, "never threw off his experiences in the war."

12

EARLY in 1920 another chapter in Hemingway's apprenticeship began. He would be associated with the Toronto *Star Weekly* — as well as its parent paper, the *Daily Star* — for virtually the whole of the next four years. The late J. Herbert Cranston, editor of the *Star Weekly* in 1920, was a man of considerable literary interest and judgment. Im-

mediately after the war, in Cranston's own memory of the period, he "gradually built up a fine array of staff writers, and added one or two outstanding staff artists." Shortly after Hemingway arrived in Toronto, Cranston began to alter the editorial point of view. "We now sought," he recalled, "to give a larger number of entertainment features, and possibly fewer information articles. By that I mean humorous articles, Leacock, Lardner, and many others, some of them American syndicate, and encouraging humor wherever we could find it in Canada." Hemingway thus became a contributor at the instant when the increasing circulation made Cranston's appetite for young writers a sharp one.

Cranston encouraged Hemingway from the beginning by his willingness to buy whatever he submitted. At their first meeting they "chatted about the kind of thing the paper wanted," Cranston recalled; after that "the ice was broken and from then on Hemingway's name appeared regularly in the paper." His affinity for dialogue, and his concern with its accurate use, was plainly evident in his work during this spring. He tended particularly to rely on it in these satiric articles. But he was not restricted to the humorous or satiric. There was another block of material substantial enough to illustrate other characteristics of this stage of his apprenticeship. Hemingway wrote for the *Star Weekly* five stories about fishing and camping. They were long and detailed. In wordage they exceeded the satiric group; they were also less impressive as prose.

The body of Hemingway's work in 1920 convinced Cranston that he had located a writer of uncommon inventiveness. Orally as well as in prose, Hemingway evidently overwhelmed the editor. "There was nothing Hemingway would not do just for the sheer excitement of it," Cranston maintained, "and he had eaten — or said he had — all kinds of things, slugs, earthworms, lizards, all the delicacies that the savage tribes of the world fancy, just to get their taste." The editor recalled that whenever he "ran out of subjects on which Hemingway might write he was always able to pull a good one out of his adventurous past."

By 1923, when Hemingway completed four concentrated years of feature writing and reporting, his compulsion toward fiction was breaking through the restrictions of the *Star Weekly* formula. Certain final articles, in the late fall of 1923, were transition pieces between the feature and the short story. Even in 1920 Hemingway's instinct toward exposition through dialogue and action was a powerful one. For the issue of June 5 Hemingway wrote a full-column survey of the role which Canadians and Canadian liquor were playing in the violation of American prohibition. The story was notable for its compact, imaginative style, and illustrated his denunciation of ambiguous Canadian laws with an effective vignette.

I saw a slack lipped, white faced kid being supported on either side by two scared looking boys of his own age in an alley outside a theatre in Detroit. His face was pasty and his eyes stared unseeingly. He was deathly sick, his arms hanging loosely.

"Where'd he get it?" I asked one of the scared kids.

"Blew in his week's pay for a quart of Canuck bootlegged." The two boys hauled him up the alley. "Come on, we got to get him out of here before the cops see him."

Crime and violence had a special fascination for Hemingway, and he ended his 1920 association with the *Star*, in the issue of December 11, with a specific exploration of racketeers. The story was datelined from Chicago on December 8. Hemingway gave it authenticity by placing most of his emphasis on the ex-killer from whom he had gotten most of his information. "Perhaps it were better not to describe him too closely," he wrote, "because he might run on to a Toronto paper. But he is about as handsome as a ferret, has fine hands, and looks like a jockey a little overweight." The phrases have the outline at least of the brief exposition in "The Killers," where the two gunmen's hands, as well as their slight statures, are emphasized. The *Star Weekly* article even included, as would "The Killers," a juxtaposition of crime and the ring. Hemingway's final paragraph had a poised, confident tone, closer now to the idiom of his early fiction than had been the sometimes forced, precocious material he had sold Cranston at the beginning of 1920. "That's the type of mercenary that is doing the Irishmen's killings for them. He isn't a heroic or even a dramatic figure. He just sits hunched over his whiskey glass, worries about how to invest his money, lets his weasel mind run on and wishes the boys luck."

This was his fifteenth article for the *Star Weekly*. The stories had averaged approximately fifteen hundred words. The fact that they had been largely written in the four months between March and June pointed to a fairly consistent production of about five thousand words of publishable material each month. He had been aided in the formation of regular working habits. Hemingway hadn't made very much money — Cranston said later that "his biggest check was \$10" — but he had earned enough and written enough to think of himself legitimately as a writer and to feel that, given time, he could ultimately make a living through his work.

13

HEMINGWAY went to Chicago in the late fall of 1920, but he was reluctant to settle in his family's Oak Park home. He spent a great deal of time in the Chicago gyms and in the Italian restaurants. For a while, very broke, he shared a furnished room with Bill Horne, his ambulance corps friend.

He intended to send in articles to the *Star Weekly* and he became an associate editor of *Co-operative Commonwealth*, the monthly house organ of a co-operative venture.

The enterprise was not destined to succeed, but it did afford him employment as a writer. Hemingway later admitted that all he had known about co-operatives was "they had tried to start one for marketing apples when I worked on the farm in Michigan." He was moved primarily by the fifty dollars a week which the job paid, and he accepted on faith the organization's statement that it was patterned after the old Rochdale Co-operatives in England. Horne and Hemingway lived in Horne's attic bedroom at 1230 North State Street for a brief time; then the generosity of Y. K. Smith of Horton Bay enabled them to move into completely different quarters on Chicago's north shore.

Smith, a successful advertising man, was living with his wife in a large, old-fashioned apartment at 100 East Chicago Street. In addition to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, the apartment sheltered Mrs. Smith's younger sister, Kate, who later married John Dos Passos; a friend of hers named Edith Foley, a freelance writer; Hemingway and Horne; and Donald M. Wright, another advertising man. Horne and Hemingway shared a bedroom, as did the two young women.

It was a very pleasant arrangement. Three of the group were old friends of Hemingway. He had known the Smiths since he was twelve, and Horne was his ambulance corps buddy. All of them, with the exception of Mrs. Smith, were interested in writing and were earning their livings as writers of one sort or another. Smith was a man of culture, widely read and perceptive, and very articulate. Wright, a friend and great admirer of Sherwood Anderson, with whom he had done agency work, had literary ambitions. Kate Smith and Edith Foley were collaborating on magazine articles. Smith had a wide acquaintanceship, and a variety of interesting people continually visited the apartment in the evenings.

It was not a bohemian atmosphere. Smith had no intention of sponsoring a miniature Latin Quarter. He was sufficiently older than the rest so that his point of view established the general tone of their lives, at least so far as the apartment was concerned. Horne, almost thirty, was hard-working and ambitious. Neither Wright nor Hemingway was a dissipated young man. Their evenings were usually spent in the apartment, both by inclination and because none of the younger tenants had much money. Smith recalled that in their conversations, as well as in the fraternity-type horseplay, Hemingway was invariably the leader. "He was by far the most colorful of us," Smith said later, "and very witty."

Hemingway himself was very fond of Smith. Until Sherwood Anderson joined the group Smith

was probably the only one who sensed the extent of the young man's gifts.

Hemingway was writing a great deal, both for *Co-operative Commonwealth* and on his own. In the evenings, when the others were idling in the living room, Hemingway was apt to be in his own room, typing. He was completely serious about mastering his trade. "Will it sell?" he would ask his friends at the apartment, after reading one of his stories aloud. "Do you think it will sell?" While the others discussed art and the artistic verities, and urged Hemingway to concern himself more with the permanent values of literature, he was actually subjecting himself to a rigid professional discipline. He was dismayed and angered by too much talking in large, vague terms about writing. "Artist, art, artistic!" he would shout. "Can't we ever hear the last of that stuff!" He talked about story markets and about the fighters he was watching in Kid Howard's gym; and above all, his friends remembered, he talked about soldiering. He was profiting from this literate atmosphere, and was interested in music and painting and in the specific work of the artists who came to the apartment. He told his friends that music, like writing, had above all to be clear; his conception of painting showed the same earnest fidelity to realism, authenticity, and immediacy. He had simple, absolute convictions as to the functions of writing and the responsibilities of the writer. "You've got to see it, feel it, smell it, hear it," he once declared to the group.

"I was always working by myself," Hemingway said in 1952, in an effort to define his literary debts, "years before I met Ezra [Pound] or Gertrude [Stein]. This is how I would do [it]. For instance I knew I always received many strong sensations when I went into the gym to train or work out with boxers. I didn't know what the things were that made the sensations," he said, "so I would think when I was wrapping my hands and remember. First there was the smell of wintergreen in the liniment where guys were being rubbed. Then there were the different sweat smells; the smell of the crowd that paid two bits then to watch the workouts and the smell of individual people like Eddy McGoorty, Tommy Gibbons, Johnny Wilson, Jack Dillon, Greb and others. Then the sniffing that tightens the gut that boxers make as they shadow box. Then the noise of the rosin crunching under foot in the corner as you scuffed your shoes on it and the squeak it made against the canvas. When I would get back from the gym," Hemingway remembered, "I would write [the sensations] down." Clearly he was not merely indulging in comforting talk when he told Don Wright that a writer must see it, feel it, smell it, hear it.

Hemingway's attitude toward Sherwood Anderson, who was soon introduced into the group by Wright and Smith, was an interesting and revealing one. The other members of the group were con-

stantly razzing Anderson, kidding him affectionately about his flamboyant dress, his extravagant stories, his imaginative flights. Hemingway, however, was always very polite to Anderson, quiet and attentive. Anderson was from the beginning delighted with the young newspaperman. "Thanks," Anderson said to his hosts the first night, "for introducing me to that young fellow. I think he's going to go some place." Anderson was already an important figure in Chicago's literary life. His frequent visits to the Smiths were notable events. Bill Horne, most of whose life had been spent in the financial and fashionable areas of Chicago, treasured these occasions. "Many was the evening we sat listening to Sherwood's stories. Many times he would read and comment on short stories that Ernie had read."

Hemingway continued to be polite and respectful, but occasionally he revealed a little of what he was already thinking. He was thoroughly hostile to Anderson's concept of unconscious art. Once or twice he was vocally critical of Anderson's style. "You couldn't let a sentence like that go," Hemingway once said after Anderson had left, taking with him the story he had just read aloud. Hemingway had even then an enormous respect for technical proficiency and expressed it many times to the rest of the tenants. Anderson was openly contemptuous of what he regarded as slick tricks. This was the beginning of his own period of great success, however, and he was totally unaware of the doubts which existed in the critical mind of his young friend. Anderson never claimed to have influenced Hemingway's work as a whole. The most he ever said was that it was "through my efforts" that Hemingway "first got published." Anderson was very explicit about this. "Anyway it is sure," he wrote twenty years later in his *Memoirs*, "that if others said I had shown Hemingway the way, I myself had never said so. I thought . . . that he had his own gift, which had nothing particularly to do with me."

Anderson then added a charitable sentence which confirms the testimony of the other members of the Smith clique. "Absorption in his ideas," Anderson speculated, trying to analyze the impulse which caused Hemingway to satirize him in 1926 in *The Torrents of Spring*, "may have affected his capacity for friendship." Certainly there was no doubt about the intensity or conviction with which Hemingway regarded writing. One was either with him or against him. There could be no compromise or variation. As an attitude this did not encourage permanent relationships with other writers. His mistrust of Anderson was vocational rather than personal. His actual debt to Anderson was large.

14

THE primary value of the winter in Chicago was in the compulsion to produce work constantly.

There were between fifty and sixty pages to be filled each month in *Co-operative Commonwealth*, and Hemingway was responsible for delivering a good deal of original copy. The magazine stressed human-interest stories; Hemingway thus continued in effect the same type of features he had been writing in Toronto. He was also responsible for what he referred to as "thinking and planning of editorials."

Hemingway continued at the magazine into the spring of 1921. He had met Hadley Richardson, whom he would marry in September — she had come to Chicago from St. Louis to visit Kate Smith, a classmate and close friend — and he was neither personally unhappy nor ethically desperate about his job. He worked hard, both at the office and in the evenings. He was writing constantly, stories and articles that were rejected monotonously by American magazines, avant-garde experiments such as those accepted by the *Double-Dealer*, and features and editorials for his employers. "I tried to write, on their time, all the time," Hemingway once explained. He sent a few articles up to Toronto, and Cranston bought them promptly for the *Star Weekly*. For a time he even elevated Hemingway to the dignity of a personal column. It was an encouraging antidote to the otherwise consistent rejection.

His first column, published on February 19, 1921, was organized on the hypothesis that what he called "public entertainers" — statesmen, politicians, newspapers, artists, and athletes — could be advantageously traded between nations as players are traded in professional baseball. He visualized "the biggest literary deal of the decade, . . . transferring Anatole France, Jean Jacques Rousseau and Voltaire from France to the United States in exchange for Harold Bell Wright, Owen Johnston, Robert W. Chambers and \$800,000 in gold."

His whole tone indicated a hostility to contemporary America, and he talked often to his friends in the Smith group about his eagerness and determination to get back to Europe.

He and Hadley Richardson were married in September in Horton Bay. The wedding party included most of Hemingway's oldest friends — Carl Edgar, Bill Smith, Brumback, and Kate Smith. Since his bride, a gifted pianist who sympathized with his restlessness, was as anxious as he to go to Europe, Hemingway renewed his efforts to arrange some solution that would get them abroad. His determination to escape America must have been strengthened by another ceremony he attended that autumn, this one in Chicago on November 20. General Armando Diaz presented Hemingway with Italy's Medaglia d'Argento al Valore Militare and with the Croce ad Merito di Guerra. Gregory Clark,

the *Star Weekly's* feature editor, who had always been skeptical of Hemingway's Italian war experiences, automatically turned the medals on edge, to check the inscriptions, when Hemingway showed them to him in Toronto the next month. "As long as I live," Clark wrote in 1950, "I shall never forget the cold chill that leaped out, radiating, from my back and over my shoulders and into my cheeks. For on the edge was inscribed: 'Tenente Ernesto Hemingway.'"

Hemingway and his wife spent the early winter of 1921 in Toronto. His final *Star Weekly* article that year, published on December 17, was set up as a column, with the caption — On Weddyng Gyftes — in large, Old English type. There was a sketch of a troubled bride and groom staring at a group of wedding presents that consisted solely of traveling clocks. Beneath the drawing Hemingway began his wry lament with some verse written in what his lead paragraph called "the best of the late 1921 rhythms."

Three traveling clocks

Tick

On the mantelpiece

Comma

But the young man is starving.

A week before the wedding gifts story was published, Hemingway was "off to Europe to become roving correspondent for the *Star*, with headquarters in Paris." He went under the sponsorship of John Bone, managing editor of the *Daily Star*, although for a time his overseas correspondence appeared exclusively in the *Star Weekly*. The assignment gave Hemingway almost complete freedom of movement and a virtually unlimited choice of material. The *Star* agreed to pay regular space rates for all the stories they printed, as well as their correspondent's expenses in getting the stories.

Sherwood Anderson, of course, was the one man who could most appreciate Hemingway's sensations about the forthcoming escape to Europe. The older writer had himself just returned from his first trip abroad. His conversation was full of the opportunity for literary and cultural enrichment that existed in Paris. Anderson later said that his most vivid memory of Hemingway was a scene which occurred just before the latter left. Hemingway packed all the canned food from his and Hadley's apartment into a knapsack and brought it around to Anderson the night before they went. "That was a nice idea," Anderson wrote in his *Memoirs*, "bringing thus to a fellow scribbler the food he had to abandon. . . . I remember his coming up the stairs, a magnificent broad-shouldered man, shouting as he came. Why, there must have been a hundred pounds of perfectly good rations in that knapsack."

(To be concluded)



If Ulster pressed for it and if Britain agreed to end partition in Ireland, would the people of the Six Northern Counties count themselves as rescued or captured? Would they be able to hold their own? Political, religious, and economic divisions raise the specter of a "second-class citizenship" for the minorities in the North as in the South. But, says JOHN V. KELLEHER, these divisions are man-made and can be healed by new leadership. Mr. Kelleher, of Irish descent and a frequent traveler in Ireland, is Associate Professor of Literature at Harvard.

CAN IRELAND UNITE?

by JOHN V. KELLEHER

1

IRISH politicians never stop talking about the Partition of Ireland, a fixation of theirs that seems to shut out consideration of several other large problems which outsiders might regard as more immediately important. The fixation is more apparent than real. If it were real it might produce some result. Instead, for all the complaining speeches and all the dreary propaganda of these last twenty years, nothing has been done about Partition except, perhaps, to make it worse. The reason is that no one in power in the Republic of Ireland has shown himself willing to consider the price that must be paid for reunion.

Partition is used to explain all Ireland's ills and all Ireland's conduct. Partition is actually a symptom, one of several major symptoms, of the dis-temperature the country has been enjoying since the end of the Civil War in 1923. It is no more decisive in the Irish syndrome than emigration or the decline of rural marriage or the fallen state of Irish literature or the queer timidity so often shown toward large internal problems and toward the world outside.

The decision to end Partition rests with Northern Ireland. From time to time some self-appointed Liberator in the South talks about erasing the Border by a march on the North. This is mere wind. There will be no march. There will be no marchers either. The direction, when it appears, will be all the other way, a voluntary reaching out by the North toward real amalgamation with the rest of the country. When that offer is made it will be accepted at once, and many of those who accept it will be weeping salt tears most pitiful to behold.

For one is forced to the conclusion that those who talk most about reunion dread it most. Indeed, well they might dread it. A reunited Ireland will bear very little resemblance to the current

Republic and still less to the corner-pocket statelet of Northern Ireland; it will look and function something like a real country concerned with real affairs.

It is well known that the Irish mind, thinking on Irish history, recognizes no statute of limitations. A few braw apologists for the Border would have Partition existing from the time of the great pagan epic, the *Táin Bó Cuailgne*. As for whom to blame — Lloyd George or Randolph Churchill, *grand-père*; Sir Edward Carson or Michael Collins; ex-President Cosgrave or William of Orange; James I or De Valera — you can take it back, chronologically or temperamentally, as far as you like. At this late hour it matters very little. The history of the problem is nearly irrelevant to its solution. Three present factors count: religious differences, the failure of either state to create within its own borders a vigorously healthy society, and the bald fact that the division between North and South aggravates with every passing year.

Anti-Partitionist propaganda never admits any of these factors. It describes Partition as a horrible injustice perpetrated upon the suffering people of Ireland by a foreign tyranny and maintained solely by the force of British arms and the corruption of British subsidies. According to this picture the Northerners are true Irishmen at heart, who would revert to Irish loyalty upon the instant if the Occupation were lifted. Plainly, then, the unyielding fight must be carried on between Dublin and London for the liberation of Belfast.

This appealing sketch contains one truthful line. The Northerners, Protestants and Catholics alike, are true Irishmen. If anything, more sturdily and defiantly so than the Southerners; at least they are more given to staying in Ireland. There is, however, no discernible evidence that the majority in the North, in practice the 66 per

cent of the population who are not Roman Catholics, are at all disposed to think of the republic now existing in the Twenty-six-County area as *Ireland*. Nor, apparently, does any recombination of the two states so far proposed by any Southern politician strike them as a desirable object for their loyalties. They don't seem very thrilled at the prospect of being rescued by Dublin.

2

WHENEVER the Southern politicians feel generous they revive a proposal first made by De Valera in 1938, that reunion be federal: the Six-County area to keep its present parliament at Stormont, the South to keep its Dáil, and each to legislate independently as before on domestic affairs. National concerns — defense, foreign affairs, and so on — are to be handled by a federal parliament.

That offer will have to be made a lot more precise before there is any genuine response. Normally Northern Ireland is not a self-supporting region. During the thirties it was a sinkhole of depression and unemployment; and even during the war, with its industries going full blast, it had an unfavorable export-import balance. Also, these industries — textiles, shipbuilding, aircraft manufacture — depend largely or wholly upon Empire orders or Empire preference.

As for governmental finances, the state is officially part of the United Kingdom and as such pays the regular heavy taxes. In most years, however, the bulk of these taxes is refunded to Stormont, which is the explanation of the charge that Partition is supported by British subsidies, a charge substantially correct. At the same time British social legislation also functions in Northern Ireland, bearing with it the same benefits and insurances as accrue in England. In a reunited Ireland would the Six Counties be able to live in the manner to which they have thus become accustomed? The Twenty-six Counties also have an unfavorable trade balance; and though, since the war, the Republic has been a creditor nation, the present government has felt it necessary to place the economy on an austerity basis. It is all very well to point out that England is hard up, too, but so far England has been able to help foot the bill for the North. What sign is there that the South either could or would?

Federal reunion also has a constitutional aspect. The promise to Stormont of independence in domestic affairs is large-minded but dim. In practice this would need to be underwritten by extensive guarantees, since there are countless points at which the national constitution might override the local one. As the proposal has been made so far, the intent seems to be reunion under the Irish constitution of 1937, which states, with evi-

dent anticipation, that the national territory consists of the whole of Ireland. It would be nice if the geographical integrity of the island were all that needed to be ratified. Unfortunately there is more, the extent of the difference being best summed up by remembering that these two states which started, some thirty years ago, with the same laws and a common history have since pursued widely diverging lines of development. The North has a rubber-stamp parliament which, for the main part, simply re-enacts all British legislation. The government party there is always Tory-Unionist; the legislation is Labor, Conservative, or what you will, according to which British party is dominant in Westminster.

Meanwhile, the formerly revolutionary South, moving generally rightwards as fast as the North has been taken to the left, has created a provincial, middle-class, somewhat reactionary little republic. The question is: in event of reunion, which is to be on top? Or to put it in a more politic way, which is to be more coequal than the other?

Now, the first guarantee demanded would be the religious one. The Southern population is 94 per cent Catholic; the Northern, 66 per cent non-Catholic. In a reunited Ireland the non-Catholics would amount to a little less than 25 per cent, and they would want absolute assurances that, in accepting a change of status from that of a local majority to that of a minority within the nation as a whole, they would not be treated as the present Catholic minority has been treated in the North, where there has been an ugly record of bitterness and discrimination. These assurances would naturally be offered, and in good faith, but it would be another thing to back them up, for the present constitution is frankly written for a Catholic country; and as Irish Protestant spokesmen frequently point out, similar assurances have been given before, notably Franco's *Fuero de los españoles*.

De Valera wrote the constitution, and if he had set it to music it could hardly be a more intimate reflection of his Roman-Calvinist personality. The preamble begins, "In the Name of the Most Holy Trinity, from Whom is all authority and to Whom, as our final end, all actions both of men and States must be referred, We, the people of Éire. . ." (Does this disenfranchise Unitarians? There are about 8000 in Ireland, so that if their loyalty to the constitution is questionable they could be at least a hundred times as dangerous an internal factor as the Irish Communists. In any case the Northern Protestants never had a chance to vote on it.) With Article 44 the true De Valerian *empressment* emerges. He used to be a professor of mathematics and he has lost none of the academic passion for qualifying every concession to bits. Thus there is no bold, simple promise of

religious liberty. Instead, "Freedom of conscience and the free profession and practice of religion are, *subject to public order and morality*, guaranteed to every citizen." Plainly, no indecent or obstreperous religious practices will be allowed in reunified Éire. The second and third paragraphs are most interesting from the viewpoint of Presbyterian Antrim:—

The State recognizes the special position of the Holy Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church as the guardian of the faith professed by the great majority of the citizens.

The State also recognizes the Church of Ireland, the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, the Methodist Church in Ireland, the Religious Society of Friends in Ireland, as well as the Jewish Congregations and the other religious denominations existing in Ireland at the date of the coming into operation of this Constitution.

Again one notes the failure specifically to mention the Unitarians, though they are more numerous than the Quakers or the Jews. The provision in the last clause against any new religion arising in Ireland after 1937 is also illustrative of Mr. de Valera's cautious forethought. As the poem says, there will be no second Patrick.

The paragraph about the special position of the Catholic Church was hardly calculated to soothe Northern sensibilities, and it didn't. For a long time, though, it was taken as but another sample of the lugubrious vigilance that saturates the whole document, like the promise that the institution of marriage would be defended "against attack," the long qualifications on the rights of free speech and assembly, and the rather elaborate guarantee of woman's right to stay in the home. In recent years, however, several legal decisions have demonstrated that the special recognition is an effective, or at least an influential, element. Thus the High Court decision in 1950, in the *Tilson* case, by which the *ne temere* pledge, the promise exacted from the Protestant spouse in a mixed marriage that the children be brought up Catholics, was held to be an enforceable contract. Since the constitution also forbids divorce and adds to this that no person divorced in another country "shall be capable of contracting [within the Irish jurisdiction] a valid marriage during the lifetime of the other party"—and indeed goes beyond the Catholic position by failing to provide machinery for the recognition of a Papal decree of nullity—it can be seen that guarantees to the Northern Protestants will be a very ticklish matter to arrange.

And suppose it were decided that in these categories the present laws of the Six Counties would not be challenged—the effect would be to perpetuate the existence of two groups of second-class citizens in the one country. These groups exist now: the Protestants in the South, bound

by this eminently Catholic constitution; and the Catholics in the North, who have had to put up, not only with blatant discrimination, but with a system of laws which from the Catholic point of view is infinitely less desirable than that by which Catholics live in the South. Under the 1937 constitution what ameliorative compromise could be arranged? Would Protestants in the Twenty-six Counties be allowed divorce, birth control, and so on, like their Northern coreligionists? Would the Six-County Catholics be left bleakly unprotected from these occasions of sin? While the country remains divided the answer can be stalled off. Meanwhile, though Mr. de Valera has said many sparkling things about gerrymandering on the Londonderry city council and the need for reviving the Irish language in this generation, he has not got around to this conundrum.

3

ECONOMICS, religious status, and the constitution apart, there remain several other difficulties, which each year are more pronounced. In the North public education is nondenominational though 65 per cent support is given to sectarian schools; in the South the National Schools (primary) are fully state-supported, but the management of each school is in the hands of the minister of the dominant faith within the school area. There is no free secondary education in the South, though about 600 out of 45,000 secondary school students get public scholarships and in general the fees are low. In the North there is no compulsory Gaelic; in the South instruction is in and through Gaelic for the first three years and after that the language is a required subject.

For social legislation the difference between the two states is very considerable—high in the North, low in the South—and the same pretty generally is true of wage rates, union organization and activity, and most labor conditions. When we get down to vital statistics, we find the North leading in nearly every category, though the figures for neither area are much to boast about. Since 1901 the population of the Six Counties has increased steadily, by a total of about 35,000. The Southern population has declined steadily (down about 104,000 in fifty years), at least till the last census (1951), which showed a one tenth per cent increase during the four years from 1946. A statement by De Valera casts some doubt even on that poor little trend.

The North has the normal surplus of females over males; in the South the surplus is opposite. In the rural areas, where half the men are still single at 37, many of the girls no longer wait. They leave. The marriage rates are too discouraging: 5.7 per thousand of population in the South (1942–49 average), and 7.5 in the North, as com-

pared with a U.S. average of 12.6 for the same period. As to emigration, the 1946 census gives a total of 187,111 from Southern Ireland in the preceding ten years; and in August, 1951, Mr. de Valera told a Galway audience that "the best figures which I have been able to get indicate that net emigration, which was estimated as having been 10,000 in the year 1947, went to 28,000 in the year 1948, reached 34,000 in 1949, and was not less than 40,000 in 1950." That means 112,000 in four years—not bad from a population of less than 3 million. Emigration figures for the North are not available for that period, but they have been high in the past. The fact is that both parts of the country are living at about half the normal potential: the North perhaps slightly more, the South clearly less. If this goes on for another generation the North will be offering the federal solution to the South with the terms reversed.

If any Ulster Tory leader were to propose a full discussion of Partition, without commitments, he would likely be answered by a gulp of dismay and then a lasting silence. None will, because the politicians on both sides of the Border are too much alike: old, cautious, querulous, and rather small-time. The Southern leaders wear Catholicism ostentatiously like a lodge regalia, and so fear compromising it in public that . . . well, at the funeral of former President Douglas Hyde his successor, President Sean O'Kelly, and the leaders of government and opposition stood outside the Protestant cathedral during the service. Usually a few tame heretics are kept to represent the heads of party and state on such occasions. Three years ago one cabinet minister declared that another had accused him of political inexperience because he had let himself be photographed with the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin. Thus, while the Protestants in the South have experienced little active intolerance, they can hardly escape feeling that their presence is regarded as faintly contaminating. This is not so with the Catholics in the North, who have bigotry pushed into their faces individually and collectively, and officially too, when their Tory governors don *their* regalia on the "Twelfth" to beat the Orange drums and bellow against the employment of Papishes. Yet, strip either set of their badges and you have only a lot of elderly men who have made a bad fist of governing what could be one of the truly important small nations, and isn't.

The age of these leaders is what promises a little hope. Another ten years must bring in new men and, though there are few signs of it, perhaps a fresh outlook as well. The generation now in power is the one with whom Partition came into being. Rarely in any country does the generation which discovers a great political problem solve it, perhaps because they always tend to see it as it first existed and not as time and society con-

tinually refashion it. Their arguments are aimed farther and farther behind the advancing target till what is intended for trenchant policy has become useless and bewildered historical recrimination. All of these leaders reached that stage by early middle age. Since then the sum of their achievement seems to be that the people grow convinced that Yeats was right about it:—

A statesman is an easy man,
He tells his lies by rote;
A journalist makes up his lies
And takes you by the throat;
So stay at home and drink your beer
And let the neighbours vote . . .

4

SO MUCH for lamentation. The difficulties that lie in the path of reunion are indeed more formidable and more numerous than this brief account can indicate. None of them, however, is immutable; they are all inherent in the present situation and characteristic of it, must change if it changes and end when it goes. Again, most are simply fears: fear that Irishmen under one label will persecute Irishmen under another label, fear of unwelcome competition (a dreadful concept), fear for the subsidized crankery that particularism breeds, or worst of all, fear of life: the *status quo* is the devil but it is the devil you've got used to. Most of these fears are irrational, the rest merit contempt. Certainly none of them is sufficient excuse for tolerating the continuance of Partition or for delaying even momentarily an intelligent, wholehearted attempt to end it.

Partition is truly intolerable. Its effect is to reduce an entire nation not merely to provincialism but to a queasy, suspicious parochialism too often content with fourth-best because, lacking whole strength, it might find the best unsafe to handle. Hence emigration: that is no country for young men. Hence the literary censorship: good writers are known to reject the weak inspiration of the parish pump. Hence, too, the Orange lodges in the North and the Knights of Columbanus in the South: to ensure that the top parishioners profit most from the parish. Because fear breeds every disease from bigotry to greed, Ireland will not again be whole and sound till these fears are expelled.

There is another saying of Yeats's more apt than the poem above: "Only the greatest obstacle that can be contemplated without despair rouses the will to full intensity." All Irish leaders will agree that Partition is that obstacle. It isn't. They are. However, time is contemplating them; and the young men may now begin to study Partition. They had better do it without despair. Something has got to rouse Ireland's will.

If the present constitution stands in the way

of reunion, what trouble to write a new one? The federal proposal is nonsense for Ireland, anyway, no matter how cleverly the constitution may be stretched. A nation's charter is not properly a tarpaulin to cover diversity, it is the foundation for unity. But unity must be genuine. There can be no second-class citizens, and that means no special recognition for any group of Irishmen on any grounds whatsoever. It is, after all, small compliment to the Catholic Church to suggest that it needs official protection in Ireland, of all countries. And as for guarantees to Protestants, what more is needed than a very brief declaration of religious freedom and equality in plain language?

In reunited Ireland the Protestants would be a bloc of more than 600,000 voters. Every party would have to bid for those votes, and thus for the first time since the revolution real politics would emerge. The present situation in the North is political inanity; in the South every politician scrambles over every other politician's back, trying to press, worm, and crush himself against the furthest possible conservative extreme; the center is vacant, not to say vacuous; the leftward position doesn't exist. To this there is no considerable liberal opposition, not because there are no Irish liberals — there are plenty — but because no politician will organize such a party. Sean MacBride made gestures in that direction in 1946-47, got a strong immediate response from the urban constituencies his Clann na Poblachta party contested, and afterwards had very little to say about the original program. His failure as a leader proves many things, among them that the Irish still dislike opportunism; his initial success shows that there is a large liberal group, as yet scarcely represented, which wants politics based on real issues and actual bargaining of interests, not on the fear of what reactionary elements might think if somebody said boo! to them.

This is not to suggest that the liberals, Catholic or Protestant, are potentially radical; it is simply to recognize that, before they can join, the South must reverse much of its later development and go most of the way across to meet the North. Only in that direction is real politics possible. Any open contest between the social legislation which the North now has and that written to the accompaniment of Mr. de Valera's "frugal sufficiency," compulsory Gaelic for all, and the literary censorship would be too decisive to be interesting. Nor is this a question of socialism. Nonsocialist Southern Ireland has nationalized railroads, road transport, utilities and communications, and has decorated its economy with government-granted monopolies and quota systems

in all sorts of commodities from Gaelic cornflakes to Gaelic aspirins.

The question is, what time of day is it in the world? One sometimes gets the impression that De Valera and his fellow statesmen, pro and con, really accept time as another dimension and are studying how to move sideways in it, or on a slight backward bias, forever.

Beyond the political difficulties there remain the economic. Here, too, extant policy seems often to be based on some rather unrealistic hopes. One can actually hear the suggestion made that Partition may be settled by default, that if Britain goes bankrupt or goes Communist the Northern bosses will rush to rejoin the South. All one can say is that, in the first case, the Republic of Ireland, whose finances and currency are those of the sterling bloc, will go bust too; and as for the second, any situation that would permit Britain to go Communist would have already disposed of Ireland as a significant political entity.

The true solution, as yet all but unrealized, is contained in Ireland's great undeveloped potential. The country is not bottled up; it has access to all western markets. It has no excess population. It needn't be underfinanced since the amount of capital invested abroad per head of population, about £150 in 1947, is probably the highest in the world. In industry the productivity indices, though still low, have nearly doubled in the last twenty years, but in agriculture, the staple of the economy, the output has hardly changed at all — it is a little lower now than before the war. There is no telling what upward limit might be reached if courage and initiative were equal to opportunity. For the last thirty years Ireland has succeeded in living on its fat by avoiding any lively exertion. Now, surely, the country is well enough rested to wake up and tackle the big job, the creation of a society and an economy into which all Irishmen may be welcomed with pride.

All that is needed is that Irish spirit that in the past has been no feeble thing. There are plenty of men who remember how it could rouse to the fight. One lively indomitable Irishman, Frank O'Connor, has told how when he was a schoolboy in Cork a new teacher came, a man named Daniel Corkery, who kept the class after hours to teach them a language that was not on the state-approved curriculum. It might well have cost him his job. None of the boys had heard of it before, though, strangely, it was called Irish. Corkery wrote a phrase on the board for them to memorize: *Múscail do mhísneach, a Bhanbha!* After class O'Connor went up to him and asked what it meant. The teacher smiled and told him, "Waken your courage, Ireland!"



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



A student of economics now working towards his doctorate, RICHARD T. GILL is a Harvard graduate who finds the atmosphere of Cambridge conducive also to the writing of short stories. He has enjoyed the stimulus of working under Archibald MacLeish in English S, and in summer school has gained much from his hours with Frank O'Connor, the Irish storyteller. This is his first story to be published.

THE SECRET

by RICHARD T. GILL

IT'S strange how you do the right thing sometimes without knowing why. Here I was with this terrible bitterness, blaming Jack, almost hating him — but I stayed with him. He had the first attack just a few months after the argument with Frank. Whenever I said anything about writing to the boy, he'd look at me in that stubborn way of his and say, "You'll be with your son again before long." And I'd think to myself, "Yes, and I'll be glad when it happens. You've only your own pride to blame if you die alone." But when it came down to it, for all the thinking and planning I did, I never could run off and leave him. It's the one thing I have to be thankful for.

Of course, he was up and about after that, but he was never a well man. He got to moving around the house very slow and when he went out for a walk he'd sometimes have to stop in the middle of the sidewalk to catch his breath. The work tired him badly. When he came home he'd go straight to the easy chair and sink into it as though his legs had given way under him. There he'd sit for the longest time without even the energy to speak to me. He kept at it, though, and he didn't miss many days of work until this last summer when he had the really bad attack. Then I knew, even before the doctor told me, that it was the last attack but one and that he'd never get up out of the bed again.

And it was *such* a hot summer! He hated the bed and he'd get the sheet pulled out at the bottom and all tangled up, enough to choke him. I used to keep a cold compress on his forehead but he wouldn't have me leaving the room, you know, and sometimes when I took it off it was hot already and no good at all. "Leave it alone, Bess," he'd say.

"Stop fussing over me!" He used to pretend he was trying to save me work but all he really wanted was to keep me there in the room with him. It was funny the way he wanted me around like that. He'd raise a fuss even when I went down to fix him a little supper. I swear, I think he'd sooner done without.

Well, it was hard on me too. When I found out just how sick he was, the only thought I had was to let Frank know. It broke my heart to think of the two of them so far apart at the very end. And I knew Frank would never stop blaming himself if it happened that way. I was going to get the letter off in the evening when Jack was asleep, but he had a sixth sense about him, and as soon as I'd leave the room, he'd be awake and sitting up in bed. "You aren't leaving, Bess?" he'd ask.

"I've got to put the things away in the kitchen," I'd say. "Now don't tell me you're afraid of the dark!"

"Why don't you do it in the morning?"

"Because they'll spoil," I'd tell him. "Don't be so silly! I'll be right downstairs."

Then I could see him fiddling around with the clock. "It shouldn't take you more than a couple of minutes," he'd say and I'd know that he was going to time me. Wasn't that funny? You see, I thought he knew what I was up to. I thought he was making sure that I didn't get the letter off behind his back. But now I think it was just that he was afraid of being alone in the room. He must have known that the end was very near for him.

Anyway, I couldn't get away from him to write the letter, so I decided to do it right there in the

room with him — where he couldn't see it, of course. If he asked, I was going to tell him it was a letter to my brother, Russell — and, naturally enough, he did ask.

"I'm writing to Russ," I said. "Now why don't you go back to sleep so I can finish it up for the four-thirty collection?"

"Let me read it, will you?" he asked.

Well that frightened me because I'd already written a few lines and there was "Dear son" right at the top. So I got up from the chair and pretended I was angry with him. "Now look here, Jack," I shouted at him. "I'm sick of all your nonsense! You're a grown man and yet you can't stand me doing a blessed thing without your knowing all about it. I'm fed up, I'll tell you! I'm going to get this letter out to the collection and I'm not going to be interrupted any more by you. Silliness! Just silliness! What do you care what I write to my own brother?"

That didn't faze him at all. He sat up straight in bed with that dead-stubborn look on his face. "Well I'll get out of bed and read it then!" he shouted back.

I knew he would too. So I promised I'd let him see the letter when it was finished. I decided I'd have to write a letter to Russell at the same time I was writing to Frank so I'd have something to show him. Oh, what an afternoon that was! I remember I'd got just about halfway through the two letters when the doorbell rang downstairs. I had to go because I knew it was the boy from the druggist's. And then, while I was paying for the medicine, I kept thinking "Why didn't I take the letters with me?" and, as soon as I could, I rushed back up the stairs, feeling like I was going to have an attack myself. But he was still in bed when I got there and the first thing he said was "You'll let me see that letter to Russ before it goes?" And I said I would, thanking heaven that the doctor had told him it would kill him if he got out of bed and walked around.

2

I'll never forget that afternoon! There I was writing two letters at one time with my heart in my throat all the while and it was all because of a crazy argument years back. And there wasn't even anything to *argue* about! Why, Frank never even saw the girl again as far as that goes. It was all words, that's all it was. They were both in the living room and I was in the hall to Frank's back, shaking my head and waving my hands at Jack so he wouldn't say something he'd regret. But he couldn't even see me! He was blind! "You'll be crawling on your knees when you come back to this house!" he said. And I stood there praying to myself: "Take it, Frank. Take it from him just this once — for me. He's an old

man and you're all his life and he doesn't know what he's saying. Be a great man, Frank, and take it just this one time." But the boy — he was only eighteen — he was quivering and white and he had no control over himself. "I wouldn't even come to your funeral!" he said. Then he went up to his room, got his things together, and came down with the suitcases in his hands. I tried to stop him but all he did was kiss me and say he was sorry. Then he left the house and that was the last I saw of him for all those years.

And I tell you it was just words, that's the thing that breaks your heart. The girl, the girl, what did she matter? Oh, how many times did I beg him to ask Frank to come back or to let me ask him? How I hated him sometimes, sitting there in his chair, brooding over it again and again, just because he couldn't keep control of his mouth, just because he had a temper tantrum like a two-year-old. And I hated him for it! Sometimes he'd have a pain in the middle of the night and he'd call me. And I'd lie there in the bed next to his, thinking: "Suppose I don't come. Suppose I just let you suffer. Would it be anything compared to what you've put me through?" But I'd always go to him finally. I was all the time thinking about going to the boy, leaving him alone with his bitter, selfish pride. But, of course, I didn't do that either.

Well, I had a real afternoon of it that day! But I finally got the letter off and Frank must have left his home just as soon as he read it because I saw him coming up the front walk the very next day, just a little after lunchtime. I made up some excuse and ran down the stairs to meet him. I told him that Jack didn't know I'd written, and explained what the doctor had said — that it'd kill him to get the least bit upset. Then I asked him if he would make believe, just for my sake, that he'd come on his own. Frank was good about it. "I'll do the best I can," he said and I knew that he would go just about all the way. But I could see from the look in his eye that he still felt it, after all those years.

Then I had to go up and tell Jack that he was there. Oh, I tell you, I was trembling like a leaf. I didn't know if he'd see the boy at all and, if he did, why then he might make it so bad that the boy wouldn't take it. But most of all I was thinking: "Will he guess that I sent for him? Won't he think it awfully peculiar that Frank just happened to come by when he was so sick?" That was what worried me most. And it's the strangest thing of all, but as I walked up the stairs I felt just the same as if I'd been unfaithful to Jack. What a crazy, crazy world it is! I felt *guilty* for bringing him his one son before he died. "He mustn't ever know," I thought. "It'll be all over if he ever finds out about the letter."

So I went up and told him a long story about

how Frank had come to town on business, that he was in a new firm now that made him travel a lot — oh, I invented a whole new life for the boy! Then I said that Frank had come to the house to pay a visit to me and, hearing how sick he was, had wanted to come up and see him. On and on I went, not letting him get a chance to ask a question, but when I was all finished, he just looked at me coldly and said, "You wrote him to come, didn't you?"

"No!" I fairly shouted at him. "Are you deaf now, too! Didn't you hear a word of what I was telling you? He dropped by to see *me* as far as that goes. But now he'd like to say hello to you too."

I put it that way because somehow it seemed more likely. Even then, it sounded awfully weak to me, the boy gone all those years and suddenly dropping by to see his mother.

"Do you swear — absolutely swear — that you didn't send for him?" he asked.

I looked him straight in the eye without blinking a lash. "Of course I do!" I said. "I think you're going soft, Jack! Haven't you been listening to me? Anyway, when could I have written him? I've been fussing over *you* all the time!"

Then he closed his eyes for a minute and a very funny expression went over his face. It looked like he was struggling inside, the way it was when he had an attack.

"You can send him up" was what he said finally.

Well, that was one thing over with, but then I began wondering what he'd say to the boy. I went down and told Frank exactly what I'd said about the business and everything and then, before he went upstairs, I took his hand and kissed it over and over again and told him how he was a good, good boy and how I'd loved him all those years and, I don't know what came over me, but I cried like a baby and he had to take me into the living room and sit me down in a chair before he could go upstairs.

So I waited there, sitting down, too weak to think of anything except keeping myself from fainting away, and finally, after half an hour or so, Frank came down. I couldn't even ask what had happened, I was that weak, but he sat down on the arm of my chair, put his hand on my shoulder, and told me that everything was all right. And I stayed there for the longest time, feeling dizzy, with Frank patting me on the shoulder.

"Will you stay for a while, Frankie?" I asked when I could talk again.

"Sure, Ma, I can take my vacation now," he said. "It's as good a time as any."

"Oh, but that'll interfere with your work. You don't want to get into any trouble."

"They'll get along okay," he replied. "I'll give them a call tomorrow morning."

"You're sure it's all right?"

He gave me a big smile, knowing I'd have dropped dead right there if he said he was going

to leave me again. "I'm sure," he said. "Don't worry about it."

Then, before I went back to the room, I started to cry again. I did more crying that day than I'd done in the whole time since he left us. "It wasn't too bad, was it, Frankie?" I asked him.

He smiled again and I knew it had been hard on him but that everything was really all right.

3

WELL, it was funny the way it was then. I expected it would be very touch-and-go between them, but instead they got together right away, the two of them. Jack was so much better than I thought he'd be. Oh, they talked most of the night, long after he should have been asleep, and I don't mind saying that he didn't care too much if I went down to fix him a big supper that took two hours, or spent a long time in the bathroom wetting a compress.

Still it was funny. When he was with Frank you'd have thought nothing'd ever happened, but when he was alone with me, he'd start asking questions. Had I sent for the boy? Did I swear I'd never written any letter? He'd get the queerest look on his face. It was like he was trying to prove he wasn't going to be fooled by anybody. Sometimes I'd come in when the two of them were having a great time of it talking away and, I swear, the way he looked, it almost seemed he was afraid to let me know he was enjoying himself. Then, when the boy left, he'd start the questions again. Of course I never gave him a hint of the letter. I kept on inventing this and that and then got Frank aside and told him what I'd said. He had to laugh the way I was becoming such a big liar. Still I couldn't understand why Jack kept harking back to the same subject over and over again. I knew all the time it would break his heart if the boy actually left him.

Then one night a week or so after Frank arrived Jack and I were alone in the bedroom. Frank hadn't been out of the house since the day he came and I made him go downtown to a movie. Oh, I tell you, that was a hot night! You just sat there still with the sweat breaking out all over you and Jack was feeling it badly. He'd been failing that week, too much excitement I suppose, and he looked tired and feverish. He got to talking about the boy and how fine he'd turned out and what a sweet boy he was. He was just sort of rambling all over the place. I knew he wasn't quite clear in his mind because when I brought in a fresh compress from the bathroom he was lying there still talking as though I'd been with him all the time. I gave him the compress and told him not to tire himself out, but he kept going on, so I let him be. The doctor had told me not to fight him when he was like that.

I sat back in the rocker, only half listening, feeling drowsy and hot, but relaxed, you know, and peaceful. I even dozed off sitting up for a minute or two. When I woke up and heard that he was still rambling on, I decided I'd better try to quiet him after all, so I got up from the rocker and bent over him. He looked at me a little strangely and I wasn't sure that he even recognized me.

"Where's Frank?" he asked.

"I sent him off to the movies, Jack. He'll be back before too long."

He closed his eyes and nodded his head. I thought he would drop off then, so I straightened out the sheet at the foot of the bed and then made the pillow comfortable around his head. Then he opened his eyes again and looked at me in a very queer way.

"He really hurried to get here, didn't he?" he asked.

"What was that, Jack?"

"He came the very next day. Actually, he couldn't have lost a minute."

"Well, he was here on business," I said. "And, of course, he wanted to see you and me." I was so used to telling the same story that I did it without even thinking.

"Yes, yes, I know," he said, shaking his head impatiently. "But he must have left the moment he knew. Why, he was in the house here almost before we finished lunch."

"You'd really better try to get to sleep now. You're getting overtired."

I could see from his face that he wasn't paying the least attention to me, he was trying to figure something out. "The letter couldn't have reached him before the morning," he went on. "And it takes . . . well, it takes four hours by train."

It made me feel very funny to hear him talking like that. I thought he might be trying to trap me, he was so peculiar on that subject. "There wasn't any letter," I said. "You know that, Jack."

"He must have gone right to the station as soon as he read the letter," he continued, smiling up at the ceiling. "He wouldn't even have had the time to leave word with anybody."

"What are you talking about? He never heard a word till he got here. Now, no more talk, you go to sleep."

He turned his head and looked at me, still with that queer expression around his eyes. "How do you mean?" he asked. "You were the one who

wrote the letter. It was the day you wrote to Russ."

"I never sent any . . ."

"Oh, come on, Bess!" he interrupted impatiently. "It was that afternoon when the boy came with the medicine. I'm surprised at you, forgetting it so soon."

And then he turned over on his side away from me. I tell you I was so mixed up I didn't know what to think. Of course it didn't take me long to figure out what had happened. He *had* gotten out of bed that day and looked at the letters. All the while he was asking me those questions he knew perfectly well what it was I'd done. It gave me the strangest feeling. I sat down on the rocker again, not really thinking about anything, but just feeling that I was old and tired and that the end wasn't far off for either of us.

A few minutes later, he turned back to me. He looked awfully weary and tired but his eyes were clearer again. "I have a little pain in my chest," he said weakly. "I think I'll go to sleep now." He took my hand and held it for a minute and then let it go. "Good night, Bess," he said. And those were the last words he ever spoke to me.

The doctor came and went before Frank got back from the movie. He wanted to stay to tell the boy for me but I said it was all right, that I would do it myself. After he left, I went back to the rocker by the bed where he was lying and sat there waiting for the boy to come home. All the bitterness was drained out of me. I was thinking back over the sadness of those long years but more of Jack than of myself. I'd never really known how lonely he was. I had enough sorrow of my own to keep me awake nights, tossing and turning, blaming him all the time, hating him sometimes for being so cold and heartless. He had that strong pride and I never gave a thought to what was going on inside. How lonely he must have been!

And, as I sat there, I kept wondering why it was that Frank hadn't come of his own accord. Oh, I didn't blame him, I didn't blame anybody, but it wouldn't have hurt him to do that little bit for his father. It's so different when you're old and your life's behind you and you've only got the one son. I wished the boy had come, I wished I'd never had to write the letter. I rocked back and forth, wondering and waiting, and the one thing I was thankful for was that, in all those years, I'd never left Jack to suffer by himself.



*Philosopher, author, and mathematician, Alfred North Whitehead was born in England in 1861, taught long, full years at Cambridge University and at the University of London, and brought his career to a golden sunset at Harvard. He was one of the most illuminating conversationalists of our time. After his retirement, the world still wore a path to his door, and one of his frequent visitors was LUCIEN PRICE. Mr. Price, the author of *We Northmen and Winged Sandals*, has recorded with the discipline and accuracy of a trained journalist the audacity and the probing of the philosopher's mind in his new book, *Dialogues of Whitehead*, which is shortly to be published. His record of the conversations was read and authorized by Whitehead.*

THE PERMANENCE OF CHANGE

Dialogues of Whitehead

by LUCIEN PRICE

I

SATURDAY, August 30, 1941. — A golden summer morning. By previous appointment, as always with the Whiteheads, my arrival was timed for 11.30. By now Professor Whitehead was well recovered from a bout with pneumonia, and he looked uncommonly well. I said so.

"People tell me that I do," said he, "but the effects of the illness still linger."

"That should teach you not to have pneumonia."

"Yes," he assented to the chaffing, "there must be a lesson to everything."

"Nietzsche, who specialized in disagreeable remarks, has an observation that suffering may deepen a man but doesn't make him better."

"Anxiety," said Whitehead, "may give one an aspect of brightness, purely because it sharpens all the faculties. It makes all one's impressions more intense . . . I have been thinking, of late, about custom; how it varies with time and place, but comes, in the end, to much the same thing. Now in England if something goes wrong — say, if one finds a skunk in the garden — he writes to the family solicitor, who proceeds to take the proper measures; whereas in America, you telephone the fire department. Each satisfies a characteristic need; in the English, love of order and legalistic procedure; and here in America, what you like is something vivid, and red, and swift . . ."

"And noisy! One day in State Street I watched the fire apparatus pass; about six pieces. The streets cleared, the traffic policeman flexed his knees with the tension; the crowds stopped to watch; the speed and din were terrific, — everybody was quite happy — and, after all, there wasn't any fire."

"That is my point," Whitehead took it up. "One method works just as well as the other, and the reason is that ninety per cent of the difficulty is psychological. As soon as we are assured that the properly constituted agents are taking the necessary measures about skunks in gardens, we go along contentedly about our business."

"Since 1910," I said, "in this country at least, we would have to admit a new agent, called psychiatrist. But how much of the psychiatrists' knowledge is actually new?"

"Some of it the Catholics have had all along in their confessional," said Whitehead. "I have been reading, or rereading, E. Boyd Barrett's *The Jesuit Enigma*. He criticized the Order for what he calls their 'false psychiatry.' I looked him up in *Who's Who*, and find he has some achievement to his record, but he concedes very little good to the Jesuit Order. My opinion is that it must have more in it than he concedes, to have flourished as it has."

"Wouldn't that be an instance of the two-sidedness of nearly everything, from a truth to an institution? Phrased one way, it is intolerable; phrased another, it could be accepted gladly."

"It is the rigid dogma that destroys truth; and, please notice, my emphasis is not on the dogma but on the rigidity. When men say of any question, 'This is all there is to be known or said of the subject; investigation ends here,' that is death. It may be that the mischief comes not from the thinker himself but from the use made of his thinking by later-comers. Aristotle, for example, gave us our scientific technique (he also did some useful work in ethics); but in the main, it was he who devised our methods of scientific investigation (and of ob-

servation, too); yet his logical propositions, his instruction in sound reasoning which was bequeathed to Europe, are valid only within the limited framework of formal logic, and, as used in Europe, they stultified the minds of whole generations of mediaeval schoolmen. Aristotle invented science, but destroyed philosophy."

"Would you say that Plato's distinctive contribution to the technique of thought is the willingness, as he makes Socrates call it, 'to follow the argument where it leads'? This sounds so simple, yet how few people understand how to play the game. In his Dialogues, for example, a question is beaten flat and round, several people have a go at it."

"The German scholars who worked on Plato in the early part of the nineteenth century, to my mind, missed the point," said Whitehead. "Their view seems to have been that a lot of rather foolish people put forward somewhat nonsensical opinions until finally Socrates steps in and sets everything right. I do not believe that is it at all. When you get a group of diverse professional people in a discussion, their experience is so varied that you are sure to get novel contributions to the idea. None of them may be final, some of them may not be valid, but all of them will make some contribution to the subject, and while perhaps they cannot be accepted, they will bear study. I venture to suppose that in a newspaper office like yours there are a good many such discussions."

"That is what our daily editorial conferences are; and, over a period of years, the give-and-take grows uncommonly like a Platonic dialogue. I think perhaps that is where I first began to comprehend the Platonic method of dialectic."

"By that method the subject is explored, various opinions are given their weight, and the participants feel that they have spent their energies to good purpose, even though no definite conclusion emerges."

"Do you suppose that method existed in Athens before Plato?" I asked.

"I should think it likely. The prime of Athens came a little before Plato, in the period of the three great tragic dramatists — yes, and I include Aristophanes' comedies too. I think a culture is in its finest flower before it begins to analyze itself; and the Periclean Age and the dramatists were spontaneous, unself-conscious."

"The analytical spirit gets going in Euripides, the last of the three; and also rather more of the discussion method, the dramatist putting forth this or that point of view, not as anything final, but only so that it may 'have its say.'"

"How many people saw those plays?"

"In Athens about 20,000, though the citizenry itself was much more, probably 150,000. Imagine them sitting there from dawn to dark on a March day of the Greater Dionysia watching three trag-

edies followed by a farcical satyr play, by each of three competing poets, and one of those trilogies would have been the *Oresteia* of Aeschylus. Where in our modern world is an audience that could take such a 'helping'?"

"Print has had a damaging effect," said Whitehead. "Before the mind had the assistance of the page it was given much harder work to do. When you remember that Athenian prisoners of the Syracusan expedition were given their liberty because they could recite choric odes from Euripides, obviously it was not mere snippets of the text which they had memorized."

"Do you ever find the sight of library stacks disconcerting? What if one knew everything in those volumes: would he be any better off — or worse off? Or the question comes, Can excessive reading actually enfeeble one's thinking apparatus?"

"I read very slowly," said Whitehead. "Sometimes I see myself referred to as 'a well-read man.' As a matter of fact, I have not read a great quantity of books; but I think about what I read, and it sticks."

(Remembering the size of his library in the house at Canton, still in the apartment at Radnor Hall, and even here in the Hotel Ambassador, books overflowing from study to dining room, to limit the case even to those present-and-voting, his remark about not having read a great quantity of books was to be taken relatively.)

"What do you think of this modern emphasis on *speed* of reading?"

"Speed is not for me. On the other hand, some of my reading is 'skippy.' Last night, for example, I was rereading that book in your lap on the Jesuits, but finding, at the beginnings of successive chapters, that he was still on the same aspect of a subject whose point I had already grasped, I did not hesitate to skip."

2

WE WERE next discussing the kind of book about which one must *do* something, if there is to be any benefit from the reading. The *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius can be read through in a matter of hours, but to incorporate those precepts into thought and action may be a life's work. Then I asked, "Living and working as you have and do in academic communities, does it ever strike you that acquisitive scholarship can be overdone?"

"The universities," said he, "are like any other necessary implement, — like a gun. We must have them, the work of civilization could scarcely be carried on without them; but while they are very valuable, they can also be very dangerous. The reason Harvard has kept its place at the top as a capital of thought is the Graduate Schools, where knowledge is wedded to action."

"An idea which has been occupying me of late I would like to put up for criticism. It is that in nineteenth-century America the influence of religious thinking was still very powerful; that at the turn of the nineteenth into the twentieth, the rise of science and then the first world war so impaired that influence that leadership passed to the educationists, say after 1920; but that now numerous signs seem to indicate that in another generation or so, the germinating power in American civilization may be the artists, — using that term in its broadest sense — the creators."

"Your dates confuse me a little," said he. "I would have said that you have already had two very happy periods of flourishing in this country; one in New England during the first half of the nineteenth century when you really enjoyed one of the world's great ages, though it is not yet as famous as it deserves to be; and the other in the late eighteenth century with the framing of your American Constitution. I am not suggesting that these framers were acting entirely on original initiative; some of their ideas were a hundred years old, — going back to Locke, for example, — or much older; but they were unique in laying down not details of procedure but general principles for the conduct of a great democratic State. I know of only two instances when a work of such magnitude was accomplished consciously. The other was done according to principles which would not have satisfied either your or my ideals of liberty, and yet it certainly saved civilization and bequeathed a point of view even to the Middle Ages which enabled the monastic foundations to transmit the ancient heritage; I mean when Augustus Caesar appealed from the narrow patricians and the unreliable plebs to the solid middle class, first of Rome and Italy and later of the Empire. Nobody could admire the English governmental system more heartily than I do; but equally nobody could say at exactly what point the idea of a limited monarchy came in. The growth was unconscious. It was not an idea which originated with any person or at any specific time. But the Augustan Principate and your Federal Constitution were the results of conscious effort. The English system, too, is very difficult to copy, and it has been copied successfully only by people of English stocks setting up colonial societies, in places like Australia, Africa, or North America."

"You are evidently using 'artist' in the sense of creators of great States."

"And you are using the word 'creative' in a sense which I give to the word 'novelty,'" resumed Whitehead. "A hundred thousand years ago, — or sometime — nobody knows when, — there came a turn in the development of man which brought about a very rapid advance. It was man's capacity for origination, his capacity for novelty, his curiosity, his liking for investigation. My fear for hu-

manity is that we may lose it. One of the few places where it is still free is here in the United States. I don't say there aren't ways in which you could improve. I think there are regions where you would do well to reduce your rate of murders, — but even allowing for Chicago at its worst, in the 1920's, before your authorities stepped in and put a stop to it, life in general, your life, my life, is less subject to interference and less in danger here than any place else on earth. It is only in certain happy ages and lands that conditions are favorable to the development of talent — Greece in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. was one; Rome in the first century A.D. was another; and even then the range of talent elicited by the temporarily favorable conditions is a limited one; not nearly the whole range of potential talents or of gifted individuals receives the needed encouragement. And when those fortunate times do come, we don't know how to keep them going."

"How short-lived the Elizabethan drama was," I remarked, "in full bloom between 1590 and 1612, then by the 1620's it had begun to thin out."

"I was thinking of that very period," said he. "Art flourishes when there is a sense of adventure, a sense of nothing having been done before, of complete freedom to experiment; but when caution comes in you get repetition, and repetition is the death of art. Here in America you had a good period up to about 1860; then the idea came in that nothing was any good unless it came from Europe."

"Yes, men like Emerson and Thoreau can be seen pushing it away from them; but after the middle of the century it does descend like a blight."

"The two world wars," said he, "have destroyed Europe and liberated America."

"Unless we are thwarted by our loss of racial homogeneity?"

"On the contrary, you have gained by that loss. I know of no other situation in history similar to yours, in having assembled the vivid and adventurous spirits of numerous races in an environment favorable to the creation of a great culture, except in the Mediterranean Basin of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. (its most brilliant period), when Greeks and Phoenicians and Italians and heaven knows who else were bobbing about in rowboats, mixing races and founding new societies. It will be strange if you don't profit by your situation."

"I am not quite sure I understand what you mean by 'repetition is the death of art.'"

"Then take architecture. I was brought up in a part of England where everybody landed that *did* land, from Caesar on through the missionaries, the Danes, the Normans, and the rest. My father's church was one example, and Canterbury Cathedral was another. (I can see it now, the spot where Thomas à Becket was murdered, and the armor of the Black Prince in the south aisle of the chancel.)

—I have read and don't hold at all with T. S. Eliot in his view of what went on in Canterbury Cathedral. Mind you, I don't pretend to know a great deal about it, but I feel sure it wasn't like *that*. — All the successive ages are embedded in those buildings; walls of the early churches, then the heavy Norman arches, then the lighter and more fanciful Gothic of the Middle period, and finally the too fanciful late Gothic; but no repetition; only the very slightest reliance on what went before, always some novel departure."

3

A WHILE back," I said, "you were speaking of the death of truth which results when men attempt to codify it into some dogma or institution which they hope will conserve it for posterity. Even Plato, in his old age at least, seems unwilling to let his ideal society take its chances (possibly, it is true, because he had seen the disaster to Athens); but isn't the difficulty with all such attempts that the sum of existence is larger than any system, however large?"

"The desire for a pattern of existence," said Whitehead, "is a natural and very common wish that our experience should have some meaning, some order, that it should make sense. The hypotheses of science are the same. The pattern may not represent anything more than our conception of our lives as we would like to believe them to be, or our hypothesis of a scientific process, but it steadies us. If we are speaking of naïveté, it is the scientists who are naïve. For years they have been welcoming hypotheses which destroy their previous assumptions, and welcoming them as a condition of advance; whereas the theologians, — and I consider Christian theology to be one of the great disasters of the human race, — if they admitted that their assumptions had been upset, would consider it a major defeat for themselves (when all the while their position *has* been shaken and so altered that the tenets of today would, in certain intellectual levels, be hardly recognizable as that of the same or similar people seventy years ago). But much the same is true in science, and whether the scientists realize it or not, their 'advance' has been upset."

"Kirsopp Lake once remarked in my presence that his father, a physician, being asked late in life what had done the most in his lifetime to relieve human suffering, answered, 'Anaesthesia and the decay of Christian theology.' That was in 1922. Both you and he put the accent on 'theology.'"

"We needn't go into the question of whether Christ was entirely an authentic historic personage, or one of those figures on whom are laid the needs and sayings and aspirations of a period," answered Whitehead. "We begin rather, I think, with an agricultural middle class in Palestine, very sound,

remarkably well educated for its time and place (from the reading of the scriptures in the synagogues like our King James Bible in the churches) and with a remarkably high standard of morality; and then you have the other set, in Jerusalem, what I may call 'the Faculty.' Two powerful popular preachers arose at about the same time, John the Baptist and Jesus. Both were intensely disliked by the Faculty in Jerusalem because their preaching spread and popularized a new and purer morality. So one was executed by Herod, a native ruler, and the other by a Roman procurator; he didn't, it is true, do it himself, but he allowed it to be done. Now there was nothing really new in this popular preaching, most of the ideas were already present in the older prophets of the nobler strain, — Isaiah, Amos, Jeremiah, — but it was put with a new force and immediacy.

"I have said before, probably to you, that the trouble starts with the interpreters of Christianity. The disciples were admirably solid people. And there was at first a hope that the powerful Greek notions which were abroad in the world at that time, — ideas of liberty, democracy, the horror of brutality, and so on, — would be blended with the best of Jewish thought — not all of which, of course, was equally good; but the gracious and merciful insights were there by flashes. But then the disaster starts. You get it in all of the following interpreters of Christianity from Augustine, even in Francis of Assisi; the gentleness and mercy of one side of Christianity, but based logically on the most appalling system of concepts. The old ferocious god is back, the Oriental despot, the Pharaoh, the Hitler; with everything to enforce obedience from infant damnation to eternal punishment. In Augustine you get admirable ideas, he is full of light; then you inquire into the ultimate bases of the doctrines and you find this abyss of horror. Their hearts were right but their heads were wrong. And there was no appeal from their heads. In Saint Francis, for example, it is hardly credible that the two worlds, that of grace and mercy, and that of eternal damnation, could exist in one and the same breast. This theological disaster is what I mean when I speak of the mischief which follows from banishing novelty, from trying to formularize your truth, from setting up to declare: 'This is all there is to be known on the subject, and discussion is closed.'

"I may have spoken to you before about the static civilization of China. A time came when things ceased to change. If you want to know why, read Confucius. And if you want to understand Confucius, read John Dewey. And if you want to understand John Dewey, read Confucius. Confucius wanted to get rid of the silly ideas. The simple facts ought to suffice for you; don't waste time asking questions about the ultimacies *under* those facts. (Mind you, I greatly admire what John

Dewey has made possible in the development of your western universities; I am speaking here about the consequences of the doctrines of pragmatism.) Thus, the Chinese discovered the magnetic needle. Iron placed in certain positions would cause a pointer to aim north. 'Now that,' Confucius would say, 'ought to be enough for you. The fact suffices.' But when the magnetic compass is brought westward into Europe, what happens? Immediately the silly questions begin to be asked: 'Why? What makes the needle point north?' And straightway all sorts of fruitful consequences ensue; as that, mathematics, which had been well-nigh useless for two thousand years, is pressed into the service . . . and so on. Now these are just the 'superfluous' questions which pragmatism would ignore. Of course," he smiled as he said it, "if you say in

print that the individual should be listened to and that these 'silly questions' ought to be asked, you will instantly be pestered with letters from three thousand idiots whose questions *are* silly!"

"That is true," said I, "for I *have* said it in print and *have* been pestered with letters from three thousand idiots."

"But the point is," he resumed, "that the 'silly question' is the first intimation of some totally novel development. Suppose we admitted this principle in the sphere of morals. What is morality in any given time or place? It is what the majority then and there happen to like, and immorality is what they dislike. But the 'silly question' as applied to morals would open the way to a discovery of the few ultimacies behind *all* systems of morals, a region in which very little has as yet been done."



"WHY, THEN COMES IN..."

by WALTER DE LA MARE

LONG-IDLING Spring may come
With such sweet suddenness
It's past the wit of man
His joy to express.

To see in the cold clods
Green weed 'twixt stone and stone!
The violet nod in flower
Its frail stalk on;

To watch the wintry sky
Shed pallor from its blue:
And beams of purest light
And heat pierce through!

To share, to live, to be
Merely a reflex of
Earth's old divine delight,
And peace, and love!



What kind of image of the British does a newspaper story create in the mind of the average American reader? An incomplete statement, a few words lifted out of context, can develop on occasion into an international incident. ALEX FAULKNER, New York correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph since 1934, writes from long experience with press practices on both sides of the Atlantic.

BRITAIN IN THE AMERICAN PRESS

by ALEX FAULKNER

1

HARDHEADED American newspaper editors are no doubt aware that a good foreign news service is a sound, dollars-and-cents proposition. One illustration of this was provided by the announcement of the New York *Journal-American* that, judging from its newsstand sales records, the greatest news story of 1953 was the coronation of Queen Elizabeth. "Readers were more anxious to buy papers giving details of the English coronation than any other single event," this by no means highbrow newspaper reported.

The world's great newspapers do evidently conceive it to be a part of their duty, as well as one of their paramount interests, to treat their readers as people who are in some degree citizens of the world, with a desire to be kept informed about everything of importance that happens anywhere. Yet foreign correspondents living in the United States have reached the following broad conclusion: "In the average American newspaper the picture of other countries is generally objective, but spotty and incomplete, lacking in continuity, and uninterpreted."

Some countries fare worse than others, and correspondents from France, Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium, Sweden, Switzerland, West Germany, and India all find much to criticize in the accounts American readers receive of their homelands. By comparison, John Bull emerges as the white-headed boy of American editors. They do not exactly pamper him, but at least they notice him. However, vivid recollections of 1776 and all that color much of what the modern American journalist writes about England. To an Englishman it often seems that many American writers still carry this historical chip on their shoulder, and that they suffer from a strong temptation to look for things in Britain calculated to rekindle the revolutionary fury or contempt of true-blooded Americans.

Over the years I have collected scores of news-

paper clippings illustrating this special feature of the Anglo-American relationship, and there was a neat latter-day specimen of it in an otherwise admirable report on the coronation printed in the *Chicago Tribune* (a newspaper, incidentally, which ranks about third among those American newspapers which devote a large amount of space to foreign news).

"The British people," this story stated, "have spent an estimated 100 million dollars on the coronation, including a direct government outlay of 5 millions." Then came the following jolt: "The American Government, however, has promised a new gift of 300 million dollars this year and will spend another 300 millions for munitions in Britain. This is only a part of the 7½ billions given to the British in loans and gifts since the war."

The canard that American dollars are squandered on domestic events like coronations, which are of course paid for in sterling and are in no sense dependent upon American aid, often crops up, although the *Tribune* expresses it more brutally than some of its contemporaries. It never fails to exasperate an English reader.

One well-worn theme of many American journalists is the "Olde Tea Shoppe" England, picturesque for camera-bearing tourists, perhaps, but so inefficient, so old-fashioned, so remote from the world of television, radar, and jet planes. But if British scientific achievements are underrated, British diplomacy makes up for it by receiving more credit than some students of the subject think it deserves, and the British Foreign Office is popularly credited with a skill and a cunning that seem forever destined to carry off the traditional American diplomat's shirt. The Intelligence Service once enjoyed a similar reputation (perhaps Sherlock Holmes had something to do with it), but the Communists seem to have tarnished it; now British security arrangements are no good at all, and Red

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spies help themselves to all the atomic secrets they want.

Having no colonial responsibilities, the Americans can with a good conscience deplore everything that the modern representatives of George III do in this field. In another mood the American cartoonist or commentator decides that contemporary Elizabethans are a decadent lot who speak English with a decidedly sissy accent and who are living impersonations of a cast of P. G. Wodehouse characters. Oddly enough, they also live with stoic courage in inadequately heated homes and have an almost total disregard for the culinary art.

Most of these myths are harmless enough, but like all illusions they generally end up by causing more trouble than pleasure. The harm they may do is offset by the steady flow from the United Kingdom of much that is true and understanding and enlightening. Many of the leading figures in Britain are well enough known in the United States to command attention whenever they do or say something interesting. One poll yielded the fascinating bit of information that while 83 per cent of the newspaper readers questioned were able to name Sir Winston Churchill as the British Prime Minister, only 30 per cent could recall what party was in power in Britain.

Human-interest subjects predominate in the news from the British Isles, taking up perhaps a third of the space devoted to happenings there, and no mean proportion of this is always reserved for the activities of the Royal Family. But to proceed from this indisputable fact to the assumption that Americans generally therefore have a clear understanding of what is happening in Britain, of that country's problems and post-war achievements, would be rash indeed. I still meet people in this country who shake their heads over the ravages of British socialism, evidently quite unaware that the Conservatives took over in October, 1951.

It is true that if all the special correspondents' reports and all the agency reports and all the columnists' musings that appear in one of the publications specializing in foreign news were pasted in a book over a period of time, it might well be claimed that they added up to a pretty informative account of contemporary life in Britain. Day-by-day analysis of the main events in Britain and the reports on them printed in a few of the influential American dailies shows that in spite of some rather surprising omissions, and a frequent lack of continuity and of adequate explanation of the significance of certain happenings, the broad picture is quite good.

It is not by any means as complete or as illuminating as the size of American newspapers might lead one to expect. There appears to be room for everything, although anyone who has observed a harassed make-up editor in the throes of putting his paper to bed realizes that this is an illusion.

In point of fact, when all domestic demands have been satisfied there is less space available for foreign news in an American newspaper than the casual observer might suppose, and American writers and editors make a less successful effort than their colleagues overseas to face up to this by cultivating the art of condensation. According to the International Press Institute, which compiled a report on the flow of news, the daily average of about thirty-two columns of foreign dateline news stories carried by the *New York Times* during the period of the study compared with an average of a little more than four columns a day in all the 105 newspapers it selected for examination.

It is obvious that very few of the 1786 morning and evening newspapers in the United States can afford the expense of a special foreign service, but do they make as much use as they might of the heavy foreign file they receive from the news agencies? There are tremendous variations, of course, but one Southern afternoon paper, which seemed to be typical of the average, used about 14 per cent of the foreign copy it received from two agencies in the course of one week.

2

EXAMINATION of the foreign news of such agencies as the Associated Press results in high credit marks for speed, accuracy, and lack of bias, but by their very nature agencies are bound to avoid too much "explanation." It might be considered editorializing. Only the special correspondent can risk that.

As a result, political events in a country like France may go unreported for weeks at a time in most American newspapers, and when the government suddenly falls it makes no sense at all to the American reader if no effort is made to tell him what it is all about.

This no doubt helps to explain the popularity of human-interest items from abroad. They stand on their own feet. They are used because they are readable; and while no one can object to editors' efforts to make their papers interesting, the end result of frequently using foreign snippets purely as "brighteners" is to produce a very distorted picture of the foreign countries concerned. The distortion is less marked in the case of the British Isles because cumulatively the shreds and patches of information form some sort of portrait of life in that part of the world, and in any case British life, past and present, is sufficiently familiar to a large number of Americans, either from study or first-hand contact, for much of this material to slip into place.

But American reporting even of Britain, in my view, suffers in some degree from what might be described as cartoonism. Other countries are to an even greater extent victims of popular conceptions of their characteristics. In the case of John

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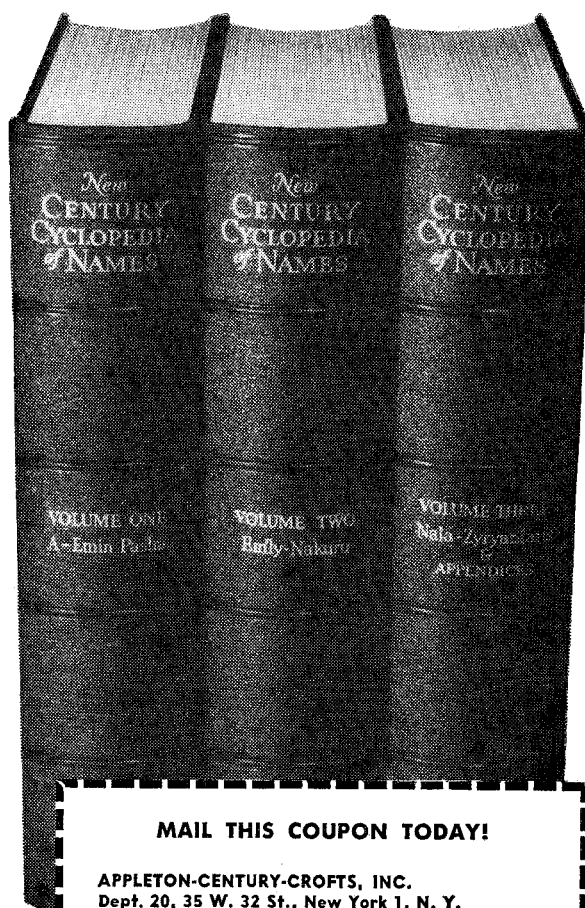
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Bull (and Uncle Sam naturally labors under similar handicaps abroad) the mental image which sets the tone for much that is said about him is cluttered up with ancient memories running the whole gamut from the Boston Tea Party to the financing of the two World Wars. And the habit of always reaching for a headline, of always trying to pick out from a speech or a situation something newsworthy, often produces distortion.

As a case study of this, a speech which the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Clement Attlee, made in the House of Commons on May 12, 1953, provides a good example of how international misunderstanding can be encouraged.

His speech was an earnest attempt to explore what to many Europeans are the sometimes mysterious springs of power in the United States. Who speaks for the United States? Is it the President, or his Secretary of State, or the leaders in Congress of the party in power, or the chairmen of important Congressional committees? Americans have no difficulty about sorting these things out, but foreigners, whose very lives and fortunes sometimes depend upon the twists and turns of American policy, not infrequently find themselves bewildered.

Apart from the *New York Times*, most of the American newspapers that bothered with this speech at all used the Associated Press version. The author of this report treated it as a routine job and did his best to make it "interesting." He achieved some unexpected results.

Mr. Attlee, he said in the first paragraph printed in the *New York Herald Tribune* and other papers, "charged" that the hands of Mr. Eisenhower's Administration were tied in seeking peace in Korea by "elements in the U.S.A. that do not want a settlement." Skipping the next paragraph (as printed in the *Tribune*), the *New York Daily News* went on to the third, which stated: "Striking out sharply at the American approach to foreign policy, Mr. Attlee" (it was just plain "Attlee" in the *News*) "told the House of Commons that 'sometimes one wondered who was more powerful, the President or Senator McCarthy.'"

At this point the *News* gave up, but the *Tribune* went on for another half-column.

The whole Associated Press story was made up of broken quotations, prefixed with such phrases as "He charged," "He assailed," and "Striking out sharply," and both the speaker and the reader were pretty much at the mercy of the reporter.

What made the report significant was the violent reaction to it. Senator McCarthy made an impassioned speech claiming that "Comrade" Attlee, "this creature Attlee," as he called him, had suggested that Britain should withdraw from the Korean War if America would not reach a settlement agreeable to the British, and he shouted angrily: "Let them withdraw and be damned."

Back it all bounced to London, where Mr. Attlee was so upset that he issued an eight-point denial of Senator McCarthy's charges. All over America newspapers started publishing editorials. Some urged calm; some were furious; some, like the *Chicago Tribune*, were resigned. ("It is no novel experience to be sold out by the British.")

The only snag was that up to this point no one in this country really knew just what Mr. Attlee had said. All they had to guide them was the Associated Press dispatch, made up of isolated sentences and phrases, and it was not until May 16, when the *New York Times* printed a fairly long excerpt provided by the British Information Services, a government agency, that it was known what everyone was talking about. On May 19, members of the House of Commons cheered when Sir Winston Churchill made the announcement that, in future, verbatim texts of important foreign affairs speeches by the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition would be cabled to the British Embassy in Washington.

I rather expected to see some editorials saying that this was an insult to the freedom of the American press, but in fact several American newspapers acted in an extremely civilized manner. On May 17 the *Washington Star* printed the text of relevant passages of Mr. Attlee's speech and insisted editorially that "he was not indulging in an anti-American tirade." On May 19 the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* did likewise, and said editorially: "A major share of the responsibility for the unfortunate breach in relations between the United States and our natural and inevitable ally, Britain, must rest on the poor reporting of the Attlee speech. It would have been much better, in our opinion, for the wire services, in this instance, to have sent to American newspapers substantial direct quotations of Mr. Attlee, rather than to have cut up his remarks into the bits and pieces which gave Senator McCarthy and the other irresponsibles their excuse for teeing off." The *Milwaukee Journal* also printed parts of the text on May 22, under the four-column headline: "What Did Attlee Really Say?"

The whole incident very neatly illustrated two features of American foreign news reporting. One is its great dependence on agency sources, not always balanced by the calmer analysis of special correspondents, and the other is its genuine anxiety to set the record straight, once it becomes apparent that someone has been misrepresented. What is disturbing is the thought that on many other occasions, when the alarm is not sounded, distortions of omission and improper interpretation creep in. It is only one aspect of the problem of reporting foreign news faithfully and adequately, but it combines with others to raise the whole question of whether newspapers anywhere have kept pace with changes in the modern world.

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Not only writers but readers outdo us this week in the well-turned phrase. This month we are publishing a book that has already appeared in England, **A Thousand Geese** (\$4.00.) Peter Scott, the author, received this letter from Clarence B. Randall, president of Inland Steel, who has been serving as chairman of the Commission on



Foreign Economic Policy. "I have been struggling for the past few months with the most complex and difficult adventure of my life. At times I simply had to get away from the task and I did that by reading your Iceland book. When the going got tough, I could take a half hour at night and gallop with you across the frozen turf, wishing that I might have been there with you to help round up the geese."



We spoke warmly to the defense of a woman's reputation. Several weeks ago, in the book sections of the New York Times and Herald Tribune we celebrated one of January's great events — the publication of **Rainbow on the Road** by **Esther Forbes** (\$3.75.) We didn't want to tell too much about Jude Rebough, the picaresque painter who, along with New England, is the hero of this novel. Instead, to give an idea of the quality of the book the advertisement said, largely — but with words well weighed — that he belonged in the company of Huck Finn and Hester Prynne, Ichabod Crane and Lucy Gayheart, Ishmael and Hepzibah. As it happened, several literary editors across the country mentioned some of the same people. Henry Commager said, "Miss Forbes is in love with New England, and this wonderful book is her confession and her declaration . . . It is a long time since we have had a book that delighted in the granite ledges and the noisy brooks and the little white villages and the flavor of the villages . . . she owes much to Hawthorne, and this is a sort of picaresque Marble Faun situation." John Hutchens said, "She has the cast of mind to which the past is more actual than the present. And so we have a book like this, its rainbow colors so vivid that you can almost reach out and touch them." Edmund Fuller said, "It is all her own, in style, but in spirit it has an affinity with Twain and Benet at their best." John Marquand said, "It is literature."

Our advertisement went on its influential way and was entered as the most preposterous of the week in a publishing course at a university. (This was without reference to the book.) The name that got the class down was that of the irreproachable Hepzibah. No one had heard of her. The confusion spread even into this office, then one of the critics took the question to a literary cocktail party and finally ran down an encyclopedic man who got hep and supplied her last name — Pyncheon. Hepzibah might have sold Gibraltar rock candy or Jim Crow gingerbread over the counter to Jude Rebough if he'd traveled as far east as Salem, and secure in the knowledge that Atlantic readers will have made her acquaintance let us repeat that the hero of **Rainbow on the Road** belongs in her company. Actually Jude met a woman of far less self-conscious virtue but that's another story, in fact the story of **Rainbow on the Road**.



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THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

MORE than any of the other colonizers of the past two centuries, the British have produced writers who put down roots in the adopted country and so assimilate the foreign culture that in time they become not only its interpreters but spokesmen of greater eloquence than the native-born. In Arabia *The Letters of Gertrude Bell*, Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*, and *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* by T. E. Lawrence; in India the novels and essays of E. M. Forster, the versatile works of Rudyard Kipling, the authoritative book, *The Legacy of India*, the novels of Rumer Godden and H. E. Bates — all are books that light up a land and a people. We could use more of such literary missionaries today, now that Nationalism and Communism have intensified the opportunities for misunderstanding.

In most of these English writers I detect a preference for the Muslim rather than the Hindu. It is as if the Englishman found the Muslim easier to understand and, for his warlike spirit, much easier to admire. To the foreigner the Muslim is direct where the Hindu is oblique; indeed, there seems to be a kind of darting illogic in the Hindu mind which throws the Englishman off stride. There has been little sympathy for the Eurasian — the Anglo-Indian; the "cheechee," the "blackie-white," as they were contemptuously called by the British in India. These border people, intelligent, ambitious, hypersensitive, could with encouragement be so useful in the time of transition; their danger is that, having been looked down upon so long by their European kin, and having themselves turned away from their native background, they be left today without ties or trust. It is of them that **John Masters** writes in his hot, pulsing, engrossing novel, *Bhowani Junction* (Viking, \$3.75).

The heat that comes out of this novel is the heat of India in conflict in 1946. The English were leaving and knew it, but independence was not

yet definite. The Indian Congress was divided within itself, and the extremists to the left — the Communists — were working to perpetuate a state of anarchy even to the extent of assassinating Gandhi. The outbreaks were following the Moscow pattern: mutiny in the fleet, the murder of British officers, the fanning of fanaticism, railroad strikes, and the hope of general stoppage — all this in a temperature of 110° indoors, 135° in the cab of a locomotive. Not for a long time have I been so saturated by the heat, the overpowering heat of vivid, sensuous writing.

Bhowani Junction was a focal point because of the railroad, the troop trains and freight trains, the ceaseless traffic upon which the little town lived. The more responsible jobs in the Delhi Deccan Railway — engine drivers, traffic superintendents, district engineers — were filled by Anglo-Indians, the menial jobs were done by Wogs, the Indians. Here over the years the Eurasians had built up a system of segregation modeled on the British, with their own clubs, school ties, separate waiting rooms in the stations, and sense of superiority. They could not believe that the English were getting ready to pull out, nor imagine what would happen to them, the half-castes, when at last India would be run by the Congress. Tension in Bhowani becomes acute when a Communist, K. P. Roy, moves into the district to engage in sabotage and train derailment. On his heels and to preserve order comes the 1st Battalion of the 13th Gurkha Rifles under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Rodney Savage, M.C. So the friction and violence begin.

The situations revolve about two Anglo-Indians, Patrick Taylor, six feet two and the boss of the Junction, and Victoria Jones, also of mixed blood, passionate, long-legged, and more ready for a change. She was on terminal leave as a WAC subaltern and had been called back into uniform for the emergency. The story is opened for us in Patrick's own words. "I had to have Victoria," he says; "I had to grovel in front of Savage; I had to fight the Indians for my rights." Patrick is stupid and brave and seldom really feels what other people are feeling, missing because of his inferiority, because of his resentment, because of his perpetual readiness to be insulted. Still, Paddy is quite a man.

When Victoria takes up the story she makes us see her changing world. Because of her beauty she can have any man in the place, even the Colonel,

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what she yearns for is a deeper affinity. "This English have spoiled for me; sneering at me, they have brought me up to sneer at myself." Under the urging of her Hindu lover and his mother, the Sirdarni; under the lash of the words, "Why don't you see that you're an Indian, and act like one?" she tries to abandon her English standards.

When Colonel Savage speaks, we see how well he deserves his name, how rude and quick-minded he is, how he has survived his many fights, and why he adores his Gurkhas. He is old-school India, and though he knows he is on the way out, he too will never find England as Home. Each of these three, Patrick, Vickie, and the Colonel, is drawn to the flesh. They are alive, true to themselves, courageous, and their destiny is inevitable. These people move through their turbulent days and through scenes which could only have been drawn by an author long steeped in India.

Occasionally the author overdoes it. K. P. Roy, the Communist leader, is credited with so much villainy that at the end he becomes a figure out of melodrama. Patrick is too much the blunderer, and when he pushes Birkhe under the train, the act is so implausible that death loses its sting. But when you have so many riotous colors to deal with, it is no wonder if some of them get too thick. This is a spectacular story.

The Crystal Palace of the sea

A hundred years ago, at the Isle of Dogs on the River Thames, they were building an iron steamship which was to be five times the size of the biggest vessel then afloat. She was to carry four thousand passengers, twice as many as the *Queen Mary* houses today. She had six masts named Monday through Saturday, and five funnels; she had a flat bottom; she had two hulls, and her iron plates required three million rivets, all driven by hand. She had 60-foot side wheels and was 693 feet long. After three years' work and three million dollars' expenditure, she was launched and christened the *Great Eastern*. She ate money, hopes, and men. The record of the men she killed, the captains she disgraced, and the backers she bankrupted is an incredible chronicle now told in a brisk, slangy style by James Dugan in *The Great Iron Ship* (Harper, \$3.50).

Intended as a luxury liner, the *Great Eastern* ran into the Civil War and the secession of tourists. Her excursions seem always to have been cursed by bad management. But as a freighter she did better; and as a ship from which to unspin a transatlantic cable, she was perfect; she laid Cyrus Field's Atlantic cable, a second cable around the Cape to India, and still a third for the French. It was her habit to smash piers, other boats, and herself when badly steered. Louis Napoleon bought her, with a syndicate of friends, under the nose of the Sultan of Turkey, who wanted her for a float-

ing harem. Half a million people visited her as a great showboat off Liverpool in 1886. Mr. Dugan has written of her adventures and mishaps with a good eye for the lively detail and the contemporary quotation. "A vast toy," Herman Melville called her. "Durable materials but perishable structure. Can't exist a hundred years hence." He was right; but as one reads, one is filled with sympathy for this ungainly, mismanaged lummo of a ship.

Writer at work

From the twenty-six volumes of hand-written diary that **Virginia Woolf** left behind her at her death her husband, who was also her publisher and editor, has selected those passages which have most relevance to her development as a writer. The first entry is August 4, 1918, and the last in that bleak winter of 1941 when London was suffering the Blitz and when the dread of invasion was still in mind. War was abhorrent to her. She was a lover of peace and above all a lover of literature. She lived to write; she worked over her books with fastidious industry; she was never bored, and the pulse of her intensity we feel again in *A Writer's Diary*, edited by Leonard Woolf (Harcourt, Brace, \$5.00).

She tells of having tea with Katherine Mansfield, and of how Middleton Murry, Miss Mansfield's husband, "sat there mud-coloured and mute, livening only when we talked his shop." She finishes James Joyce's *Ulysses*, and thinks it "a mis-fire. Genius it has, I think; but of the inferior water. The book is diffuse. It is brackish. It is pretentious." She has a delightful tea party with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hardy and recaptures practically every word of it. She describes her last visit with Aunt Anny (Thackeray's daughter, Lady Ritchie) and the portrait speaks. She tells of her special joy in talking with the Stracheys ("their minds remain a source of joy to the end; so sparkling, definite and nimble") and of the free-wheeling conversations she has in tandem with Tom Eliot. Here we see her as critic and characterizer, sensitive, inquisitive, and one of the shrewdest readers of our time.

Her self-portrait as a novelist is much more a matter of moods. Now on the peak of exaltation when *Mrs. Dalloway* or *The Waves* is going well and she feels assured; now in the valley of despair when four months' work — 30,000 words of *Flush* — had to be discarded ("It's too slight and too serious"). She is sometimes the victim of protracted dulling headaches, but for the most part the mechanism of her brain was dependable — "At forty I am beginning to learn the mechanism of my own brain — how to get the greatest amount of pleasure and work out of it. The secret is I think always so to contrive that work is pleasant." How much her books may mean to another generation we cannot say, but they spoke with an intricate intimacy to us, and still do.

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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



THE new play in verse by T. S. Eliot, *The Confidential Clerk* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00), is a farcical comedy whose plot hinges on what is possibly the rarest known source of disagreement between a husband and wife. The disagreement is about the parentage of Sir Claude Mulhammer's new confidential clerk, Colby Simkins: Sir Claude and his wife, Lady Elizabeth, both say in effect, "No, dear, he is *my* bastard — not yours."

The stage play received for the most part glowing notices in England and for the most part less than glowing notices in New York, perhaps because the London production, which I saw last November, was much livelier and more sensitive than the Broadway interpretation. The principal complaint has been that Mr. Eliot has lowered his standards without really achieving "good theater." For my money, the play — in book form as well as on the stage — is extraordinarily good fun, and it has its fair share of the higher qualities we expect of Mr. Eliot.

The plot, whose kernel I have indicated, is as full of improbabilities as *The Importance of Being Earnest* and as impossible to summarize briefly as *Il Trovatore*. The characters, however, have humanity and depth: Colby, the disappointed organist; Sir Claude, the tycoon — in his way, too, a disappointed artist; Lady Elizabeth, a moving creature despite her absurdly fluttery façade and her spiritual faddism; and two other young people of irregular origin — the beautiful Lucasta, who parades a flashy frivolity to hide her agonizing sense of not being accepted, and B. Kaghan, fast rising from the bottom to the top, whose perceptiveness and decency show through his somewhat staged vulgarity. Then there is the old confidential clerk, Eggerson — a delightful creation — full of tact and understanding and love for his garden. And finally there is Mrs. Guzzard, once an errant foster mother, now a Sybil from the suburbs who dispenses Revelation.

In this comedy of multiple bastardy and mixed-up babies, Mr. Eliot

touches, with deep seriousness, on a variety of themes: the sources of human loneliness; the relation of son to father (and, by implication, of man to God); the raptures and limits of transfiguration through art; the acceptance of those terms which life imposes on us. One need not be in sympathy with the gospel according to Eliot to find in his play a profusion of sharp insights into the human heart and mind. And the language is superb — a continuous delight to the reader. With its spareness, its dry-point clarity, its startling directness, Mr. Eliot's verse — though on stage it sounds deceptively like colloquial speech — refines the qualities of good prose to a point at which the effects achieved transcend the highest capabilities of prose.

Mr. Eliot has not, I think, lowered his standards. In *The Cocktail Party* and *The Confidential Clerk*, he has merely accented what is after all the very essence of the theater: that element which the contemporary theater, corrupted by naturalism, has tended to ignore — the element of *play*, make-believe, extravagant invention.

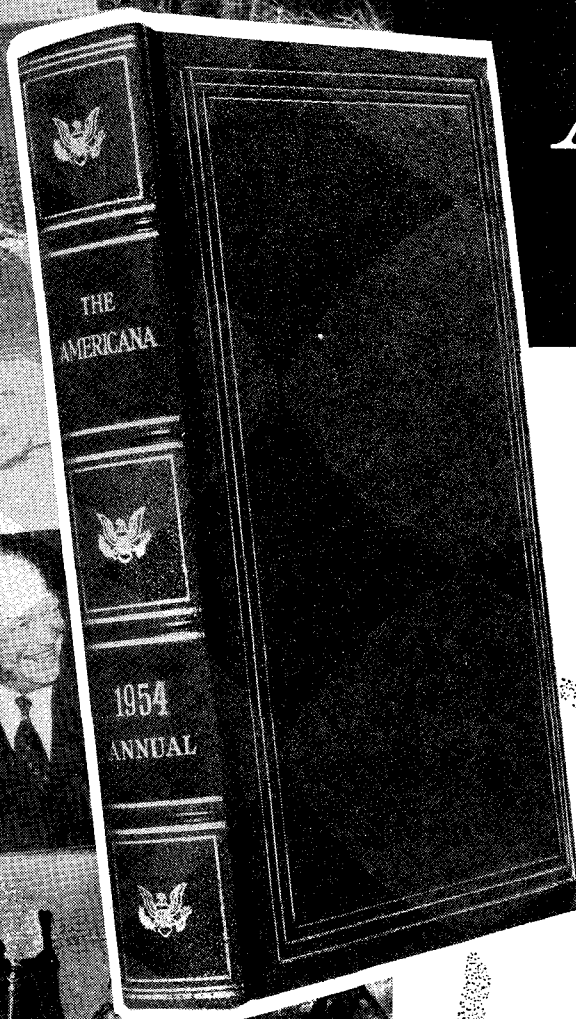
Voices of freedom

In the world of books, these days, there is an expanding counterattack against the assorted infections suggested by the term "McCarthyism," against what has been so aptly characterized as a revolt of the primitives against intelligence. There are four titles in this month's line-up — they encompass politics, the press, education, and cultural life in general — which speak up forcefully for freedom of the mind and for the independent spirit.

The Test of Freedom (Norton, \$3.00) by Norman Thomas is an inquiry into "the state of liberty under the twin attacks called Communism and McCarthyism." It has the triple merit of coming from a man who is scrupulously balanced in his appraisals; who is a stern critic of the doctrinaire liberal; and whose anti-Communist credentials are unassailable and hitherto have not been assailed.

Mr. Thomas's soberly reasoned and carefully documented survey examines the Congressional Investigating Committees; the recourse to the First and Fifth Amendments; the Smith and McCarran Acts; loyalty and security tests; McCarthyism at state and local levels; the problem of se-

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curity in the communications field; and the impact of McCarthyism on radio and TV.

This is the most solid, the most reliable report published to date on the inroads made in the past few years on civil liberties and freedom of the mind. That the "Minutewomen" of San Antonio, Texas, should include Einstein's *Theory of Relativity*, Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, and Dorothy Canfield Fisher's *Fables for Parents* among six hundred black-listed titles cannot be dismissed as a bad joke when similar aberrations are becoming increasingly prevalent. Mr. Thomas is one of those who are convinced that today McCarthyism is a far greater threat to American liberties than American Communism.

This conviction is shared by **Elmer Davis**, whose calmness, reliability, and dry Hoosier wit have made him one of the nation's most esteemed political commentators. His *But We Were Born Free* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.75) is a collection of papers written for different occasions but animated by a common theme: the need to stand up boldly for independent thought. This is a hard-hitting and exhilarating book: crisply written, humorous, full of quietly murderous thrusts at the heresy-sniffers, the doublethinkers, the would-be thought-controllers, the cowardly conformists, and at absolutists of various stripes.

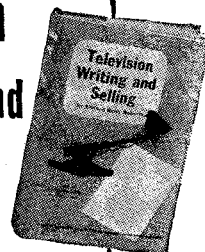
Mr. Davis casts a scathing look at the pretensions and accusations of the "wandering minstrels" — the professional ex-Communists — "who think that because they were completely wrong twenty years ago they must be completely right now that they entertain diametrically opposite opinions." ("It has apparently not occurred to them they could be wrong both times.") To Whittaker Chambers's hysterical assertion, "there is no middle ground," Davis replies: "One of the most protuberant facts of the history of the past twenty years is that . . . in America and Western Europe the people who hold that middle ground have defeated both extremes."

These essays cut a fairly broad swathe. Mr. Davis takes issue with Toynbee's dogmatically theological interpretation of history; discusses the damage done by the dogma of "objectivity" in the treatment of news; shows the baneful consequences of Congressional usurpation of the Executive's powers, and defends the

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President's treaty-making authority.

For the past four years, says Mr. Davis, we have been engaged in "a cold civil war — it is nothing less," started by men who do not hate Communism as much as they fear the principles of freedom to which this nation was dedicated. Freedom, of course, has inescapable hazards. The crux of Davis's message is that "this will remain the home of the free only so long as it is the home of the brave."

From the academic sector, there comes a short book by **Gilbert Highet** dedicated to the proposition that the free pursuit and dissemination of knowledge is the very basis of civilization. Professor Highet's inspirational essay, *Man's Unconquerable Mind* (Columbia University Press, \$2.75), admirably fulfills its missionary purpose. It should instill in at least some of the waverers a renewed awareness that the spirit of free inquiry is the essence of education; and I imagine it will give a welcome shot-in-the-arm to harassed teachers resisting the pressures of orthodoxy. Those not in need of such fortification may find that what Highet has to say here is on the elementary side, and his tone somewhat pedagogical. The erudite and witty author of *The Classical Tradition* is not quite in top gear in these pages.

Company Manners (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.00) by **Louis Kronenberger** is "a cultural inquiry into American life" written without that lowering pretentiousness which so often afflicts the highbrow when he contemplates the sins of the lowbrow and the middlebrow. Author of several books, drama critic of *Time*, Professor of Theater Arts at one university and of English at another, Mr. Kronenberger has the eccentricity to be a scholar and a gentleman, and also a spirited literary journalist. His learning is vast, his outlook supremely civilized, and his prose style graceful, aphoristic, *allegro*. He has written a critique of our culture that is consistently discerning and is leavened with originality. Inevitably, many of his complaints are far from new, but the familiar is freshly pointed up by pithy and suggestive phrasing, as when Kronenberger says of TV's impact on our use of leisure: "From being mindlessly in motion, large numbers of Americans [are becoming] mindlessly motionless."

The trouble with us, writes

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Kronenberger, "is not that the poetry of life has turned into prose, but that it has turned into advertising copy." Ours is the Age of Publicity, and its Muse is Technique. Our culture suffers not so much from vulgarity as from insidiously plausible vulgarization. Shakespeare is streamlined, Chekhov is transferred to Mississippi. Everything is jazzed up, watered down, adulterated.

As for the highbrows, in Kronenberger's opinion they are doing art a disservice by cultivating intellectual ingenuity at the expense of aesthetic response. Over-reacting to the middlebrow tendency to simplify and make things palatable, the highbrows weave labyrinths and make things parched. The creative is turned into the cerebral, soaring into delving.

The commercial theater gets a well-deserved whipping from Mr. Kronenberger. As commerce, he points out, it is an ignominious failure, and as theater it lacks courage, standards, and taste. What is worst about Broadway is not that so many of its offerings are third-rate but that the offerings it considers "superior" so seldom rise above the second-rate. Their prevailing note is slick, showy, and Philistine.

Mr. Kronenberger writes about the decline of sensibility in manners and mores, and the decline of individualism. He writes about the cult of the specialist and the cult of the pseudo-celebrity; about the "New New-Rich" and the new young careerists, only too eager at twenty-two to prove themselves "sincere" little conformists. He writes about our tendency towards extremism and our proneness to believe that what is successful must be good. In sum, his conclusion is that culture — "in the old-fashioned, well-rounded sense of something civilized and civilizing alike" — is fast fading as an ideal.

If *Company Manners* is pretty consistently critical, it is because, says Kronenberger, "as a people we go in for self-congratulation enough." We could do with more critics who can puncture complacency and pretentiousness as penetratingly and as entertainingly as Mr. Kronenberger.

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Eugene Walter has written a gay, whacky story about Mobile — “sweet lunacy’s county seat.” His unnamed hero, who comes from a small town in the cotton country, describes the year in which he was exposed to “Mobile Madness” and made a delightfully untidy pilgrimage from youth to man’s estate.

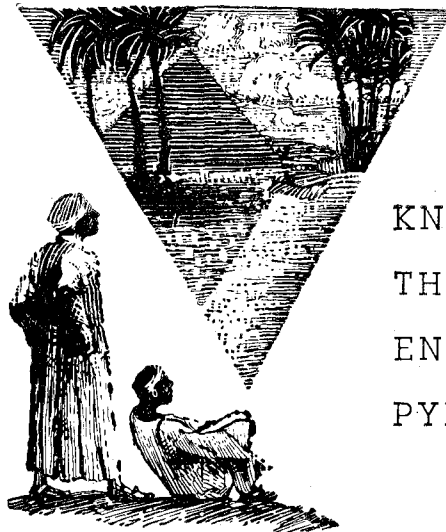
Mr. Walter has peopled his novel with a truly captivating set of eccentrics and spirited individualists: the hero’s landlady Miss Fiffy, nutty as a fruitcake, who quick as a flash hangs a doughnut on a guest’s little finger uncouthly sticking out from the teacup, and who keeps hidden away in an upper room a mysterious personage referred to as “Brother John”; Kosta, an aging artist, ribald and fleshly, unable to paint since the death of his fifteen-year-old poodle; young Lola “the talking-machine,” possibly bird-brained but certainly entrancing, especially when modeling a fur before the mirror, otherwise attired as nature made her; Philine, secretive and dizzying to the senses, an enthusiastic disciple of Eros. There are others, and each imparts his own splinter of truth to the pilgrim on his last lap of the journey through the brightly plumed world of youth.

The novel has its moments of great pathos and a vein of poetry, too; much superbly comic dialogue and comic incident. After the three-quarter mark, the story loses some of its bounce, but all in all it is unusually good fun.

Potpourri

THE HEDGEHOG AND THE FOX
by Isaiah Berlin. Simon & Schuster, \$2.50.

This short essay by Isaiah Berlin — one of Oxford’s most brilliant dons and perhaps currently its most celebrated personality — re-examines Tolstoy’s view of history and finds in it fresh insights into the novelist’s complex personality. The title comes from the old Greek proverb — “The fox knows many things, but the hedgehog knows one big thing” — which Berlin uses to draw a distinction between two fundamental human types: those who embrace life in all its multiplicity, whose thought moves on many levels (the foxes); and those who relate everything to a single central vision. Berlin’s thesis is that Tolstoy was by nature a fox, and to the highest degree — therein lies the glory of his novels; but he believed in being a hedgehog, and sought desperately for an inner unifying vision. Consequently his ideals led him to misrepresent his own achievement.



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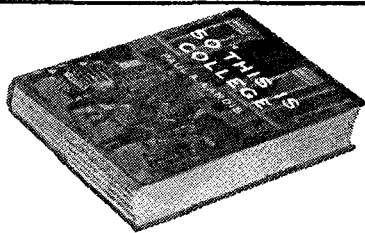
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Berlin's stunning command of the resources of scholarship, his sensitivity to literature and to character, and his eloquence as a writer give this essay the luster of a virtuoso performance.

THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION by *Aldous Huxley*. Harper, \$1.50.

One bright May morning, Mr. Huxley swallowed four tenths of a gram of a drug called mescaline—the active principle of peyote, long used by the Mexican Indians in their religious rites—to test its reported power to "cleanse the doors of perception." This small book describes the results of his experiment and discusses their implications. The results were all that Huxley had hoped for. He saw "Eternity in a flower, Infinity in four chair legs and the Absolute in the folds of a pair of flannel trousers." He became "a Not-Self, simultaneously perceiving and being the Not-self of the things around me." Since mescaline is apparently harmless to people of normal health, Huxley suggests that it might be used for the good of our souls: by severing the bonds of Time and the Ego, it would enable unregenerate mortals to partake of something akin to the mystic's hard-earned experience of Ultimate Reality.

Huxley's experience under the influence of mescaline corresponds so closely to the mystical transfiguration longingly described in his writings that one can't help wondering to what extent wish-fulfillment was involved. It would be instructive to know the effects of mescaline on, say, a sports car maniac or an acquisitive chorus girl.

NEW SHORT NOVELS edited by *Mary Louise Aswell*. Ballantine Books, \$2.75; paper, 35¢.

The editor of this collection has come up with four fine examples of the novella, which is still, as when Henry James wrote "Daisy Miller," a form generally doomed to editorial displeasure. "Ride Out" by Shelby Foote is the story of a Negro horn player, a born artist who lives for his music and dies on the electric chair. Elizabeth Etnier's "The Willow" is a perfectly-pitched study of the romantic attitude: a young couple in love go to live on a Maine island, achieve their dream, and let it be eroded by their weakness. A talented newcomer, Clyde Miller, makes an impressive debut with "The Gentle Season," a complex, skillfully handled Southern tragedy about a small boy's involvement in his aunt's rejection of a suitor he admires. Jean Stafford's "A Winter's Tale" describes an American girl's love affair in pre-war Heidelberg in a milieu where false piety goes cheek-by-jowl with Nazism: it is a subtly woven story climaxed by a horrifying surprise. The publishers rate a warm tribute for giving the novella a well-deserved break; their courage has resulted in a book of fiction that is truly distinguished.

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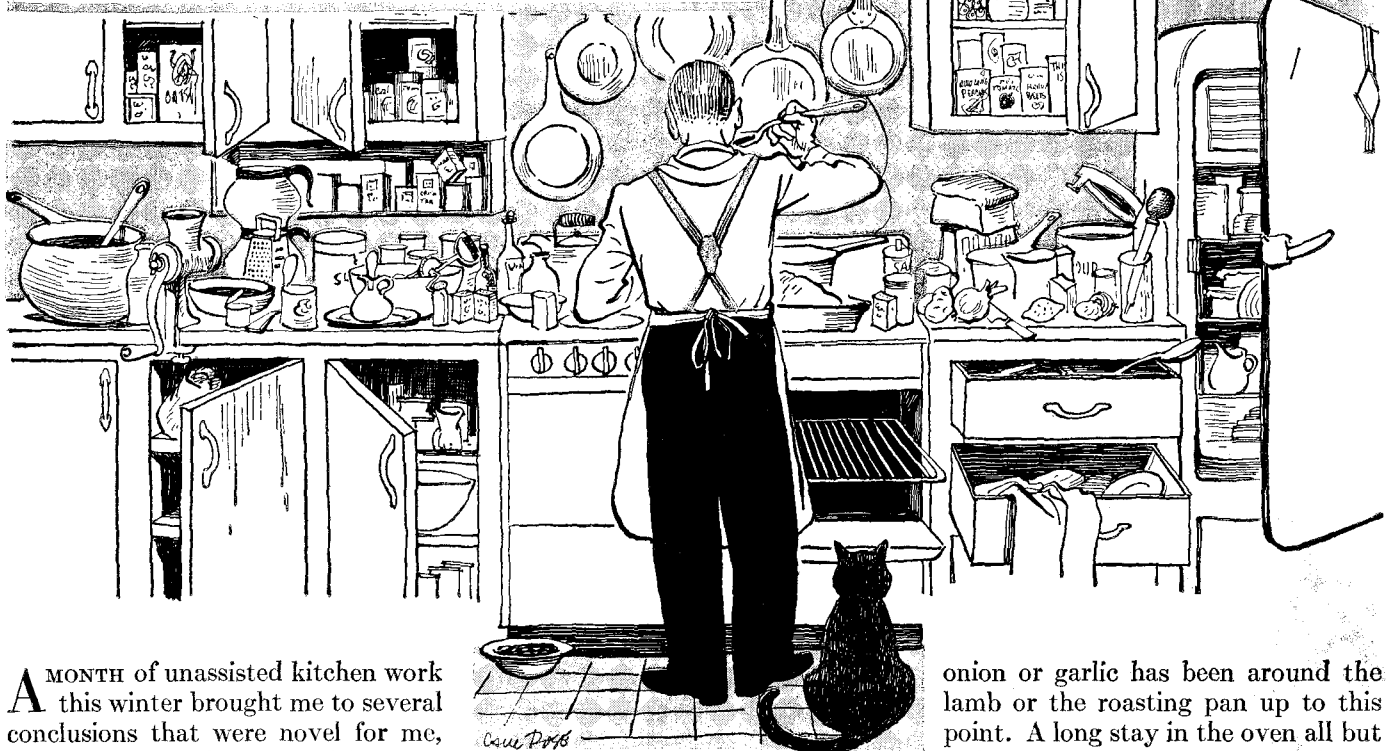
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ACCENT ON LIVING



A MONTH of unassisted kitchen work this winter brought me to several conclusions that were novel for me, most of them having to do with gravy, especially the gravy potential of a leg of lamb. It resolved for me, also, the issue between the "made" gravy faction and the "dish" gravy crowd — an argument which seems to divide cooks on philosophical grounds as much as for other reasons. It reinforced my belief that there is nothing immoral in straining gravy before serving it. Above all, the interval (my wife's absence to attend a new grandson) disclosed an absolute formula for a completely greaseless gravy. Here-with, then, a few headings concerning a leg of lamb and its gravy.

"Made" Gravy. — There is no use roasting a leg of lamb without benefit of its gravy by-product. Low-temperature roasting, at 250 degrees, should yield almost a quart of gravy, and there is no substitute for this in minced lamb on toast a day or two later. Minced lamb on toast is just as good as roast lamb itself, and dish-gravy fanatics are advised to think on this circumstance before complaining.

The cookbooks are rather fuzzy in their instructions about making gravy. Most of them speak of skimming off the fat and using only a small part of the drippings in the roasting

pan, but there is no need to get involved in any such niceties at this stage — none whatever. For a beginning, then, set *all* the drippings to bubbling lightly, over a moderate flame, and work in a couple of tablespoons of flour. Disregard arguments that the flour ought to become sufficiently brown to darken the eventual gravy, for it is more likely that the flour will burn into black flecks if pushed too far. Color is worth having, but burned flecks will ruin the whole effect.

Five minutes' earnest stirring will do for the flour, after which about a pint of hot vegetable water (or consommé) is added, slowly. At this stage we have an obviously greasy yet interesting mixture on the bubble. Some salt, about a half cup of a white table wine, and a few shots of Tabasco are stirred in, and the gravy is ready for the next, and perhaps the most important, ingredients.

Onions and Garlic. — Those who don't enjoy the flavor of onions and garlic are invited to join the dish-gravy group and abandon this project. For others, it should be noted that no

onion or garlic has been around the lamb or the roasting pan up to this point. A long stay in the oven all but vitiates the flavor of onions and garlic, and nothing is gained by starting them off with the lamb in the roaster. Hiding a few garlic cloves inside the roast is something else again. But for gravy purposes the onion-garlic element is the last thing of all to be added.

The cook will have peeled and put through a meat grinder six small white onions and eight or ten cloves of garlic. This mixture, ready to hand, is simply dumped into the roaster and given three or four minutes of bubbling, still over the moderate flame. The gravy is now strained into a bowl, and the garlic-onion residue is thrown away. Its effect has been to provide a wonderfully fresh, lively whiff of both flavors, and the contrast with other methods in this respect is really quite spectacular.

Color. — The cook need not go around proclaiming it, but the easiest way to achieve a significant dark color is to add a few drops of Kitchen Bouquet. Let the flour-darkeners wonder as they will.

Greasiness. — One way to overcome greasiness is to go on loading flour and liquids into the drippings until signs of the oil slick have disappeared.

Such gravy becomes overextended and anemic. Yet greasiness must be eliminated. The easy way to do it and to settle the whole question beyond argument is to chill the gravy. In cold weather this is easy enough: the cook sets the gravy outdoors in an aluminum container which quickly dissipates the heat — so quickly, in fact, that the gravy can accompany the roast to the table a half-hour or so later. In other seasons, this sort of gravy ought to be held in reserve for a day or two later with the minced lamb on toast. (One drawback to serving gravy with the roast is that people rarely leave enough of it to munition the minced lamb.)

At any rate, after the gravy has chilled, the cook simply lifts from it, and discards, the lid of fat which has hardened; and what is left is not only a smooth, high-powered gravy, but a substance which would serve also as a phenomenally strong soup.

Household Hint. — If one is determined to use and wash up the minimum of kitchen equipment, he learns sooner or later to measure the dry ingredients first and use the same vessel for the wet stuff afterwards. But it irked me especially, in preparing one Sunday evening for waffles, to give over an extra bowl to the dry ingredients. Since we use a pitcher instead of a ladle for spreading the

batter on the waffle iron, it seemed to me that the dry ingredients could just as well be mixed in the pitcher, and the milk-eggs-shortening be stirred and folded in the pitcher just as well as in a bowl. This proved to be the fact.

General. — The hardest part of cooking and serving a complete meal for three or four people, I found, was to remember the trifles which had always seemed previously to take care of themselves: ash trays, matches, spoons for the after-dinner coffee cups, and such. On one of my dinner parties, my greatest sense of accomplishment came from not forgetting to pour the water just before the meal.

CHARLES W. MORTON

PLASTER

by RIXFORD KNIGHT

RIXFORD KNIGHT, from his farm at Jamaica, Vermont, has supplied many light subjects for *Accent on Living*.

IT is inevitable that people who buy fine old country homes with one hundred and fifty acres of land, a picturesque barn, an all-year brook, and a wonderful view, all for "what it would take to put up the barn alone," should become engrossed in the subject of plaster. There will be other things too that demand attention — things like leaky roofs, crumbly cellars, and the orneriness of the road commissioner — but the thing that will never fail them is plaster. This is especially true when the plaster is not supported by enough layers of wallpaper.

People who are new to rural interior decoration do not take into account the symbiotic relationship between plaster and wallpaper. Therefore they get a good deal of fun peeling off layer after layer of paper and exclaiming over the artistic tastes of the people who lived there before. But theirs is the humor of ignorance, and it is going to be paid for. Old-timers knew better — whenever they put new paper on they were careful to take off no more of the old than they absolutely had to. Thus cases have been reported of houses having fifteen layers of wallpaper, and the record is held by a fine old home in northern Vermont, which was supported by twenty-one layers of wallpaper. In

cases like that it is sacrilege to peel off the paper. Worse. It is foolhardy.

There is only one time when old paper should be disturbed in old homes. This is right after a change in ownership. Plaster and paper are very sensitive to changes in ownership. They will hang on indefinitely so long as the old owner and his dressers and pictures and mirrors are there, but when these go they become de-



jected at once and some sort of patching job has to be done.

Unfortunately most people like to remove paper better than plaster. There is something about peeling things, whether old skin from sunburn or old paper from walls, that engenders a sense of accomplishment. Therefore, when peeling off wallpaper, people can't stop when they should. This upsets the balance between paper and plaster, and once that is done it can't be regained till the whole

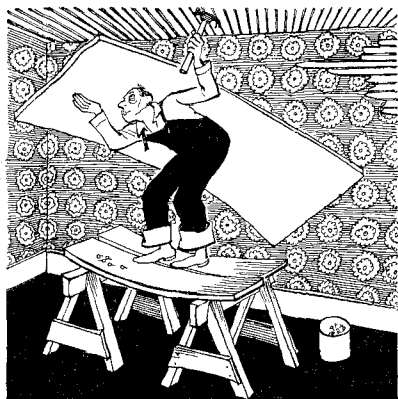
room is denuded down to the lathing. To avoid this, never tear off any paper that can be pushed back in place and held with a tack. If it is too far gone for that, demark a limited area with a stout knife and remove paper and plaster together. Strive for rectangles and squares when doing this. Peninsular patterns do not fit well with the pieces of wallboard or orange crate.

An especially troublesome problem is how to deal with plastered ceilings. Ceilings differ from walls in that bumps knock the plaster away from the lathing instead of towards it. This throws extra burden on the ceiling paper, and once that starts going, the only solution is a whole new ceiling. As it is easier to put on four new walls than one ceiling, this is to be avoided if any way possible. Therefore, when treating plastered ceilings, the first thing to do is find out if they won't perhaps do without treating at all. A good rule-of-thumb method is to hit the ceiling with a fly swatter as hard as would be necessary to kill a small fly. If the ceiling stays up, let it stay — and spray it with DDT. If it falls it is wisest to sell the place; but since no one is ever that wise, here are alternatives.

Most of the paper and plaster can be got off an old ceiling with a stout stick, a pair of goggles, and a respirator. For the recalcitrant hunks protruding between the laths and locked above them you will need in addition a stepladder, a hammer and chisel, a screwdriver, and a two-week vaca-

tion. When the plaster is all off the ceiling you can then get it off the floor with the same equipment plus a wheelbarrow, a snowshovel, a broom, a vacuum cleaner, a mop, a sander, and a gallon of paint. Now we are ready to think about the new ceiling.

In the long run the most satisfaction will be had, and the nicest effect obtained, by hiring a man to come in and put on new plaster. But as there aren't such men where fine old homes can be had for the price of the barn alone, the next best thing is those



fabricated sheets of material the trade names of which end in asote, esote, isote, osote, or usote. A wide range of sizes and qualities of these is offered but as none of them looks as good as plaster and can't be made to, you may as well get the size as near the size of the ceiling as they come and minimize the number of fittings. Set up stepladder. Crawl under sheet and balance on top of head. Rise slowly. Squat again carefully to retrieve spilled nails. Ascend ladder. Attach sheet to ceiling. The blows of the hammer, whacking nails into the laths, will dislodge hunks of plaster still nestling above the laths and these, caught between laths and sheet, will make the sheet look lumpy and cause one to wonder what good it did to remove the plaster at all. It did *no* good. It would have been better to have left it on. Which brings us to the second alternative.

When applying fabricated sheets directly over old plaster it is still bad to use nails, because the hammering will bring down the plaster even better than the stout stick did. The answer, of course, is screws. Put the first screw near the center of sheet to relieve weight on head and work from there out. Practice will probably help, but as no one who ever tried screwing fabricated sheets to a ceiling over old plaster ever tries it again, no one ever has practice.

People having mechanical genius and an unholy urge to put it to use sometimes get the idea that because the lath is put on the ceiling to hold the plaster, and the plaster to hide the lath, it should be possible to do away with both plaster and lath and nail the sheets right to the joists. Indeed it is possible. Since in fine old homes the laths always extend under the partitions into adjoining rooms, the safest way to remove them is to start anywhere on the edge and saw around.

As soon as the lath and plaster are off the ceiling and on the floor it will be noticed that all the joists that held up the lath are crooked and that no two crook the same way. Fabricated sheets nailed to these crooked joists would look like a storm on the Baltic, and if not nailed to all would sag where they weren't; so furring strips will have to be fitted and the joists evened up. To do this, get a long straight stick and hold it crosswise of the joists. Then peer between stick and joists and estimate, if so much is planed off which joists, how much furring will have to be added to which of the others to make a nice even job. This has been done, but results suggest it would be better to take out the old warped crooked joists and put in machine-sawed new ones. This means taking up the floors of the rooms upstairs. But in these fine old homes big families were raised, and to make enough bedrooms, partitions were stuck in every which way; so to get at the floor boards you will have to remove the partitions. Having the ceilings and floors and partitions out like that may let the outside walls bulge, and that might let the roof sag, but handling those things is outside the subject of the present article; so I can't help much there except to suggest giving up the house and moving into the barn. It was the barn that was paid for anyhow.

SHOURES FATE

by PHILENE HAMMER

THIRTY days hath Aprille,
Twenty-nine of which are chilly;
Of the twenty-nine days nippy,
Twenty-eight are downright drippy;
Of the twenty-eight days rainy,
Each contains a miscellany:
Smog or smaze or smist or smet . . .
Thus I move we send by jet,
Mig, or brig or flying saucer
Sote Aprille back to Chaucer.



THE STORIES WITHOUT END

by GUY HALFERTY

A former newspaperman and a veteran of the United States Information Service, GUY HALFERTY is now in public relations work in California.

IF YOU are ever buttonholed by a perfect stranger who wants you to sit down and have a good, four-hour chat, do not be surprised or disturbed. It is probably just an elevator operator on his day off.

The fact is overlooked by most people, but elevator operators suffer from their own form of occupational tic, just as do businessmen and rug weavers. The elevator operator makes his living in a confusing world of incomplete conversations. He needs, most experts agree, at least four off-duty hours of continuous talk and four of continuous listening each week; otherwise he may break down from exhaustion brought on by jumping at too many conclusions.

Scientific tests prove that the elevator operator knows more about less, or less about more — or anyway that he collects more useless and disconnected information — than any other employed person. For eight grueling hours each day, he hears practically nothing but middles. He hears an occasional beginning, or now and then an answer to which he doesn't know the question; but on the whole he hears only the middles of other people's conversations. And experts warn that a steady diet of middles will eventually damage the delicate nerves that enable the operator to distinguish between up and down. When that happens, it may be curtains. Or, in this case, sliding doors.

Let us take a ride with Operator A. If he is straining his ears, it is not visible to us. He appears disinterested, as he should. Two women in

the car are discussing something in a stage whisper.

FIRST: Cyrus said he'd beat her.

SECOND: What did she say?

FIRST: She dared him to try it. He told



her he could do it with one hand tied behind his back.

SECOND: And did he? — Five, please.

Fifth floor. Doors bang open, the women get out, the doors bang shut. Operator A, his stomach muscles knotted, will never know whether the conversation was about a sash weight murder or a game of two-handed canasta.

On the way down, two men get into our car, talking earnestly.

FIRST: I told Joe to get rid of the stuff before it was too late. But he wouldn't listen. You know Joe.

SECOND: Yeh, poor Joe. What happened?

FIRST: The worst, naturally.

SECOND: Naturally. No hope, I suppose?

FIRST: There's one hope. If we can only —

At this point the car reaches the ground floor, and the two men leave. Operator A, with one of the worst middles he has had all week, is in a fine pickle. Who is Joe, and what should he have got rid of? Is he a stock market plunger, a grass seed salesman, or a hub cap thief? Is there any hope for him, and if so what is it — and why wouldn't he listen, the poor sap?

We leave Operator A talking to himself and go up with Operator B. At the third floor two youths get off in the middle of telling a joke. At the fifth floor a scandal gets off before we catch the names, and this leaves a man and a woman in our car, engaged in serious conversation.

HE: If they're right, this is certainly serious.

SHE: How much did Henry tell them?

HE: He told them everything.

SHE: Well, there's nothing to do but wait.

HE: Yes. It all depends on — Ten, please.

Tenth floor. They get off and walk down the corridor, the answer with them. All Operator B knows for sure is that Henry told them everything. *Why* did Henry do it? Do what? Who is Henry, anyway? It all depends on — on what?

Operator B's curiosity may be killing him but, true to his Otis Oath, the elevator pilot's finest tradition, he dare not even whimper, let alone curse under his breath.

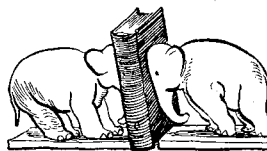
If he were of weaker stuff, he might throw in his lot with a group of militant subversives who often resort to fudging when a good story is pending. These outlaws, who do not represent the rank and file of loyal elevator men and women, will — rather than miss hearing the wind-up of a story — “accidentally” sail past the correct floor and waste a few precious moments making a landing. But the great majority of operators would rather never hear an ending than stoop so low. Besides, the newer automatic elevators are making this pretty tough to get away with.

There are innocent neophytes, of course, and some case-hardened veterans, who will commit the worst violation of all, that of actually joining in the conversation. Had Operator B been in this class, he might have turned casually to his passengers and remarked, “What the devil *is* this about Henry, anyway? I thought I told him to keep his big mouth shut.” This maneuver usually rattles the passengers enough so that they go on and explain all about Henry; and by

the time they figure out that Operator B doesn't know Henry from former Senator Claude Pepper, the operator has disappeared behind clanging doors and has scored a triumph of a low sort.

But for the dedicated operator, such tactics are anathema. He must go on, in strict adherence to the code, keeping a steady hand on the lever and a resolute face to the wall. He must go on hearing hot market tips without the name of the stock. He must go on hearing screamingly funny jokes minus the punch lines. He must go on, day after day, hearing only the disconnected remnants of other people's conversations and gossip, while the only remarks that are ever directed strictly to him are requests, such as “Is there a good, cheap divorce lawyer in this building?” and unfunny bromides such as “You sure do have your ups and downs.” The elevator operator rarely gets to tell a whole joke or story of his own, unless he works in a high building — or a low building with a slow elevator.

Just what can be done to help elevator operators, in the way of a long-range program, is not yet clear. In the meantime, however, elevator passengers can aid in certain small but practical ways. It is thoughtful and friendly to cultivate a few one-or-two-line items, such as “Up in our office there was a juicy scandal today. The boss's wife stole a gross of typewriter erasers.” And give your name and office number. Anything that both starts and ends in a few seconds' time is generally acceptable and will be received with humble gratitude by these silent public servants. They are worth saving in this critical hour of our nation's history.



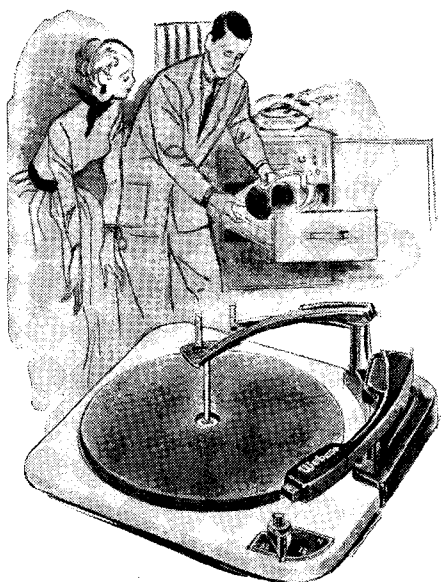
YE SPRYNGE

Old Cynic's Carol

by WILLIAM ROBERTS

YE Sprynge it is so madenynge,
It cumeth wyth no warnen;
I finde it verye sadenynge
When sudenlye one mornen
Ye Sun is bryte,
Ye Herte is lyte,
And grene is hedge adornynge.

Meselfe is never fulle preparde
For Sprynge's entycements hedye;
Me wyntere Soule to Apryl bared
Is stolyd stille, and stedye;
Me senses wear
Wule underwear —
Me Spiryt is unredye!



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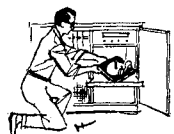
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by JOHN M. CONLY

Bach: Four Suites for Orchestra (Two versions: Fritz Reiner conducting RCA Victor Orchestra, with Julius Baker, flute; RCA Victor: two 12" LPs in album. Felix Prohaska conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Vanguard: two 12" LPs in album, with score). In both recorded sound and musical penetration, the Prohaska set easily outpoints the Reiner, but there's a catch. Prohaska plays the suites' Overtures according to a new theory of how they were played in Bach's time, in what may be described most easily as "fanfare" style. It sounds authentic, but not everyone will like it. Better listen first.

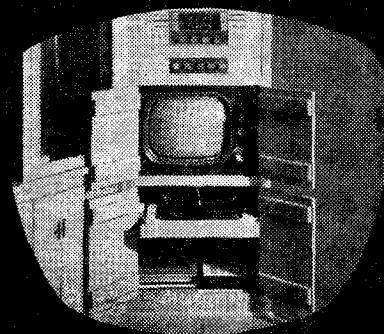
Bartók: Concerto for Orchestra (Herbert von Karajan conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel: 12" LP). One of the great Hungarian's last works, this is by all odds his most immediately appealing—vivid, tuneful, sonorous. Karajan does it complete justice, and the recording is a delight to the ear.

Beethoven: Sonata in F Minor, "Appassionata," with **Schubert: Moments Musicaux, Op. 94** (Edwin Fischer, piano; HMV: 12" LP). Fischer's reputation among U.S. record fanciers has been built mostly on Bach and Mozart, but apparently (even at 67!) he's just as good at Beethoven. All in all, this is probably the best "Appassionata" around, full of thunder and poignancy, and adequately recorded. The Schubert items, delightfully played, are audibly remakes of 78s, but acceptable.

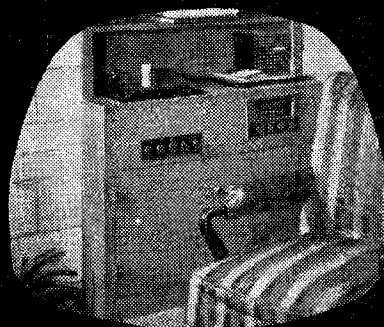
Beethoven: Symphony No. 5 in C Minor (Erich Kleiber conducting Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra; London: 12" LP). Kleiber was just slightly too deliberate for maximum excitement in making this, but the engineers were terrific! The orchestral sound could almost be called "stereophonic"; the realism is stunning.

Berger, Arthur: Woodwind Quartet in C; Duo for Cello and Piano with Edward Burlingame Hill: Sextet for Piano and Winds

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(Fairfield Woodwind Ensemble; Bernard Greenhouse, cello; Anthony Makas and Lilian Kallir, pianos; New York Woodwind Quintet; Columbia: 12" LP). This is one of six records comprising Columbia's Modern American Music series issue for 1954. To this reviewer, it happens to be the most appealing of the lot, but there are also, in the batch, some very interesting chamber compositions by Henry Cowell, Harold Shapero, Roy Harris, Robert Palmer, Leon Kirchner, Irving Fine, Peter Mennin, Andrew Imbrie, Paul Bowles, and Norman Dello Joio.

Grieg: Concerto in A Minor with Mendelssohn: Concerto No. 1 (Ania Dorfmann, piano; Erich Leinsdorf conducting Robin Hood Dell Orchestra; RCA Victor "Bluebird": 12" LP). The playing and recording of these two popular concertos are as good as any other versions; the low price makes them an outstanding buy.

Hindemith: Symphony, Matthias der Maler; Concert Music for Strings and Brass, Op. 50 (Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia: 12" LP). The dramatic suite from Hindemith's wonderful opera, *Matthias the Painter*, receives here a straightforward performance and fine, rich reproduction, as does the engaging, entertainingly scored Concert Music.

Holst: The Planets (Sir Adrian Boult conducting Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra and London Philharmonic Choir; Westminster: 12" LP). Without sound that glints, shimmers, and blazes, *The Planets* becomes pretty dull astronomy. Boult, a Holst expert, actually helped in the control room at this recording, and the result is truly electrifying. Try the band labeled *Uranus, the Magician*, to get the full impact.

Kapell — In Memoriam (William Kapell, piano; RCA Victor: 12" LP). At the time of his death in an air crash late last year, 31-year-old William Kapell had become an extraordinarily fine and sensitive pianist. This recording proves it, with his version of the Bach Partita No. 4, eight Schubert Ländler and the A Flat Impromptu, and Liszt's Mephisto Waltz and Hungarian Rhapsody No. 11.

Liszt: Fantasia and Fugue on B-A-C-H; Gloria and Credo with Reubke: Sonata in C Minor (E. Power Biggs, organ; Columbia: 12" LP). The music is inconsequential, but the organ is the giant 1863 Boston Music Hall organ, now enshrined in

the little town of Methuen, Mass., making its debut on disks. Biggs himself, a hi-fi enthusiast, promoted the recording project. Exquisite lushness and room-shaking power; great fun.

Liszt: Sonata in B Minor; Valse Impromptu; Mephisto Waltz (Edith Farnadi, piano; Westminster: 12" LP). Unsurpassed piano realism and a real taste and talent for Liszt's unbridled dynamics.

Locatelli: Sonata in D Major with Frescobaldi: Toccata and Boccherini: Sonata in A (Antonio Janigro, cello; Eugene Bagnoli, piano; Westminster: 12" LP). All three of these charming works, covering a century and a half of Italian music, have been transcribed for this instrumental combination, but they fit it, and Janigro and Bagnoli play them with cordial grace. The cello is recorded almost too close-up; otherwise the sound is good.

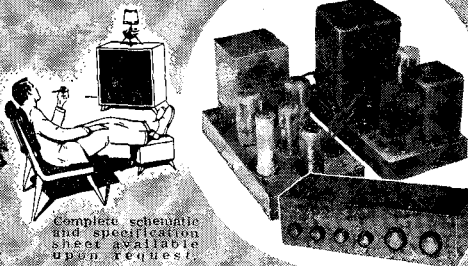
Mendelssohn: Concerto for Two Pianos in E Major; Capriccio Brilliant, Op. 22 (Orazio Frugoni and Eduard Mrazek, pianos; Hans Swarowsky conducting Pro Musica Orchestra; Vox: 12" LP). Listening, it is hard to believe that Mendelssohn wrote this delightful thing at 15. This is the first time it's been heard in a century. Frugoni himself infiltrated the East Berlin iron curtain to get microfilms of the score. The recording is excellent, well worth his trouble.

Mozart: Concertos No. 15 and No. 18 in B Flat Major (Igrid Haebler, piano; Hans Hollreiser conducting Pro Musica Orchestra; Vox: 12" LP). No. 15 has been represented heretofore only on one of the earliest and most primitive LPs, yet it is one of Mozart's most bewitching scores. With No. 18, also neglected, it gets here lovely, tasteful playing from 24-year-old Miss Haebler, and engineering to match.

Mozart: Divertimento in D, K. 334 (Felix Prohaska conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Jan Tomasow, violin; Vanguard: 12" LP). Contrived for pure delight, and played and recorded in fond accord with that intent, this is a touchingly beautiful thing, and a great credit to all its makers.

Mozart: Opera Arias (Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; John Pritchard conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel: 12" LP). Perhaps never has a voice so perfectly, flawlessly Mozartian sung all these (9) widely different arias with such effortless mastery as this; even the

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most hardened excerpt-haters should not be without it. Apart from an occasional tiny microphone-hoot, the recording is perfect. Something should be said, too, about the scrupulous protective sheathing and really impressive decorative packaging of these fine British-made disks. (They are also available, for \$1 less, in a sealed "thrif pack," minus notes, text, and the like.)

Puccini: Tosca (Maria Meneghini Callas, Giuseppe di Stefano, Tito Gobbi, other singers; Victor De Sabata conducting chorus and orchestra of La Scala, Milan; Angel: two 12" LPs, in album with libretto or in thrif pack). This is certainly one of the most absorbing, exciting performances of anything ever engraved on vinylite. Probably no other voice in the world today can combine beauty and drama so well as Callas's. The other singers surpass themselves. And De Sabata injects almost incredible suspense into Puccini's very credible thriller. Superb engineering by EMI's technicians and the marvelous acoustic qualities of the Teatro alla Scala yield realism to match the dramatic impact of the production.

Schumann: Études Symphoniques with Brahms: Variations on a Theme of Paganini (Geza Anda, piano; Angel: 12" LP). It is hard to say how an impression of true mastery is conveyed, but the playing of this 32-year-old Hungarian conveys it. There is an assurance of rightness, both digital and cerebral, very rarely found. It is strange that Americans have not heard him earlier. The recorded sound is a little delicate and remote, not unfitting to the music.

Echoes of Italy (George Feyer, piano, with rhythm accompaniment; Vox: 10" LP). This is the third disk of "Echoes" by Feyer, the others involving Vienna and Paris. All are delightfully piquant, intelligent, graceful cocktail music.

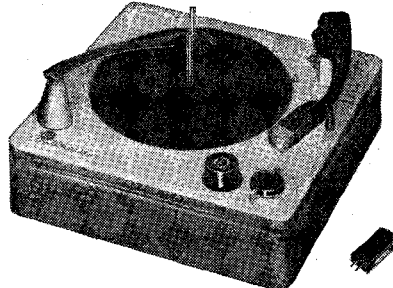
Voices of the Night (34 varieties of frogs and toads of North America; Cornell University Records: 12" LP). Professors A. A. Allen and P. P. Kellogg, Cornell's famous photo-phonographic naturalist team, have turned out something fascinating here, perhaps even more fun than their bird-song disks. Such aural intimacy with *Rana catesbiana*, for instance, is rarely afforded most of us overcivilized moderns. Maybe we're missing something.

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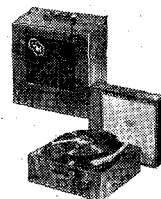
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A POLYGAMIST SPEAKS

by J. B. BOOTHROYD

Author of many books, articles, and broadcasts, J. B. BOOTHROYD is a member of Punch's staff. This is his first appearance in the Atlantic.

I SEE from a Lagos news item that a man died in the French Cameroons and left two hundred and eighty widows. This is bereavement on a grand scale, and I can never hope to compete with it. All the same, it makes a polygamist think.

When friends ask me how I came to take up polygamy I can only grin foolishly. I simply don't know. It wasn't a planned thing.

Wife A was a tall, shapely blonde with a rapt air and a melting disposition. She was a honey. Often, when I caught a glimpse of her dreamily scraping away at a piece of toast incinerated by the energetic but erratic Wife B, I puzzled afresh over how I came to let the rest of them over my threshold at all (you only carry the first one). Yes, A was a girl, all right. And, incidentally, I don't know why I'm pushing her into the past tense like this. She was in the kitchen not an hour ago, chipping away at one of B's burned baking pans.

B is the worker of the organization; a hit-and-run, bull-at-a-gate worker, but the only one we have. She has nothing of A's starry-eyed detachment — nothing of A at all, in fact, beyond a fleeting physical resemblance, blurred by cigarette smoke, dust, a floor-mop hairdo, and the camouflaging properties of a ragged housecoat with a marsupial pocket full of old cleaning rags. B for beaver. I've seen old B, when the rest of the gang hasn't laid finger to broom for a week, bore into the work like a mole, and leave the same neat little heaps behind her. Then she goes and shuts herself away somewhere, and doesn't show up again

until the backlog of darning forces open a closet door.

Where does she go? Search me. They all do it. During the whole course of my married life I've never seen two of my wives together. They keep out of each other's way as well, I guess. After all, if each one didn't kid herself she was the one and only, they could never carry on.

Look at C and D. With their conflicting temperaments they couldn't share the California Desert. C is the business brain, policy-shaper and go-getter, ever watchful that I make the best of myself, come out top in any fight with house painters, cops, door-to-door encyclopedia salesmen. It's C who insists that I'm worth two of my boss and ought to tell him so, otherwise she'll tell him herself. "Hit back," she says. "Be a man. Think what Lincoln would have done." She clenches her fists and snaps her eyes and makes the end of her nose sharp . . . though when she isn't doing this she has something of A's looks, oddly enough.

D, on the other hand, is the voice of moderation, the brake on my fits of headlong recklessness. When I rashly confide my decision to sell out and move, or chop down the tree in front of the house, or switch to bow ties, it is D's icy intervention that freezes the notion in embryo. It's to her credit, holding the views she does, that she never blames my callow impulsiveness on C. They have a sort of loyalty, I suppose. Even when, hard-pressed in controversy with D, I have weakly hinted that my current eccentricity originated with a suggestion from C, D has remained true. "You must have misunderstood, dear," she has said coldly. "Half the time you don't listen." I plead guilty. Half the time I don't, especially to E.

E is our hostess. I only see her when we entertain. Even then she doesn't show up until the first guest is sighted coming through the gate. E's voice is pitched a major fourth higher than the others, and has the rounded, carrying quality heard when an English county family is bawling small talk across the waste of a baronial hall. She has an imagination to go with it, moreover, and the pair of them play clarion music, with her house, garden, and husband as main themes. Sometimes, as I sit smirking damply under the assault of E's well-intentioned grandiloquence, hearing our back-yard apple tree orchestrated into an orchard and our meager pay-

roll swallowed at a gulp by a chimerical Cadillac, I wish A would take over the hostessing. A would only have to sit there, dreamy, demure, desirable, and dumb, for guests to take it for granted that her husband had the blood of princes in his veins.

However, it's E's special field. She knows her place. Often she'll wave good-bye from the porch, with a parting cadenza about a cousin called to (or descended from) Washington, and never even re-enter the house. When I call her in out of the cold, D will appear instead, and ask me what I meant by talking all that bird-brained rubbish about writing a textbook on mechanized accountancy — one of old C's notions, in all probability.

Do I recommend polygamy? It's a tough one to answer. It has its drawbacks. One of these is the snag of never knowing, when you put your key in the latch, which gal will be waiting. Prepared with a caress for A, you find old B sitting there, peering wispily over a mound of underpants. Full of a plan to secure promotion through a course of personality-building, and longing to confide in C, you collide in the hallway with D — who, as you recall, is still furious over your breakfast-time threat to part your hair in the middle.

But there's a worse thing.

I can best describe it as a sense of haunting. I've only suspected it lately, but the conviction grows; somewhere in the organization, *more husbands are concealed*. It sounds screwy, I know, but it could be. The wives manage to steer clear of each other, why shouldn't the husbands? The girls treat me, more and more, as if I were not the man they had around yesterday; they hint, if only by an eyebrow, that they have consorted recently with a playboy, a poltroon, a lover, a crazy dreamer, or just an honest-to-God breadwinner. How do I know these characters aren't skulking around right now — in the woodshed, the garden, the spare bedrooms?

It's got me worried. I shall have to lay plans. All I've decided at the moment is that, when the time comes for me to pursue the man from the French Cameroons into the Great Beyond, I'll stop at nothing to take the impostors with me.



ACCENT ON LIVING

HOLLAND PERSPECTIVE OF AND BELGIUM

AN *Atlantic* SUPPLEMENT



LOOKING TOWARD THE LOWLANDS



THIS is the second of a series of occasional supplements to be published by *The Atlantic Monthly*. These supplements are devoted to the contemporary culture of countries whose achievement is little known to readers in the United States. An anthology of material from Japan is now in preparation and will appear in the *Atlantic* in the autumn. Selections from other countries will be announced later. Material for these supplements has been assembled for the *Atlantic* by Intercultural Publications Inc.

Intercultural Publications Inc., a nonprofit corporation, was established in 1952 by The Ford Foundation to further a sense of intellectual community among countries through the exchange of literary and artistic materials. Such programs complement the efforts of the Foundation to work toward peace in a variety of fields.

The response to the Indian Supplement in the October *Atlantic* was very welcome; it came from all parts of the United States and from India, where several thousand copies had been distributed. It expressed itself in editorials and in letters from diplomats, from college presidents and students, from industrialists and those who, whether as missionaries or travelers, had had the opportunity of knowing India more intimately than most Occidentals. As one English novelist, who has frequently appeared in the *Atlantic*, said, "If the Indians could keep that sort of writing up month after month, we'd all be starving. But I suppose it's the pick of the best work of their best writers." It *was* the pick; and as far as we can judge, the selection has had a far-reaching, beneficial result.

Intercultural Publications is carrying out its program of cultural exchange in a number of ways. The work of American writers and artists is carried abroad by the magazine *Perspectives*, which is published in four languages and distributed throughout the world, and by a series of anthologies in translation brought out by foreign publishers. Selections from the arts and letters of other countries will be presented to American readers in the *Atlantic* and in the pages of a special English-language edition of the UNESCO magazine *Diogenes*.

The editors of the *Atlantic* and the directors of Intercultural Publications hope that such exchanges of cultural material will open friendly windows through which Americans and the people of other countries can begin to see beyond their differences to those higher aspirations and creative achievements which they hold in common.

The Atlantic Monthly

HOLLAND PERSPECTIVE OF AND BELGIUM

AN *Atlantic* SUPPLEMENT

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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

by Charles J. Rolo

THE day I arrived in Amsterdam, the distinguished poet and man-of-letters, Victor van Vriesland, assembled at a few hours' notice a group of writers and editors to give me a literary briefing. In Brussels, Gustave van Geluwe, the celebrated tailor and patron of art, forsook his business for an afternoon to guide me through his prodigious collection of modern Belgian paintings — it numbers literally hundreds of canvases — and offered to introduce me to any artists I might wish to meet. Wherever I went in the Low Countries, I encountered the same sort of generous co-operation.

The solidly representative picture which my friends in Belgium and Holland were so anxious to help me achieve unfortunately called for a book, not a seventy-two-page magazine. My selections had to be fairly short, and this ruled out no end of talented writers whose talent just does not run to the 4,000-word size. The poetry had to be presented in translation, and this excluded a number of fine poets whose work could not be converted into poetic English, even by translators who wrote English poetry. Editing, like politics, is the art of the possible. What is presented here has no pretensions to being more than a diversified collection of writings from and about Belgium and Holland, plus a glimpse of their modern art. Though a limited "perspective," it offers some rewarding discoveries and will, I hope, quicken interest in two small countries in which there is much to admire.

Out of a history full of invasions and a geographic situation that is both constricting and exposed, Belgium and Holland have acquired more political and social maturity than most nations. The Belgian is profoundly attached to his *chez nous*, the Dutchman is as patriotic as the next man, but they are singularly free from the virus of nationalism: they have been in the vanguard of the movements toward European integration. Although, crudely speaking, Belgium has a high-price, free-enterprise economy and Holland a planned economy which has kept prices low, the two countries are pulling together, loyally if grumblingly, within the Benelux Customs Union.

While strongly individualistic, the Belgians — and more conspicuously the Dutch — have a remarkable sense of discipline. Both in Belgium — with its two different peoples, Flemings and Walloons — and in Holland — roughly 60 per cent Protestant, 40 per cent Catholic — keen attachment to diversity goes hand in hand with an overriding sense of communal responsibility. Notwithstanding the religious division that runs through

every aspect of Dutch life, the Dutch are a solidly united nation: between the rigid Calvinist and the fervent Catholic there is nothing resembling the animosity of our right-wing Republicans toward our left-wing liberals. The Belgians admit to a passion for abundance and their Labor rivals Management in its appetite for lusher returns; but both Labor and Management readily agreed to reciprocal concessions in order to avert strikes that would delay the postwar reconstruction.

The contemporary literature of these two countries, except for the work of a few expatriates, is very little known to us. In the case of Flemish and Dutch (in effect the same language), the problem of translation has been a formidable barrier. Translation should be done into the native language of the translator, and there are few literary Americans or Englishmen who have the necessary command of Dutch. Although the Dutch and Flemish are copious producers — and, incidentally, consumers — of literature, the sum total of their serious writing that has been published in English is amazingly small. Much of it has been mediocrely translated; much of it is out of print.

Efforts are being made on both sides of the Atlantic to remedy this situation, and they should pay worth-while literary if not financial dividends. Here, I can only mention in passing one striking point about Dutch literature today (which is ably discussed in the essay by Adriaan van der Veen). The prevalence of fantasy and the pronounced streak of bitterness are not at all what our conventional image of the Dutch leads us to expect.

The best of the Belgians writing in French are published in Paris, and a good many of them gravitate there. In Brussels, the drama has rather more vitality than the novel or the short story. One of the lasting memories I brought back with me was of a visit to Belgium's greatest living dramatist, Michel de Ghelderode, who is represented in this supplement with a memoir of the old-time Brussels puppet shows. A frail, intense man in his sixties, he is — as was the great painter Brusselmans — a prototype of the dedicated artist, content to live very modestly and indifferent to popular favor. There are many lesser writers and painters in the Low Countries of the same stamp. The serious artist has fewer temptations to contend with than in countries where culture is highly commercialized and where compromise offers seductive rewards. The Dutch writer especially has at least one advantage over his English or American confrere: he runs very little risk of being corrupted.

HOLLAND: TODAY AND YESTERDAY

A Historian's Appraisal

by PIETER GEYL

I

THE Holland of today cannot be understood without reference to her history. And yet the first thing that her history shows is the profound, the fundamental difference between her political constitution and international position now and in earlier centuries.

One great change occurred only recently, when the sovereignty of the Indonesian Republic was recognized and the dominant position which Holland had long occupied in the South Asiatic Archipelago came to an end. The struggle with Indonesian nationalism into which the Dutch were thrown immediately after the liberation from German occupation took them quite unawares. Its conclusion was a rude shock to national pride and was accompanied by feelings of resentment against the powerful allies who had made any other settlement but the radical one impossible. Certain groups continue to grumble and to nourish bitterness. But it is notable that, by and large, opinion has adapted itself to a situation which, one might have feared, large groups of Dutchmen would find it difficult to accept.

Perhaps the fact that the country had once before had to accept a diminution of its international

position, and in fact a much more fundamental one, helped on this occasion. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Dutch Republic — despite its smallness and the loose structure of its federal government — was counted among the great powers of Europe. From the convulsions of the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic period, and the break-up of the union with Belgium (set up in 1814), there emerged the small Kingdom, for which in an unorganized Europe no foreign policy was left except a somewhat tenacious clinging to neutrality. The overseas Indian empire which had been saved from the ruins of past greatness often seemed something of an anomaly. The Dutch, in fact, have had more than a century to accustom themselves to the hard fact that world events do not wait upon their pleasure.

It should not be forgotten, however, that when Dutch rule over Indonesia was so abruptly liquidated, *finis* was written to a chapter of history in which much more was recorded than domination or exploitation: much constructive work in which the good of Indonesia had been the objective. While resigning themselves to the inevitable, most Dutchmen feel that there was a tragic quality in the abrupt conclusion of an episode which had its impressive features — tragic for all concerned.

There is, however, another explanation of the apparent ease with which Dutch opinion has weathered the shock of losing Indonesia. For centuries it had been widely believed — in Holland as well as in the rest of the world — that Dutch prosperity was due to the possession of a rich colonial empire and that its loss must result in sudden distress. But that has not been the case, despite the fact that the catastrophe happened when Holland had just passed through the terrible ordeal of the German occupa-

DR. PIETER GEYL is one of Europe's leading historians. In 1919 he became the first Professor of Dutch History at the University of London, and since 1936 he has been Professor of Modern History at the University of Utrecht. He has taken issue with Arnold Toynbee's interpretation of history in debates with Professor Toynbee and in a book (co-authored by Toynbee and Sorokin), *The Pattern of the Past*, published by the Beacon Press in Boston. Professor Geyl is the author of a number of historical volumes, of which *Napoleon: For and Against* appeared under the imprint of the Yale University Press in 1949.

tion and was left with many towns severely damaged, several areas flooded, stocks completely exhausted, railway material and industrial equipment carried off by the invader. The country was in a far worse plight than its neighbor, Belgium, which was liberated in September 1944; for it was during the final eight months of occupation that the full horrors of requisition, forced labor, and total tyranny were experienced. Yet although the loss of Indonesia came on top of all that, a recovery is to be seen in Holland today which has surprised even the Dutch themselves. Marshall aid has been a factor of enormous importance; it has helped Holland to reach a position in which the buoyancy of her unaided economy is becoming apparent — more strikingly apparent than in the case of several other Western European countries.

2

ON A recent motor tour with American friends I noticed how amazed they were by the general appearance of prosperity — the land intensively cultivated, the towns neat and well kept, new streets and new quarters everywhere, front gardens full of flowers, flowers behind the spotlessly curtained windows, and the people well clad, well nourished, and seemingly happy. Official data and statistics confirm those bright impressions. From being (on emerging from the war) a penurious debtor in the European Payments Union, Holland has already worked herself up to the position of one of the most opulent creditors: in the Organization for European Economic Co-operation she has consented to freeing a larger proportion of her imports (92 per cent) than almost any other member. The miracle becomes all the more miraculous when one remembers that Holland is without the natural advantage of raw materials and that on her cramped territory she has to accommodate an exceptionally dense population, which is still growing at an unusually rapid rate (10,000,000 inhabitants, 310 per square kilometer, as against 2,600,000, or 80 per square kilometer a century ago).

What is the explanation of this amazing recovery? First, it should be remembered that although the Dutch middle class can no longer look forward to posts in the Indonesian administration or technical services which used to take considerable numbers to the Archipelago, the disestablishment of Dutch rule does not mean the sudden liquidation of Dutch investments in Indonesia. In the long run, the leading position of Dutch capital in that country will no doubt be lost; but for the time being business still provides thousands of Dutchmen with careers in the East Indies and profits are still being made, however much they may be endangered by increased competition from foreign investors and by the less stable conditions prevailing under the regime of the Republic.

But this is not the most important consideration. Much more decisive is the fact that the Dutch are an industrious and energetic people, skilled in organization and technology, and gifted with a sense of order. If the colonial adventure, which is now at an end, has left an imprint on their minds, it is not to brood over lost opportunities, but to put the experience gained to fresh purposes: to swarm out to countries where the expert advice of men schooled in a brilliant colonial tradition may yet be required, or to seek new outlets for trade or capital in other distant lands — in Africa, for instance, and in South America.

Agriculture and trade used to be the twin pillars of the Dutch economy, but even before the last war industry had become of importance. After the war it was realized that industry would have to play a much larger role than ever before, and industrialization has been systematically promoted as the only means of providing work for the scores of thousands added every year to the labor market. The task seemed almost beyond the country's strength. To absorb 135,000 new workers into the industrial process, and to increase productivity by 15 per cent, necessitated, in the years 1948 to 1952, investments to the tune of 7,000,000,000 guilders,¹ and an alleviation was sought through state-supported emigration. These measures, however, can never provide for more than a fraction of the annual population increase, and further heavy investments will have to be faced, at the cost of severe economies in consumption.

In the initial effort required to repair wartime damage and to expand the industrial plant, Marshall aid was, as I said, an important factor. But without the habit of work and a high level of technical skill in the labor force, without a spirit of enterprise among the employers, without careful and judicious planning on the part of the Government, it would never have been possible to achieve the present situation, in which there is social contentment and no abnormal unemployment.

All this does not mean that Holland is a rich country, as she was reputed to be in the past. Wealth is a different matter from the kind of well-being that is the lot of the Dutch. The policy of Dutch governments since the war has been one of leveling up and leveling down. Capitalists can be heard to grumble at high taxes and at stifling regulations. The middle classes often complain that their parents and grandparents led more comfortable lives. The worst evils of overpopulation have been fought with remarkable success, but many economists maintain that the country is suffering from overpopulation all the same — and also from lack of opportunity.

It is impossible to measure the fundamental qualities of a human society by any exact standards. The carefulness, the love of order, the concentra-

¹ The guilder is equivalent to about 26.32 American cents.

tion on the homely pleasures and the homely virtues (all of which is so strikingly shown in seventeenth-century Dutch genre painting) — these Dutch traits will sometimes arouse impatience. But visit the Wieringermeer polder¹ — the first of the large areas reclaimed from the Zuider Zee — and you will see a result of these qualities, profoundly suggestive of them, and at the same time profoundly impressive. The vast, fertile landscape, with the beautiful, fresh-colored homesteads; the carefully planned village, bright with flowers, its wide streets and lawns clean as a chestnut coming out of its shell — when one remembers that this was sea not fifteen years ago, that as late as 1945 it was flooded again by the Germans and has since been recovered a second time from the water, one realizes what sturdy perseverance and courage must be present under the peaceful Dutch exterior. And were not these qualities revealed again last year when the spring tide broke through the dikes of Zeeland to devastate a much larger and older part of the country, and the nation rose to the crisis in a unanimous surge of sympathy and determination?

Dutchmen have sometimes felt oppressed by the smallness of their country. A generation ago, the great poet, Mme. Roland Holst, wrote:

In a small field, hemmed in by narrow bounds
Each finds his little room and petty life.
All things here touch all other things.
The foot lacks distances to wander in.

.....
Holland you leave no room but to the mind.

The exception is a large one. And after describing the wide horizons and the clouds trailing in the vast sky, the poet goes on:

Our eyes taste something great, and therefrom goes
A touch of greatness through our minds' desires,
And we're at home in vast, in boundless spheres.

Dutch art speaks a language which all nations can understand. And in it how often will you find expressed that same longing after greatness, after boundlessness, to which the poem refers. It is true that critics for a long time affected to see in Dutch seventeenth-century art nothing but the accurate and unimaginative representation of things in the artist's daily life, an art on the smallest of small scales. But even in the kind of work which might be thus regarded, some of the painters managed to convey an escape into space; a greatness either of human understanding, as with Steen, or of perfect equipoise of light and beauty, as with Vermeer. And side by side with these there have always been in Dutch art the visionaries and the passionate, like Rembrandt or Ruysdael; and in a later age, James Maris and Van Gogh; and in our own day Chabot or Mme. Charley Toorop. They all give expression to that imaginative quality of the race which Mme. Roland Holst seeks to explain by the character of the landscape on which its eyes are fed.

¹ Polder: a tract of low land reclaimed from the sea by dikes.

I have spoken of the steady planning conducted by the Government since the liberation. Holland's politics in the postwar period have indeed been characterized by stability. The three Cabinets that have successively been in power have all been based mainly on a coalition of the Labor Party and the Catholic Party (each represented by 30 members in the present Chamber of 100). The two Protestant, or Calvinist, parties — the Christian Historical (9) and the Anti-Revolutionary (12) — are now also taking part in the Government. The opposition — apart from the Communists, who were never very strong and who have lost adherents at every election until they are now down to six deputies — is represented by the Liberal Party (V.V.D., 9), which is, in effect, a conservative businessman's party.

The Labor-Catholic coalition must be a surprising spectacle to Americans. Indeed in the Catholic Party, which, based as it is on religious principle, embraces men of both conservative and progressive views, there are often rumblings of criticism at the association with "the Socialists." But only the other day a leading Catholic politician stoutly defended this association, reminding his hearers how different is the mentality of the present Labor Party compared with that of the Socialist Party of which it is the successor. National Defense and the monarchy have been accepted; Marxism and the concept of the class struggle have been dropped.

3

BUT before going more deeply into present-day Dutch politics let me say a few words not about the Socialists but about the Catholics. Their importance in modern Holland is often a matter for surprise to outside observers, who are still inclined to regard Holland as the classical example of an essentially Protestant country.

This mistake is rooted in a misconception of Netherlands history. The sixteenth-century revolt of the seventeen Netherlands provinces (covering the area which is now Holland and Belgium) is still often viewed as a religious epic, and its outcome — the independence, under Protestant auspices, of the Northern Provinces (the Dutch Republic, now the Kingdom of the Netherlands), and the reassertion of Spanish rule over the Southern Provinces (Dutch-speaking Flanders and Brabant and French-speaking Wallonia, which since 1830 have formed the Kingdom of Belgium) — is accepted as proof that the Hollanders were the true Protestants, the Protestants by nature, and that the Flemings (or Belgians) had always retained a hankering after Catholicism. The truth of the matter, as I see it, is that the separation of the Northern and the Southern Netherlands was not brought about by any divergence of religious sentiment, but by the fortunes of war. The Spaniards were able to restore their rule in the country situated on the "wrong" (that

is, south) side of the rivers, after which they at once drove out the Protestants, who were at least as numerous there as they were in the North. North of the river barrier (which proved its strength once again in September 1944, when Montgomery failed to cross it), the small Protestant minority, strengthened by Flemish refugees, was able to entrench itself and, in the course of one or two generations, to bring over a majority of the population into the new Calvinist Church.

No more than a majority. A strong minority, in the big towns and in groups scattered over the countryside, clung to the old faith, even though it was proscribed by the dominant sect. The Republic recognized only the Reformed Church, and the government (federal, provincial, and municipal) was exclusively composed of members of that Church. The Catholics, a little over one third of the population then as now, were not "emancipated" until the old Republic was overthrown in 1795 and a (very mildly) revolutionary regime was set up. Even then this legal emancipation did not, for several generations, alter the Protestant tone of Dutch public or cultural life or the prevailing conception of Dutch nationality as being in some intimate way bound up with Protestantism. The real, as distinct from the legal, emancipation of the Catholics was a long and arduous process, which reached completion only in the present century. It will be seen that the case is a very different one from that of, say, Massachusetts, once the stronghold of Puritanism, where the current prominence of the Catholic element is the result of immigration. In Holland, it is the coming into its own of an old, long-submerged portion of the nation.

A curious episode in the history of Catholic emancipation was the coalition between the Catholic and Calvinist parties from about 1880 to 1920. The spectacle of these ancient enemies co-operating and dominating Dutch politics was not without irony. It arose from the desire of both to break down the monopoly of the state-supported elementary school, which was meant for children of all denominations, and was therefore "neutral" in the religious sphere. The struggle ended in complete victory, and today private denominational schools — managed by private committees and subject to State inspection as to efficiency only — are subsidized on an equal footing with the neutral public schools and draw considerably more than half of the nation's children.

The solution was in the end agreed to by all parties, and today there is not a man in politics who would question its wisdom. Certainly there are disadvantages attached to a system which tends to divide the nation from youth upwards into separate sections. The disadvantages are the more serious as the principle has extended to practically all spheres of public life: we have Catholic, Protestant, and

General (which means, in effect, "Humanistic") trade unions, newspapers, radio corporations, sports societies, et cetera.

On the other hand, there was a conscientious grievance involved here, and it is only because it was removed that the coalition between Catholics and Socialists became in the long run possible. The example of other European countries reveals how much the school settlement has thus indirectly contributed to the nation's political stability. And while the different sections are allowed to live their own lives, this does not prevent their joining hands over issues of serious national import. The reality of Dutch unity was stirringly demonstrated during the war, and it has not shown up so badly in the politics and crises of the postwar period.

The Labor Party never wavered in its determined hostility to the Communists and to their creed. More than anything else, perhaps, this eased the way for coalition with the Catholics and other non-Socialist parties. The Communist Party never succeeded in capturing large portions of the working classes outside of certain well-defined areas, one of which is Amsterdam, where, however, its influence is now definitely on the wane. Fellow-travelers are not unknown among Dutch intellectuals, yet it may be said that Communism in Holland, as compared with some other Western European countries, makes a very poor showing intellectually.

Apart from the Communists and their half-hearted apologists, there are no fundamental differences between the parties as regards the country's international position. There is general agreement that the days of neutrality are past, that Holland must bear her share in a common system of defense, that there is no "Third Way" between the United States and Russia, and that the fate of Western Europe is indissolubly bound up with that of the United States. Of course, differences of opinion exist as to the methods and possibilities of bringing about closer Western European unity. But here, too, opinions do not coincide with party affiliations.

In conclusion, a word must be said about the monarchy. The prestige of the House of Orange is deeply rooted in Dutch history. Queen Wilhelmina, in her self-chosen exile in London during the war, strengthened it by embodying, in her unwavering faith, the national hopes for a restoration of independence; and not less by taking up again, on her return in 1945, the self-effacing role of constitutional arbiter. Her abdication on completing a fifty years' reign in 1948 made a scene of profound human dignity, all the more moving for its simplicity.

Queen Juliana, too, has displayed just the right touch in the exercise of her office. Because the limitations on the Dutch monarchy are so unquestioningly accepted, the monarchy is of inestimable value to the smooth working of the parliamentary system in this country of many parties.

THE SEA ABOVE US

Enemy of a Peaceful Land

by DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

1

COUNT them," Father said. It was a brilliant Sunday afternoon, and we were standing on top of the two-story-high dike and looking landward, with the rolling North Sea behind us. Father was encouraging my younger brothers to count the towers and spires, and the villages and towns that clustered tightly around them. It might be a lesson in applied geography — though that was not very likely on this day of the Lord — but it was certainly one in human endeavor and patience. Twenty-four spires and towns we could count on ordinary days, twenty-nine when the light was good, but on a clear afternoon like today, as many as thirty-three.

"Now you name them, Rem and David," Father ordered us two oldest boys. We started on the western horizon where the dike shut off the sea, on toward the east where the dike met the sky once more. We named all the towns in their proper order, the near score of names ending in "um" and all those that had "wier" in them, like our own town, the oldest, gravest, and perhaps bleakest of them all, Wierum. All those names evoked age, and many of them suggested aspects of the sea and man's endless battle with that sea.

DAVID CORNEL DEJONG was born in 1905 in a small village in the northernmost province of Holland. When he was thirteen, his parents emigrated to Grand Rapids, Michigan, and he soon had to start earning a living. Finally entering high school at eighteen, he paid for his education, which eventually took him through six colleges, by working at a variety of jobs including bricklaying, house painting, and gravedigging. After publishing some poetry, he started writing short stories in 1929. He has since published six novels, among them *Old Haven*, a picture of Dutch life as remembered from his childhood, *The Day of The Trumpet*, *The Desperate Children*, and *The Uncouth Land*.

There they lay, peaceful and seemingly — because we were very young and trustful of the present — unchangeable. After all, not one of the thirty-odd towers was less than two or three hundred years old, and every one of the towns was much older, and had been part and parcel of staid or turbulent Dutch history long before their annals were recorded, even if only as bulwarks against the sea.

There they were, red- and blue-roofed towns hugging gray churches with slate-blue spires, scattered over a checkerboard of a landscape almost entirely made by man: prosperous golden squares of wheat, bright yellow blocks of mustard, purple rectangles of cabbage, hexagons of blue flax, latticed parcels of white and pink buckwheat, limned everywhere with canals and ditches reflecting the translucent sky. And there curved the humped bridges with their vermilion and orange railings, seemingly helping the ribbons of roads to reach all the hives of towns properly. Over everything, adding up to three-quarters of the landscape, as in all good Dutch paintings, extended the ever-varied cup of sky.

We named all the towns, and Father was proud of us. The vision we saw seemed eternal in peace and prosperity, like a perfect greeting card. From the beginning we had been taught to be proud of the land. There was not a square yard of waste upon it.

But behind our backs, to the north of us, was the sea. Father had not yet asked us to turn around and look seaward. That would be the second step, like appraising an enemy, after we had evaluated our own bounty. My youngest brothers would be asked to name the row of sandy islands ten miles away, which once upon a time had been part of our fixed shore line. Now between us and the islands stretched the gray sea, which nearly everyone in our town still called "the lost land," even though

it had been lost as long as eight hundred years ago. On an afternoon like this the sea looked friendly, but there were the wrecks of old ships, broken piers, smashed-up palisades, and the faraway gaps between the islands to warn us that it was merely slumbering.

The dike stretched west and east, and lost itself against the horizon. It looked secure. Black-and-white-cattle stood upon it in solemn conclave, immensely statuesque and enlarged, and looked out to sea while chewing their cud. The sheep, newly shorn and white, together with their half-grown lambs, lay huddled among the ox-eye daisies and buttercups against its slopes. Gulls and terns, rooks and magpies, busy musseling, screamed and skirled over us. Practically with its foot on the dike stood the old tower of our town, its grim gray church saddled behind it. That tower, the most ancient in our province, was more than a thousand years old, and had been built miles from the sea. Now it hugged the elbow of the dike, and was both our sentinel and our comfort.

Around the church, tightly — everything in Holland is tight; there is so little space, and so much need for huddling against the elements — lay the graveyard with its little shafts and white markers, and a few heavy stones, one of which said in Gothic letters: "How Mighty Are Thy Works." But that stone faced landward, and "thy works" might pertain to man or God; we were always asking about its meaning and getting devious answers.

In the north wall of the church was a very low door, attesting to the fact that once the Norsemen and Vikings had conquered our town and had forced the then-very-recent Christians to bow low to the north and its heathen gods when they came from worshipping in the church. So whatever conquest the sea had made beyond the dike, it predated the Vikings. And though there were old pavements and foundations beneath the silt on the sea side of the dike, those belonged to a lost and rejected past. Even as children we tried not to be too impressed with the name and fate of the old sunken city that lay a few miles westward in the sea, even if it had once been the largest city in our region. It belonged, too, to a lost and uncomfortable past.

On sparkling Sunday afternoons in summer it was easy to be confident. In winter we had permissible fears. There behind the heavy dike, with its brick steps leading up to the scudding skies, ten, fifteen, twenty or more feet above us thundered the waves, when the tides were high and when the winds came hurling across the North Sea. On the other hand the sea had not broken over or through the dike for three generations. There had been something of a catastrophe before that, but the people whom it had struck lay moldering beneath their white markers at the foot of the old tower. They, too, belonged to the dead past.

I had been born in this region of northern Friesland like all my forebears, as long as man could

remember and the gravestones could testify. We belonged to that sea-hammered land. When I was two years old, my parents moved many miles inland to the city of Groningen. For a few years our ways became citified, and what was said about our town of Wierum and the North Sea took the shape of lore, myth, and, not unaccountably, tragedy.

When a few years later we moved back to Wierum, where my Father's father had just died, and Father was next in line to take over the family business, we young ones returned like fearful aliens to the sea. I especially did not trust the sea, because dreams and lore had unbalanced my imagination, and the sea seemed to be an enemy beyond all human defense.

2

I REMEMBER some of my immediate impressions, those that contrasted the hungry sea with the peaceful land. Father had gone before us, and I was walking with Mother and my oldest brother along the top of the dike toward Wierum. To our right the sea pounded, with gray waves and snarling whitecaps. It slapped against the basalt blocks that formed the base of the dike, and hurled itself across the teetering piers. All the cattle we passed stood with their rumps buffeted by the winds, but on the land side of the dike the sheep lay peaceably huddled. Mother's skirts flapped and rustled like a flag, and slapped against us as we walked along in a tight cluster. "I want you to see the sea and the dike first," Mother had said. "It's the only way to approach our town. And to see how peaceful and secure the land is."

She spoke an irrefutable truth. For consolation we could look upon the land, all its geometrical greenness, the stately storks treading for frogs in the ditches, the great herons striding like dignified deacons across the daisy-studded meadows. There were the fieldworkers stooping over their rich acres; and all the red-roofed, comfortably placid towns; and dotted between them, in their nests of high elms and strong beeches, the thatched farmhouses.

Even so, Mother warned us: "You won't find trees in our town. Or very few of them. We are too close to the sea and too buffeted. A few will grow as high as the dike, but no higher. And perhaps it's just as well, because we need the room. We've been there over a thousand years and we need the little room the sea doesn't want."

A mile from town we passed the weather mast. It was perched high on the dike, and in it swung a mysterious array of triangles, blocks, stiff flags, and one ominous black ball. "You see, a storm is really threatening," Mother explained to us. "Perhaps we'd better hurry a bit. The sea is very capricious. But when you start school in Wierum, you'll learn very soon what all those storm signals on the weather mast signify. You'll have to draw

and memorize them, so that you'll be prepared."

"Prepared for what, Mother?"

"Oh, eventualities," she answered. "Now don't you go tugging at your inland fears, David. Besides, we'll discuss all that later. The wind is too strong for idle chattering. And we have to beat the storm home."

That was the way we came back to Wierum, at least in my memory. Even then the old church was of immediate comfort to my nagging and often inchoate fears. It had been there so long, it had seen so many storms come and go. It made it seem quite possible to settle down in that old cluster of a town, without trees and with narrow, jumbled streets, and houses leaning on each other for support, even if it nestled many feet below the actual sea bottom on the other side of that fortress of a dike.

Eventually we would move into a new house with a glazed blue roof, and there'd be dormer windows in it from which we could actually look across the dike and across the sea at the islands of Ameland and Schiermonnikoog, the erstwhile shore line. The name of our street was Carcass street, and all the dead were carried through it to the graveyard. That was romantic, even in death. At all times the old tower peered down our narrow street, to be our sentinel and our rock of strength; hence it would be decidedly cowardly and even unfaithful to keep nursing my misgivings about the sea.

Also the sea could be glorious, an element of might and caprice, my dourly Calvinistic grandfather would tell me, although his pronouncements seemed contrary to his grave religious tenets. I was named for him, however, and he felt that he had to deal with me sternly, especially with my fears, even if he had to sound flippant in the process.

While our new home was being built, we lived in his old rambling house, which flanked the town side of the graveyard. All its windows faced that graveyard, which was a man-made mound, a remnant from before the Roman conquests. The old Frisians had lived on mounds; it was the Romans who had introduced the dikes. So from the windows in Grandfather's house we always looked out upon the churchyard, the gray church and the tower in the middle of it, and, hedging everything closely in, the steep green slope of the dike. On top of the dike there we could usually see a small group of old fishwives, dressed in dull black, widows who had lost their men at sea. They would stand there, with their eyes shaded, always peering out at the sea. They never looked landward; constant pessimists, they seemed to me like evil prophetesses.

It was difficult to take them for granted. No matter at what hour the tide was high, even long after midnight, when my brother and I lay in our cupboard wall-bed, we would hear the lonesome clatter of their wooden shoes over the cobbles. When it was a calm night, we might not hear them return. We'd be asleep. But when foul weather

threatened, we would wait, because they'd come back with messages, which they'd shout to others of their kind and to neighbors. Occasionally, above the sea's roar and the thunder of the winds, we could hear their voices shrilling: "It's already swollen above the basalt blocks. It's coming on in long rolls and sweeps. Now back in 1887 . . . Now when my man was . . . Ah, the sea! Oh, but the Lord's ways are merciful!" Very occasionally during the winter months one of them would come tapping on our windows. An old, weather-beaten face would be pressed close to the pane, warning: "I would keep a little watch tonight, if I were you. It's coming in real troubled. It's gliding high up the dike."

After a few years I did grow used to them, especially after we had moved into the new and secure house. But that first year left too strong an impression ever to be erased.

3

I REMEMBER coming home from school one stormy November, and finding Grandmother, wrapped in black shawls and securely studded on wooden shoes, on her way to the dike. She was of peasant stock, and she insisted on keeping a couple of sheep, who grazed on the dike and the narrow stretches of reclaimed land behind the dike, east of town.

"The tide is coming in very fast," she told me. "Come along and help me bring the sheep in." She held my hand tightly as we climbed the wagon path to the top of the dike, where immediately the galloping winds pounced upon us. All along the dike went other shawled old women and boys on their way to rescue the sheep. I hardly dared to look at the sea racing, white-maned, against the dike, but there behind the battered pier was a flock of sheep, perhaps a hundred of them, allowing themselves to be engulfed by the onrushing tide. They were crowded, sheep-like, in a close huddle on a little elevation which couldn't possibly last another fifteen minutes.

"We must get through to them," Grandmother said firmly. "They are all doing it." Clutching her hand, I followed her into the swirling water. I didn't dare to be afraid. I was obediently imitating what all the other old women and boys were doing. Through the cold gray-green water we approached the foolish sheep. We surrounded them, and then, through water washing over our knees, all of us solemnly herded the sheep to the safety of the dike.

"Now you will understand something of the sea's tempers. I am so glad it was you who could come with me," Grandmother said, after we had taken off our wet clothes and were warming ourselves at the fire, sipping a cup of tea in front of the Delft-blue tiled hearth, while the sea kept thundering behind the mighty dike. I wasn't afraid now when sometimes a spray of water fountained above it. After all, Grandmother and I had in our small way countered that sea.

We were still living in Grandfather's house when it happened, the real thing. Our new house was almost ready, but Mother was not in condition to move into it. My youngest brother had been born only the day before. He had been born with a caul, which all the old fishwives said boded nothing but evil. By that time, however, I thought I had made my peace with the sea, and I did not suspect it of impending evil.

But it happened. It was an utterly quiet night in March. There were no high winds, no scudding clouds, there had been no warning signals on the weather mast. Even so, the clatter of wooden shoes over the street cobbles seemed to keep going incessantly before we fell asleep. Yet there came no tapings on our windows, no warning cries outdoors; and of course Father and Mother were very busy with the new brother. We boys were more or less on our own.

It came silently like a thief in the night. The old women on the dike were aware of it, but everything went beyond their direst expectations. The sea silently waxed great and high and swelled to the very top of the dike. The first intimation we had of danger was the tolling of church bells, the wailing of several foghorns, and the voices of people shrilling like gulls through the dark night. The house seemed to be suffused with strange rustlings, and then with sloshings and gurglings. Above us footsteps creaked along the unused attic. Then footsteps came treading through water, and Father was there carrying a lamp.

"Now just stay calm," he said gently. "We've carried your mother and the baby to the attic. Now one by one, Grandfather and I will carry you piggy-back to the churchyard. Just stay calm."

We were too amazed to be anything but calm. In the lamplight, we saw the straw mats of our rooms floating on the water, the chairs lay toppled and the table stood uptilted and half submerged. Water eddied and bubbled to Father's and Grandfather's knees. The strangeness and confusion of it all, and the absence of any roaring wind, were deeply disturbing, especially after we had been carried outdoors and deposited on the graveyard mound among the stark white markers, in the midst of the other people crowding there. Only then could we hear the water come washing across the dike, and genuine cries of alarm in the distance. Voices around us were saying in awed tones: "It has come. Already Zevenhuizen has been swept away. The people were swept from their beds and drowned in the canal."

Father and Grandfather returned to rescue others. Lanterns flickered fitfully across the water everywhere. The cries on the dike became louder and more anxious. But the encroaching sea was silent. It spilled mutely across the dike into the town. Yet no one said: "The dike can't hold. It will break, and then we'll be lost. Absolutely lost." We knew

that was a real possibility. But we couldn't afford to think about it.

Just before the gray light of dawn came, the water stopped edging across the dike back of the tower. "The tide is turning. The tide is turning," we heard voices repeat to one another in the dimness around us. "We are saved."

The tide had turned. The sea started slipping away behind the old dike again. When daylight was fuller, we waded back home. But we were told to sit still and keep quiet, or help the womenfolks clean up the house. We were not yet allowed to go to the dike, or to that part of town called Zevenhuizen, between the dike and the deep canal, all of which had been swept away. All able-bodied men were busy filling the gaps in the still-threatened dike and children would be in the way.

We were allowed to look at Mother and the new baby in the unfamiliar surroundings of the attic. They impressed us very little; our concern was with the flood. When at last all immediate danger was over, Grandfather came and took us to the battered dike. "If God had willed the waters to be a little more violent, the dike would have been broken through," Grandfather said. We looked in awe at gaping holes, but were especially impressed by a row of clean washed skulls; the water had scoured out an old, forgotten graveyard on the sea side of the dike, where a large part of the town had been centuries ago. But there were also wrecked boats on top of the dike, and drowned cattle against its slopes. The town's square was still deep in water; and when we came to Zevenhuizen, where the dike had been just a fraction weaker and lower, we saw the shells of houses, and roofs and eaves floating in the canal. While Grandfather led us on, we saw our father and a group of other men lift the body of a woman from the canal. Momentarily we caught sight of her wide-open mouth, filled with silt. Then Grandfather said sternly: "It's time for you to go to school and be counted."

Reluctantly we went to school, and to our dismay found it fairly dry, because it had been built on a man-made knoll on the southern edge of town, which also housed the parsonage. Our schoolmasters met us gravely, and called out our names as we came in, counting us off as saved. Maps of our province were unrolled across the blackboards. The French doors between the three classrooms had been pushed wide open. A little later the headmaster came in, and while the younger masters stood beside him with bowed heads, he said a long prayer in which he named those who had perished. All this seemed very significant, very solemn.

Next, each of our masters led us to a map, and pointed out just how far, but for the grace of God, the waters would have swirled inland had the dike broken; just how many towns and villages would have been doomed. We counted them, we named their names in unison. We recited them as in in-

cantation, as if taunting the sea. They had been saved this time again, and perhaps forever more, if man watched out and God remained merciful. It had not happened for three generations, it might never happen again. The dike would be strengthened, surely. But the sea remained our enemy, never to be trusted or underestimated. And the sea was always above us, that too we must remember.

The headmaster came in again and the French doors were pushed open once more, and while he lead with his great basso voice, we all sang with him the Dutch rhymed psalm 93:

The floods have lifted up, O Lord,
The floods have lifted up their voice,
The floods lift up their waves.

But the Lord on high is mightier,
Mightier than the noise of many waters,
Yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

Even while we were singing, an anxious woman came to the door of the school and asked: "Is my Tjedde in school? Is my boy here? We have not

seen him since night." We watched her face light up with relief when she saw young Tjedde at his desk singing with us: "Mightier than the waves of the sea."

When I returned home, I found the old house scoured clean once more, and Mother and the baby were downstairs. Brawny women were sweeping the town square with twig brooms, and our headmaster and the three younger masters went hurrying to join the men repairing the dike.

When I climbed to the top of the dike, I once more turned landward and saw, along the pale roads, people streaming along from the neighboring towns to see what had happened to us in Wierum. I looked at the fertile land that the salt water had not ruined this time, because the little sheep-dikes along the canals had been high enough. But directly below me, the town gravediggers were digging new graves in the crowded churchyard.

Behind me lay the sea, silent and with the remoteness of full ebb tide. Only sea birds wailed over and against it. The land was busy reshaping itself.

SUNDAY NOON

by Eduard Hoornik

On Sunday at noon walk through the city
saunter over the dike and through the alleys
loiter at a window, stopped by sudden rain
and study the reflections in a silver salver

wishing you were one of the two who just
took the cues from the rack, and then
disinterestedly give heed to one's toilet
or peer out of a little window

across the street at telephone wires
at a broken statue on a balcony
empty flowerpots on the ledges

and plan at evening to walk to the station
to watch the trains come in and depart
and remain behind on the silent platform.

Translated by David Cornel DeJong

KEEPING HOLLAND ABOVE WATER

The Facts Behind the Epic Struggle

by A. DEN DOOLAARD

I

THE Dutchman, in his everyday language, is always reacting in terms of water. He does not fire away with a story but "pushes off." If he makes the best of things, he "rows with the oars he happens to have." His boss does not give him the sack but "kicks him out on the dike," and if he gets an hourly paid job, he says, "This puts no sods upon the dike." When he starts doing well, he speaks of going "straight through the sea" instead of "letting God's water run across God's acre" as he did before.

The Dutch, as a nation, have water on the mind, simply because six million out of ten million Hollanders live below the level of the sea or barely above it, only separated from the angry surf and the whirling tides in the broad estuaries by great dikes and shifting sand dunes.

During the night of February first, 1953, the sea, in a furious onslaught, tore more than 300 gaps in these dikes. Between seven and eight per cent of Holland's arable surface, about 630,000 acres, were flooded by salt and brackish water. More than 1,400 people and 25,000 cows were drowned. Once more the Dutch were reminded of the warning words, written some 400 years ago by the master dike-

builder Andries Vierlingh, "For your enemy Oceanus, day and night, rests not nor sleeps, but comes like a roaring lion seeking to destroy all that lies round about."

The 1953 floods were the greatest catastrophe since November 1421, when the sea wiped out 72 villages and their 50,000 inhabitants in one night. But at that time the Dutch could only defend themselves with spades. Today they excel in modern hydraulic engineering. How then was it possible that such a water-wise people let themselves be surprised in their sleep? How did this disaster come about? And what are the Dutch going to do now to avoid a tragic repetition?

Dutch history is a long tale of land that became water and water that became land again; it is the fighting story of a nation forever besieged and assaulted by the sea. Ten centuries ago the low western half of what is now called the Netherlands still was a vast swamp behind a narrow belt of dunes. The somewhat higher eastern half consisted of heath and sand and low pine forests. The swamp was originally part of an enormous moor running from the Straits of Dover to Denmark. It consisted of a deep layer of peat floating on water with a layer of fertile clay underneath. In the eastern half of the country, medieval Dutchmen burned wood in their hearths; but in the western half they dug out the peat, dried the lumps, each big as a loaf of bread, in the sun and used this "turf" as fuel. In this way they created new fresh-water lakes, apart from the many already existing.

The dune belt could only protect the low country where the dunes were sufficiently high. Two thousand years ago the sea had already broken up this sand barrier in the north, thus creating the present Frisian islands, and in the south, where the outlets

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of the rivers Rhine, Meuse, and Schelde were subsequently widened and deepened by the ever-scouring tides. Look at the map and see the result: an archipelago of some dozen islands, with deep estuaries in between. The westernmost island is Walcheren, standing like a square fortress at the mouth of the Schelde estuary which in places reaches a depth of some 200 feet.

During the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the seas, in a dangerous pincer movement, almost succeeded in wiping out that part of the low plain called Holland proper. Around 1300, a high stormflood broke through the north to the largest fresh-water lake in the center of the whole country, and widened and deepened it until the Zuider Zee came into existence; Amsterdam, then a small town of fishermen, grew into a seaport. During the St. Elizabeth's flood of 1421 the sea, attacking from the south, drowned the country below Dordrecht and threatened Rotterdam. The remainder of the hydrological story of Holland is the chronicle of a patient and sometimes glorious fight against this pincer movement of the encroaching waters.

2

FIRST of all the Dutch, attacking along the line of least resistance, fought the "fifth column" within the walls of their dike fortress. With the help of the newly invented windmill, they pumped the largest sweet-water lakes dry. These were dangerous, for whenever a storm blew up they hurled their spray at the houses on shore and tirelessly nibbled away at the narrow stretches of dry land between one lake and another. In this way the great Haarlem Lake got the name of "Water Wolf." Today, plumb in the middle of this erstwhile lake, is Amsterdam's Schiphol Air Field. All around stretches a pancake-flat country bearing the heaviest wheat crops in the world. As lake after lake was thus turned into fertile clay, some witty and admiring Frenchman invented the classic saying: "God made the earth, but the Dutch made Holland."

In Holland, a passion for peaceful conquest has grown with the centuries: to create land out of water; to paint green, bit by bit, what is blue on the map; to grow grain where fish have swum; to ride horses where the monotonous waves have marched. But it took the individualistic Dutch several centuries before they succeeded in converting their piecemeal defense into large-scale attack.

"He who suffers the sea's attack, must himself push the water back," runs an old Dutch proverb. Each man originally was only responsible for the dike which rose around his horizon. Only in the nineteenth century did the Royal Government, imposing its will upon short-sighted towns and obstinate polder¹ Boards, organize the famous corps of hydrological specialists called "Waterstaat." Hence-

¹ Polder: a tract of low land reclaimed from the sea by dikes.

forth not a drop of water poured into Holland, through Holland, or against Holland without the Waterstaat's knowledge. The engineers, before counter-attacking against the water's savage onslaught, minutely studied the method in its madness.

Around 1890, a Waterstaat engineer called Herman Lely one day took a pencil and drew a line straight across the narrowest part of the large inland sea, the Zuider Zee. Forty years later the place of the pencil mark was taken by a dike twenty miles long. But it was only after thirty years of slow deliberation and nine more years of careful planning that the first sand blower started work, some time after a bad flood had engulfed several of the Zuider Zee towns. Until then, spades and wheelbarrows had been the main implements for building a dike. Now the clay-grubbing polder worker was assisted for the first time by a marvelous piece of modern machinery: the floating steam crane, which, with every swing of its 100-foot arm, dug three tons of tough clay out of a barge alongside, and tossed them into the foaming waters.

On the Zuider Zee job, the Waterstaat engineers learned a costly lesson. When the dike heads drew together, both ebb and flood tide started running wild as they reeled through the narrow gap of a few hundred yards. When the tide ebbed, the surface water in the Zuider Zee, fifty miles long and thirty miles wide, tried to rush out all at once. The water that could not get through hammered against the dike heads, was flung back upon the pursuing masses of water, and then began to whirl in deep eddies that reached clear to the bottom and played havoc with the bottom protection, consisting of thick mattresses of woven brushwood on which hundreds of tons of heavy stones had been pitched. The eddying water sucked the sand straight through the mattresses which then suddenly collapsed into terrifying holes. Often they imperiled the whole work.

But the Zuider Zee dike was successfully closed in 1932. Sheltered by this new sea wall, and in tideless water, further dikes could now be built around five enormous new polders. Two of these are ready today; the last one will be completed by 1970. The remaining water surface will serve as a storage basin for the amount of rain water that during the long wet seasons is pumped out of the polders, and for the outflow of the river IJssel, a branch of the Rhine.

A great victory had been won. At one blow the Dutch coastline had been shortened from 1,150 to 840 miles. The dangerous tidal pincer movement against Holland's central plain had been defeated. The northern claw of the ever-threatening sea had been hurled back some sixty miles.

And it was high time too. Dutch scientists had previously come to the alarming conclusion that during the last century the whole of Holland had sunk one foot in relation to the mean water level of the North Sea. Man could fight the sea but he was

powerless against its ally: a relentless geological phenomenon that was sucking Holland downward. The causes were various and equally interesting. First of all, the whole of the North Sea Basin has for the last 200 million years been sinking, very, very slowly, while for the last 20,000 years the water level of the North Sea has been rising, equally slowly, because the great ice cap that once covered the whole of Northern Europe has been melting off gradually. Moreover, during the last hundred years or so the glaciers in Scandinavia and the Alps have melted much faster, so that the water level of the North Sea has risen more rapidly. The third phenomenon is downright eerie. Ever since Scandinavia has shaken off its heavy ice cap, the whole peninsula has been veering upwards at a rate which, in some places, reaches 0.4 inch a year. The surface of Holland, situated at the other end of an enormous invisible see-saw, is tilting downwards at a corresponding rate, while Denmark, right above the fulcrum, remains stable.

3

KEEPING Holland above water during the coming centuries means that all sea dikes will have to be heightened and strengthened. It is therefore essential to try to shorten the coastline still more, especially in the southwest, where the tidal waters are penetrating deep inland. Moreover, the Waterstaat engineers came to the conclusion quite some time back that the old sea dikes around most of the islands in the Zeeland archipelago would not be able to withstand the impact of the severest conceivable gale. The engineers calculated, however, that the three weapons in the sea's dark armory — tide effect, wind effect, and wave effect — could only combine their maximum forces once in every 1,260 years. So the Dutch islanders just put their trust in God and their dikes, while the engineers debated whether it would be better to heighten the existing dikes (an enormous job) or to try to dam the estuaries — a still vaster job, fraught with partly unknown dangers.

For the slowly sinking land is attracting more and more water, mainly from the Rhine and Meuse, which can only escape into the sea through estuaries *if the ebb is pulling away outside*, and if the adverse wind effect is not too strong. During an abnormally rainy and stormy winter the frustrated waters of the Rhine and Meuse, already swollen with rain water pumped out of the polders, could reach a level as yet unknown and threaten to breach the up-river dikes, unless these were also heightened — another enormous job. Closing most of the estuaries would certainly keep the sea out for good but it might also create a fresh water threat from *within*.

All these calculations and deliberations were cold comfort to the wretched people clinging by hundreds

to farm roofs and trees during the night of February first, last year. And the Dutch now realize, with deep anxiety, that this disaster can occur again. The modern dikes, built to withstand the worst combination of tide, wave, and wind effects, held their own; most of the older ones went to pieces, being a shade too low for twentieth-century conditions: the land moving downwards, the sea rising slightly, the perpetual scour of the tides ever deepening the estuaries, so that during a gale the ground swell could multiply its devastating force.

The direct causes of the disaster have now pretty well been analyzed. For some days the wind had blown briskly from the southwest, piling up the water more and more in the northern part of the North Sea. On Saturday night, February first, the spring tide was already somewhat past its peak, otherwise the disaster would have been still worse. But the wind abruptly swung around from southwest to northwest, and all the piled-up water was suddenly blown down towards the narrow funnel of the English channel. It could not pour off fast enough and so rose up against the English, Dutch and Belgian coasts in long, surging swells. The English coast got the glancing blows, the Dutch coast the direct hits. The wind force averaged 65 miles an hour for some 20 hours, with hurricane gusts reaching a velocity of 95 miles during the hours of full flood. It was not so much the spring tide as the combined effect of waves and wind that played havoc with the dikes. The hurricane tore the statistics for the last hundred years into shreds. The waves arched in long, angry sweeps over the crown of the dikes, and the water just swallowed them from behind, sucking away at the sods and drilling holes into the clay covering underneath, through which the sand body then streamed away. The battering-ram of the wind-driven waves kept pounding against the stone facing on the sea side. Its back broken, the strong sea wall suddenly gave way.

As this is written all the breaches have been closed again. But immediately after the disaster a debate started raging. Should the battered sea walls in the southwestern archipelago be heightened or should an attempt be made to close the estuaries, with the exception of the Western Schelde, which gives access to Antwerp Harbor, and of the direct waterway leading to Rotterdam? This would mean another shortening of the Dutch coastline from some 800 to barely 300 miles: an enormous difference in cost of dike upkeep!

Agricultural experts, moreover, had been stressing for years what many farmers already knew from experience: far too much salt tidewater was penetrating far up-river. Apart from seeping stealthily through the dikes into the polders, it got directly into the inland water system. It would eventually poison some of the best parts of the arable land.

Strangely enough, this whole debate would have been useless some ten years ago. Before World War

II, damming the broadest sea mouths seemed an impossible feat: the currents were just too fierce, the gullies far too deep. Imagine building a dam across seventy Colorado rivers side by side. Boulder Dam was built on dry ground, because the Colorado River had first been diverted through tunnels which bypassed the site of the future dam. But there is no way of diverting a tidal estuary ten miles broad. Holland must contrive to build where no nation on earth has built: under water, on a sand bottom forever in motion. The problem had partly been solved: the shifting sand could be fixed by sinking large brushwood mattresses and covering them with deep layers of pitching stone. On this bottom protection, clay dams could be built by floating cranes in water not too deep. But as the dike heads grew together and reached the rim of the deepest gullies, a current racing along at some 20 feet a second would just carry away brushwood mattresses, clay, and stone like so many straws. In 1667 the Dutch water wizard Simon Stevin had already advocated this idea, and 275 years later it seemed as far from being realized as ever. In a wholly unexpected way World War II brought the solution.

In order to free the access to the Schelde and to Antwerp, British bombers, during November 1944, breached the sea dikes of the heavily fortified island of Walcheren where the tides run fiercer than anywhere along our coast. The Westkapelle sea wall, a whale of a dike, measuring 330 feet across and rising to 30 feet above mean water level, had to be bombed twice before its hinterland could be drowned. Right on the heels of the liberating Allied armies, the Dutch Waterstaat smuggled itself into this military territory in the person of Chief Engineer Peter Philip Jansen. He surveyed the four most terrible dike breaches ever made, and solemnly created the "Walcheren Drainage Division." It consisted of eight men, who started operations on the war-torn island with twelve shovels, two wrenches and a leaky rowboat. Right from the start it was a fight against time: engineer Jansen had calculated that the gaps had to be closed within a year, before the gales of another winter could scour out the gullies behind the breaches to such an extent that they would cut the island to pieces.

Soon after all of Holland was liberated, the biggest Dutch dredging fleet of all time sailed down the troubled waters of the Schelde to save Walcheren from the clutch of the sea. Engineer Jansen had realized from the beginning that the final gaps, with their swift tide currents, could only be closed in one swift operation. Late in the summer he finally got what he had asked for during the last war winter: the steel and concrete caissons which had served as breakwaters and pier supports in the artificial harbors outside the D-Day beaches. Here he had trouble with the stubbornness of the old-fashioned Dutch contractors. But the biggest foe of the "new-

fangled nonsense," contractor Kobus Kalis, became its staunchest champion once he had seen that his dearly beloved clay was carried away by the swiftly moving sand. The most dangerous breach, near Flushing, was closed by anchoring a dozen small caissons in the final gap. They were sunk and then ballasted with clay, which also plugged up the remaining rifts. Ten days later a gale smashed the new dike, and washed out the bottom protection of brushwood mattresses. Without this foundation all new attempts were doomed to end in disaster; at least that's what the older engineers thought. But the younger engineers took over, and worked out a daring scheme proposed by Major Allan Beckett of the British Royal Engineers. They scrapped the wisdom of their forefathers and sunk a big cement caisson right outside the gap, on the exposed sea-side. Then the floating crane hurled hundreds of tons of steel anti-torpedo nets into the remaining gullies. Gradually the barricade of heavy steel rings broke the force of the current. Kobus Kalis, who will go down into hydrological history as the Paul Bunyan of Dutch dike building, directed the job for three days and nights without a wink of sleep. Then, when the waters were again standing still, he went home and breakfasted on three roast ducks and half a bottle of Dutch gin.

A crucial battle had been won. A gully, twenty feet deep, through which a current was raging that would have swept away all the classic materials of Dutch dike construction, had been plugged up mainly with concrete and steel. Dutch dike building had taken a great stride forward. That same day the Westkapelle breach was blocked, as a virtual wall of cement slid into the final gap. In the most wicked gap of all, east of Flushing, two enormous caissons, big as apartment houses, and a few dozen smaller ones, finally did the trick after five more months of bitter struggle.

The fifteen-month fight for Walcheren was the greatest adventure of Dutch hydraulic engineering. It was an improvisation from beginning to end. But the new weapons first tried out at Walcheren have since been perfected. Engineer Peter Jansen, now professor at Delft Technical University, declared in his inaugural speech that it is now possible to close a final gap in one of the sea mouths by sinking simultaneously two concrete caissons 200 feet long and of 3,000 tons displacement each.

Against the water, attack is the best defense. A board of specialists is at present studying all the problems involved in the closing of the estuaries, which still endanger our national safety. It is the boldest dream of Dutch hydraulic engineering. The job may take 25 years and cost a billion guilders (almost 300 million dollars); but last year's great flood cost us at least as much, apart from the toll in human lives. And behind the new and shorter sea walls, much new land can be won. New harvests will be reaped where waves have been running.

THE CATS

A Story

by ADRIAAN MORRIËN

I

WHEN the war was over we all discovered, as if intuitively, that there were no cats left in our ill-treated town. What had become of them? They had vanished from the scene just as, in more peaceful times, they used to slip out of a living room: noiselessly — that is, if the door was open. Now, too, a door must have been open, for nobody had heard them meow. Had people eaten them? Had they starved to death or failed to reproduce themselves? Nobody knew. But everybody longed for them, once it was summer and there was no lack of milk. They were part of the furniture; they added the finishing touch to a cozy home; they were a solace to old folk, an example to young married couples awaiting the arrival of their first child. The milk saucers in the kitchens of many families stood conspicuously empty. The rats and mice grew bolder and bolder so that one almost felt impelled to offer these voracious creatures a seat at the table, which was once again well laden, or to apologize for the appetite of one's family. A balance had been upset — in the lower regions of domestic economy, it is true — but none the less it was intolerable. For even the gutter and the sewer have their rights.

Articles on the cat problem appeared in the newspapers. Conversations would begin with the statement that someone had seen a cat. In the afternoons, when the men were still at work in offices

or factories, the women had nothing to pet or to talk to. But most to be pitied were the old people, who with a black or spotted tomcat in their lap found it easier to face the end. Never had it been so clearly appreciated that heads being rubbed, paws sticking out, and tails curled high were part of the indispensable décor of our lives. If only there had been a rationing of cats! Many a person would willingly have sacrificed his candy coupons.

Gradually details about the disappearance of the cats became known, though for the time being statistics on feline mortality during the last winter of the war were lacking. With tears in their eyes and remorse in their hearts, many people had eaten their pets — melancholy meals by the light of a candle or an oil lamp, with everyone imagining he heard a meow. Other cats had died of hunger. Misled by their fur, their friends had often not noticed till after their death how badly off the poor animals had been, for it is deceptive to go around in a fur coat when one is down and out.

Cats had fled in bewilderment from the houses where they were born and bred — where they had become mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, and great-great-grandmother — in search of the food that no one could give them; they were lost in the snow that then lay on the streets; hunted perhaps; frozen to death, and amazed at what was happening to them. At the time, nobody took any notice of them except for some sentimental girl or short-sighted old gentleman. Now, they were lamented by everyone. The burgomaster turned his attention to them. A new political party, cutting across the traditional party lines, came close to being formed. But after a short period of vacillation which we referred to as “mature consideration,” politics reverted to its usual concerns.

ADRIAAN MORRIËN was born in 1912 at IJmuiden, the port of Amsterdam, where his father was a sailmaker. Currently he is editing a Dutch magazine devoted to the literature of foreign countries. Mr. Morriën has translated Balzac, De Maupassant, and several contemporary French writers into Dutch, and he is the author of three volumes of poetry. *The Cats* is taken from his first collection of short stories, *An Untidy Man*.

Not all the cats had died out, however. Here and there one still lived, unconscious of the general pity its species had aroused. When they, too, had taken the edge off their hunger — at first with bread and diluted milk, but presently with chitterlings and heads of fish — they emerged from their anonymity and became individuals. They rediscovered the world one radiant summer morning in the sunshine near a window, or some evening on the eaves where the last dampness had been evaporating, while people were once more going for walks and children were playing in the streets. A solitary cat's head would suddenly be filled with cherished memories. Peace had actually come, and spring and summer had been selected for the purpose. A cat does not have much difficulty in recognizing that life is touching and beautiful. Furthermore, it has more opportunities for changing its point of view. A cat looks at the world from between trouser legs and women's stockings, then it looks down from a roof at the tree-tops, with the street lights burning between them, and the water of the canal glistening far below. A cat outlives all noise in the still of the night, when it is alone with its fellow cats and the fine game of chimneys and fences begins. More than once, coming home late, I have caught the surprised look of a tomcat interrupting his nightly task to watch me putting my key in the lock; and I would compare my sleepiness with his robust, pungent lust for life.

2

THE tomcats were pretty busy that summer. Females being scarce, they often had to go far afield, crossing a street, a square, or a bridge to pay their visits. They developed an intimate knowledge of a part of the town's layout. People would sometimes come across their tomcat in some distant street, apparently ashamed of its presence there; occasionally the animal would forget all its intentions in joyful recognition of its master and would go home feigning hunger or a need for companionship. It would lie in a chair throughout the evening, full of magnanimous indolence, but become restless as soon as the family began to get ready for bed.

Anyone with a tabby-cat might at any moment of the day find a band of tomcats sitting in front of his house — a strange mixed company, evidently not related by ties of blood; moody, jealous, but at the same time trustful or full of misplaced faith; melancholy and resigned. Tomcats are not at their best in company. At night the house would seem surrounded by cats, with a cordon of tomcats across the street as though some strange sort of maneuver were being held. Traffic was heavy along the eaves. A lot of worldly wisdom was wasted unseen or, at best, glimpsed by a sleepless lodger from an attic window. Was there a special shortage of females, or were the males so faithless?

The news of the cat shortage in our country had

traveled abroad, even across the ocean; and with the first parcels of food and clothing there also arrived small shipments of cats. They were unloaded at one of the ports in the south of the country, and were welcomed by a committee headed by the burgo-master, hat in hand. The cats were housed in oblong baskets partitioned off into little pens. If you lifted the lid, you could see them sitting under a wicker latticework — cats of all shades standing on their hind legs to rub their heads against the warmly responsive fingers of the committee members. One old lady went around with a bag of smoked sprats. There was passionate meowing beneath the blue sky. The same angelic smile played about everyone's mouth; and even the stevedores, strong matter-of-fact characters, interrupted their work to gaze affectionately at the animals and the people welcoming them. In the tepid air of morning there floated over the wharf the pungent smell of cat's urine, which, to the people sniffing it, was a reminder that their freedom had been regained and a promise of renewed domesticity.

That same day the cats lapped their first taste of our country's milk from white and flowered saucers, while parents and children observed this solemn performance through which a corner of the kitchen was consecrated. Slowly, gingerly, sniffing all over the place, pussy would make its way to the living room followed by the family, which had to adapt its movements to the animal's fancy. Once more there was the sound of purring in the room, a sound that is talking, laughing, and singing all in one. Cats lay in cherished places, curled up like a horn, rustling in their sleep.

As soon as the foreign cats had got settled, they went reconnoitering the neighborhood. Even while they were still shut up, nocturnal meowing from neighboring roofs had already given them warning that for them the world held no frontiers. One day they would come out and trot shivering over the damp stones of the street. There was always one of their kind who had been waiting for this moment and would open its eyes wide, petrified in an expectation which we take for enmity. Unhindered by language barriers, considerations of decency, or all-too-human shyness, they would recognize one another as street urchins do, but with the patience of their species that makes summer afternoons endless. The consequences were soon noticeable. Even before summer was over, kittens were born: a new generation which had not known the war or the distant country its parents came from, and which appropriated the world as its inalienable domain.

Meanwhile the unknown donors overseas had been requested not to send any more cats. The shortage threatened to turn into overpopulation; instinct does not need encouragement. The cat committee suspended its activities reluctantly, for an organization had been created, and it is hard to abandon a task even when it has become pointless.

Presently an old lady, perhaps the dispenser of the sprats, hit upon a charming idea. A monument should be erected in our town in honor of the cats who, albeit unintentionally, had given their lives in the liberation of our country. At first it was considered an idiotic, irreverent suggestion. But when one wants something, one has only to think about it, to want it more and more passionately. There were many who wanted the monument, and were still capable of surrendering to these crazy impulses that can make our lives so much more beautiful.

The committee resumed its work, somewhat hesitant at first because its purpose had been altered, but a fluent fountain pen can rid us of all our hesitations. Circulars were drawn up and money was collected — banknotes from rich eccentrics, but also unsightly prewar coins conscientiously hoarded in old-fashioned purses. Even the children donated their pennies. A small but moving justification had been added to the machinery of our lives.

The town council approved the erection of the monument in the largest park in town. This decision was preceded by a stormy council meeting, at which even the basic problems of life entered into the discussion.

The following summer, on a Saturday afternoon, the monument was unveiled. The ceremony came a year too late; for in almost every family, kittens were once more being drowned in kitchen pails or simply thrown into the canal. Even rationing was coming to an end. You could drink as much milk as you wanted.

It was raining, and the rain on the jasmine bushes in bloom and the well-kept lawns somehow reminded us, by the very contrast, of the war years. Somebody made a speech, standing under an umbrella — a speech ridiculous to anyone who could

not switch off his intellect. It was a remarkable gathering of people who could not otherwise have been brought together outdoors so easily — inveterate stay-at-homes who think about a fire even in summer; meditative pipe-smokers and dreamers; old women as full of worries as though there would never be an end to their lives; lame children; bachelors with water on the brain; cripples too poor to buy an artificial leg; and an occasional blind person with a smile on his face as though his eyesight had been restored. But also a beautiful young woman with luxurious clothes, jewelry, and shoes of fine, expensive leather, shaking her damp curls.

A pious mischief was in the air; a feeling that for a moment one had left the earth, just as at meetings of spiritualists, vegetarians, novices in politics, and magazine editors. This impression was confirmed by the clothing — cloth caps and leather jackets, a nineteenth-century shawl, a peasant brooch on an urban bosom. There were beards, mustaches, powder and lipstick on withered faces, unwashed hands, and a vague smell of cats that hovered over the scent of the jasmine. The monument was simple — a pedestal with a bronze cat reclining on it.

Whenever I go walking in the park with my children, I never fail to go past it. The monument is already beginning to lose its color to the weather and turn gray. My children look at it with cheerful innocence and wonder, not having learned yet to count back to the war years when the snow refused to melt and when getting from the warm bed to the frozen kitchen was like traveling across the world.

It is good to live in a town where a statue has been erected to the cats. May the rats and mice forgive us.

Translated by James Holmes and Dr. D. M. E. Habbema

THE ARTISTIC GENIUS OF HOLLAND

A Panorama of Past and Present

by SACHEVERELL SITWELL

I

AT THE Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam there is a delightful set of paintings depicting the reception of a Dutch Ambassador, early in the eighteenth century, by the Court of the Sublime Porte. The pictures are charming because of the contrast between the pantomime costumes of the Turks and the portly Dutchmen in their periwigs. Presents were always exchanged on such occasions. Dutch envoys had paid similar visits to the Courts of Kyoto and Peking, and to how many native princes in Java, India, and Ceylon? Among the costly gifts from Holland will have been Dutch atlases; but I have often wondered if it was not a little humiliating for Dutchmen to point to their own little country upon the map. Compared to the dominions of the Turkish Sultan or the Emperor of China, Holland was a little handkerchief spread out upon a lawn. Yet the Dutchmen have had an influence upon the world out of all proportion to their population, not least, as we hope to show, in their architecture and their art.

Let us travel without further ado to Holland and take up temporary headquarters in Amsterdam. An always memorable experience is the first walk in Amsterdam. Nothing, it is true, could be less like walking down Fifth Avenue for the first time. Yet, for an American, is it altogether so unfamiliar? Does it not remind one of the older and quieter parts of Boston? There are houses, whole rows of

them in Boston, that are reminiscent of the old houses in Amsterdam. But, most of all, Amsterdam suggests a Sunday walk in London's Bloomsbury, and particularly in Bedford Square. In Amsterdam there are two sorts of houses: those with the stepped gables, which are older in date, belonging to the late sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries, and the big town houses with flat plain fronts and rich interiors. It is these latter which are so like old London houses; and their bucolic descendants in bright coats of red brick and white plaster ceilings have been revived in order to give pleasure to tens of thousands at Williamsburg, Virginia, a "restored" town which most definitely is in Anglo-Dutch style.

The gabled houses of earlier date are typically Dutch, yet they are part of an architecture of wide ramifications spreading from Bruges and Ghent, and from Alsace, all through the Teutonic countries as far as Riga and Danzig on the Baltic, and even as far as Poland. They are merchant or burgher houses, often of timber elsewhere, but always of brick in Holland; and we would expect to discover some of the finest of them in Amsterdam which early in the seventeenth century was the richest town in Europe. This was at a time when the Netherlands were "booming," after they had won their independence from Spain under William "the Silent," one of the heroes of Protestant Europe. Asylum was offered to all refugees from political persecution; and the French Huguenots and Spanish and Portuguese Jews who took advantage of this hospitality did much to increase the fortunes of their adopted country.

Dutchmen of this generation were frugal and hard working. There are entire streets of gabled houses in many towns in Holland; but it would be

Poet, essayist, fiction writer, traveler, and connoisseur of the arts, SACHEVERELL SITWELL is the youngest member of this famous literary family. Dutch critics familiar with his book on the Netherlands consider it one of the most knowledgeable and sensitive studies of their country's art and architecture ever written by a foreigner. Selected Works of Sacheverell Sitwell was recently published by Bobbs-Merrill.

idle to pretend that they are anything but modest in dimension and in decoration. They are the houses of Dutchmen to whom wealth is pouring in from all over the world, but who do not feel safe yet, and who still keep pikes and arquebuses in their houses; who are still saving money, and not spending.

Dutch churches, it may be added, are as plain and solid as their congregations. It would be senseless to deny charm and quaintness to these old Dutch buildings, just as it is an injustice to exaggerate their eminence as works of art. Perhaps the two best arguments in their own favor are the red brick Westerkerk of Amsterdam, by the architect Hendrick de Keyser, than which no building could be more eloquent of the Dutch Reformed Church; and the Meat Market at Haarlem, by Lieven de Key, described as "the quaintest brick and stone building, perhaps even of the entire Northern Renaissance," but however quaint it is, it is not beautiful.

2

DESPITE the modesty, or even primness, of their buildings, some leaven of unprecedented force and vigor was swelling the souls of Dutchmen of that generation, enabling them to see the events and details of everyday life with astonishing and transcendental clearness. No reasonable theory will ever be able to explain how or why it was that so many Dutchmen were painters, and all during one, or at the most two, human generations. It is not enough to say that hard-won national independence made them take up their brushes. In seventeenth-century Holland the number of artists was entirely incredible; and down to today, connoisseurs of painting with some pretension to knowledge often have the experience of entering a picture gallery to find some beautiful painting of supreme handling and technical merit by a Dutchman whose name they never remember having heard before.

With meticulous thoroughness the Dutch painters, divined each his especial province and made himself at home in it. Hendrik van Avercamp, one of the early and delightful "primitives" of Dutch painting, chose for subject little else than skating scenes, and must have spent many months of each year waiting for the winter to come round again. Aert van der Neer was the master of moonlight; whereas Van der Heyden rendered every individual brick or stone in his paintings of towns, and yet contrived that his pictures should not be pernickety or fidgety in effect. Did all these Dutch painters sell their pictures? Was it because painting was so well paid a profession that they all took to being painters? The evidence is to the contrary. And if we take the greatest of them — Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Vermeer — it is only to find their careers were lamentable, and that from a material point of view they were ill-advised to become artists. The urge

to paint must have been irresistible, and yielded to regardless of the consequences.

There is one delightful true primitive, Geertgen van Sint Jans of Haarlem, contemporary to Memling and much less sophisticated; unless at a hazard we include Dirk Bouts, also born at Haarlem, but who lived and painted in Belgium. There is little, except that both were painters of individuality with their own mannerisms and their own personalities, to distinguish them from Flemish painters.

By some curious chance two much greater artists are seldom given the credit for being of Dutch origin. They are Hieronymus Bosch and Pieter Brueghel. Bois-le-Duc ('s Hertogenbosch in Dutch) was where Bosch lived, and it is said that half of his work perished when the stained glass windows in the cathedral of that town were destroyed during a siege by the Spanish armies. His few remaining pictures, for he is a rare master, were veiled in obscurity not less opaque than that attaching to El Greco until recent years. Bosch was a fantasist who puts such modern masters of unreality as Paul Klee into the shade, and now his wildest inventions all seem, in the light of recent research, to be reasonable and to have an explanation.

The Brueghels, a family of painters, came from the village of that name, near Breda. Pieter Brueghel in his early years worked over and over again the material, or, it would be more sensible to say, dug the unworked seams, left by his great predecessor, and then developed in directions which no one could have foretold from his immature paintings. Indeed, Brueghel is, with Dürer and with Holbein, one of the great masters of Northern painting, a style which is of nature, in antithesis to the Italian. They are masters of line, not of color, the Italians being, it is fair to say, true painters, in the sense that they could paint upon walls and ceilings. This genius for improvisation is altogether lacking in the more careful masters of the Northern school.

The genius of the Dutchmen was so strong, though, that it broke its own laws. In the person of Frans Hals it produced everything that the robust, carnival habits of the Dutchmen had put into their own lives but from propriety or circumspection had omitted in their paintings. Frans Hals must have had in addition the most amazing eyesight ever given to a painter. Surrounded as we are in our own lives by constant images and groupings of human beings on the screen and in the photographs in daily papers, how are we to conceive of the technical ability of Frans Hals in composing great groups of fifteen or more drunken arquebusiers or members of guilds — the painter, we may be sure, being not less intoxicated than they were themselves! It is almost beyond comprehension how he could have achieved these paintings; and even if his handling and execution are vulgar we have to marvel at his eyesight and his sleight of hand. But Hals could not paint anything that was not before

his eyes, and to expect more of him is to impeach his genius and deny his skill.

Hals is, of course, not an artist at all, in the poetic and dramatic meaning of that word, compared to Rembrandt. But Rembrandt, son of a miller, and grandson of a baker — little better than a peasant — had a soul and a depth of feeling which made him of another metal from the surface brilliance and dash of Hals. If any painter goes deep into the human soul, in the sense in which Beethoven in his last quartets tried to penetrate its mysteries, its vast horizons, and its shortcomings, then Rembrandt is that painter. As a young man he led a life that may remind us of Baudelaire's few short years of extravagance before his financial ruin. Both loved to surround themselves with fine silks and velvets, to have the company of beautiful women, and drink expensive wines. Marriage to Saskia van Ulenbergh, a young girl from Friesland, twenty-two years old, of good family, with the beautiful Frisian fair hair, may have seemed to Rembrandt to set the seal on his prosperity. It is painful to compare his splendid painting (in the Dresden Gallery) of himself with Saskia on his lap, while fortune smiled upon him, toasting her in a glass of wine, with his self-portraits painted in poverty and old age. Not, even, that Rembrandt lived to be an old man, but he was prematurely aged through misfortune and disillusionment. His art collections had long ago been sold; Saskia was dead; his son Titus proved a sad disappointment; in every way the tides were turned against him. But he was the greatest painter of his century. When Rembrandt was composing on a huge scale there has never been a painter to equal him. He was the great Dutchman, as Dante was the great Italian, or Shakespeare the greatest of Englishmen.

Round the figure of Vermeer, the other giant of Dutch painting, complications have gathered only paralleled by the South Sea Bubble, or the Dutch tulip mania of Vermeer's own day. It is difficult to imagine how any serious critic of pictures could have been taken in by his supposed painting of *Christ at Emmaus*. The mannerisms of the forger Van Meegeren are so quickly recognized: the blank expressions of his faces and their heavy-lidded eyes. In the result Vermeer has to be freed again from the web of false attribution; and it is true that the *View of Delft* (at The Hague) and his *Self-Portrait at his Easel* (in Vienna) show so extraordinary a diversity and so varied a genius that it is one of the wonders of nature that they are by the same hand.

Vermeer was little esteemed until late in the last century, though one would have guessed that his would have been the most popular of all paintings in the Victorian Age. Yet his cool colors and the clearness and sanity of his vision were unappreciated, and the public passed him by. But it is only when Vermeer is accepted and taken for granted without discussion that the unbelievable subtlety of

his handling, and the building up of his forms which were in themselves masterpieces of arrangement, are once more discovered and acclaimed. Then, the *Self-Portrait at his Easel* becomes a miracle only equaled by Velazquez's *Las Meninas* (in the Prado). It is the whole of Holland in a moment of time, and we begin to forget again the subtle, yet invisible, placing of the mirrors, and the static hysteria wherein nothing moves or stirs.

Of the lesser masters there can never be an end. They are those which strengthen their hold upon us as we grow older. We get to love them for their calm sanity, and perhaps just because they lack both the garishness of the moderns and the facility of the Italians. The interiors of de Hoogh and Metsu; the landscapes of Ruysdael and Hobbema; the church paintings of Pieter Saenredam; the marine painters; the still life and flower painters; there are even masters of brass pots and earthen pans!

And then, in a single generation the genius had gone out of the Dutchmen. There followed what I would call Confucian Holland, when the Dutchmen lived tranquilly, and richly, as though in a chrysalis, or as flies in amber. This hiatus was their eighteenth century, during which they prospered exceedingly from their colonial possessions, and wealth was flowing from the Indies.

It was at this time that the solid brick houses were built along the canal banks; that Leyden and The Hague and Delft and Amsterdam took on their present aspect — that is, if we omit the swarms of bicycles, and the suburbs of modern houses built with the Dutch propensity for comfort and common sense. Dutchmen tend rather to ignore the eighteenth century, because they consider it the aftermath of their time of greatness — the rest and lull after the big effort — when the painters and navigators were dead and buried. The Dutch lived, as we say, like flies in amber till the wars of Napoleon. Then came the rude awakening; and a much worse one when they were invaded and occupied all through the last war, and in the end lost their Indian empire.

Among all the different lands of Europe, Holland has perhaps the deepest individuality after that of Spain. A moment's walk along the banks of one of her town canals has as much of personality as a day's motor drive through the hot, burnt tableland of high Castile. The fisherman of Volendam in his baggy black breeches and black fur hat — well, he is as full of character as the spangled, swaggering *torero*, and no more of an anachronism.

With Vincent van Gogh the Dutch produced one of the greatest of aberrant geniuses of all time, and one genius in a century makes a nation. Van Gogh is for modern Holland what, in his century, Goya was for Spain. There is every reason, therefore, to think the Dutchmen are as full of vitality as ever, and have still their part to play as artists in the modern world.

TOWARD A UNITED EUROPE

Economics Before Politics

by PAUL RYKENS

I

AFTER high hopes, many people begin to believe that European integration lies outside the field of practical politics. There are so many obstacles that the ultimate aim may seem unattainable. As the obstacles exist as much in the minds of people as anywhere else, political observers outside Europe may wonder whether Europeans really want integration at all. Or is it perhaps a mere dream of starry-eyed young people?

Your writer is neither a dreamer nor young, but he firmly believes that economic integration in Europe should be brought about, and that it can be brought about. Let us, before going further, first have a look at what integration is supposed to be.

Europe will probably never be one state. Its nations have had very different histories, and almost every one of them has fought the others for its independence. In this struggle national characters have developed, and nations have matured into fully grown personalities who just will not be lumped together. Fortunately integration, especially economic integration, does not require such a thing. It aims at abolition, not of social and cultural distinctions, but of economic barriers. The process it wants to undo is the hardening of nations into states, and of states into instruments for the protection of regional economic interests.

There is nothing specifically European in the existence of tariff walls which prevent the free ex-

change of goods, capital, and labor. How many Americans who feel impatient about European trade barriers would be ready to give up their own tariff protection, even against a neighbor such as Canada? Yet a North American customs union would be a simple affair compared with economic integration in Europe. But what would, for instance, the U.S. dairy farmers say, who having obtained an embargo on imports of cheese from Canada found that the protection which the tariff gave them was insufficient? And there are plenty of other groups in the U.S.A., as in Europe, whose love of free trade is merely platonic.

Generally speaking, protective tariffs are bad because they are a poor substitute for efficiency. They prevent the consumer from getting the full benefit of favorable natural conditions or human skill which exist outside his own country. Import quotas, as part of a permanent system of protection, are even worse, because on top of all this they call for arbitrary decisions by the administration.

The drive for economic integration aims at an economically United Europe, where trade barriers no longer exist and where capital, labor, and commodities can move freely. Instead of being divided into a number of small or medium-sized markets, such a United Europe would be one large common market inside which goods are produced in areas where conditions are most suitable, and sold at prices which ensure the best value for the consumer. If such a common market were to comprise the whole of Western Europe, there would be over 200 million consumers to cater for. Natural resources in this area are not so abundant as in the U.S.A., but the example of Switzerland proves that this handicap can be overcome by technical skill and commercial sense. Western Europe has perhaps a

PAUL RYKENS, a native of Rotterdam who settled in England in 1929, has for many years been one of the leaders of industry in Europe. Until recently, he was Chairman of the Board of Unilever Ltd. and Unilever N. V., Rotterdam; and he continues to be on the Board of both those companies. The Dutch Government has awarded him several decorations for his services to his country.

greater concentration of skilled labor and international merchants than any other area in the world.

If within Europe all barriers were torn down, we should no doubt witness a tremendous release of economic energy, which would solve many long-term, so-called structural problems. What we need in our part of the world is not only raw materials and equipment, but wide and stable markets, economic space, and a political climate favorable to initiatives and creative efforts far beyond the scope of individual countries. This would lead to an increase of European production as a whole, and -- given a suitable pattern of world trade and a certain relaxation of import restrictions in the U.S.A. -- to independence from American aid. Mutual competition will squeeze the waste out of our national economic systems. Inefficient producers may be faced with some difficult problems, but the consumers are going to have the benefit of lower production costs. Gradually, the interests, skill, and resources of various countries will become intermingled so as to make economic nationalism in any form look outdated.

Apart from creating wider economic possibilities, a merger of national economies would also greatly help to create political strength and stability, which are so necessary in Europe. Any system of collective military defense obviously needs a solid and homogeneous substructure in the economy. But in the long run the best defense against political dangers is a gradual rise in the standard of living and stability of employment. They will make the European masses immune to subversive foreign influences. Economic integration is, therefore, an essential element in the political defense of Europe.

2

Now if this is so, why have we not got further than where we are at present? Before going into this I should like to point out that the results so far are by no means so small as many people seem to think. European production and trade have greatly increased. If we put the figures for all O.E.E.C.¹ countries together, we find that in 1952 agricultural production had risen to 140 per cent, industrial production to about 150 per cent, and the volume of intra-European trade to almost 230 per cent, of 1947.

As far as production is concerned the rise is of course greatly due to American aid, but intra-European trade could only get into its stride after the creation of the European Payments Union, an instrument for multilateral settlement of balances between the member countries and for credits to countries which find themselves temporarily in the

red. The E.P.U. came into being in 1950; in that year the volume of trade between the member countries leaped up by 40 per cent, as compared with 1949.

All impediments to greater freedom of trade within Europe result from either the wish to protect certain group interests or the need for debtor countries to restore their balance of payments. Group interests usually hide behind tariff walls, whereas concern about the balance of payments mostly expresses itself in quotas.

Very little has so far been done in the way of a general reduction of tariffs within Europe. The General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, although covering a much wider field, has of course had some influence on intra-European tariffs as well, but it has not led to a general lowering of tariff walls. The only positive examples are Benelux and the Coal and Steel Community. The Benelux countries have abolished the import duties amongst themselves and established a common tariff on imports from the outer world. Their mutual trade is at present ten times as high at current prices, about three times at stable prices, as before the war.

The European Coal and Steel Community is the creation of a farsighted, indefatigable Frenchman, Jean Monnet, who with the "Schuman Plan" has brought about a common market for iron, steel, and coal amongst the six countries which form the core of the European continent: France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg. This area is sometimes called "Little Europe," but it has a population as big as that of the United States and much bigger than all other West European countries together. The remarkable thing about the European Coal and Steel Community is not only that such basic industrial products can be moved about freely between the six countries, but also that the governments in question have given up all power of control over these industries. In order to weld the markets together, individual state intervention is made impossible and all powers have been consigned to a special High Authority. This body is guiding the development of the industries in question in so far as guidance is necessary, and has established freedoms, including freedom for producers to compete in each other's markets, which were often lacking as long as the markets were divided by national frontiers.

The problem of how to create a common market without causing undue distress has been solved as follows. Coal of all specifications, iron, steel, and scrap can be sold freely from one country to another, without being subject to import duties or quantitative restrictions. Prices of iron, steel, and scrap are free from control, but the High Authority has fixed a uniform price for coal in all countries. This price is calculated as from certain production centers; prices at the actual place of consumption vary with the cost of transport from the production centers. The uniform basic price strikes a medium

¹O.E.E.C.: Organization for European Economic Co-operation.

between the highest and the lowest production costs. Practically all the really high-cost mines are in the Borinage, one of the oldest coal-mining districts of Belgium. Some of these are closing down, but the others receive help for modernization. The High Authority has imposed a levy of about 12 cents per ton on all coal produced in its territory, and out of the proceeds of this the high-cost colliers in the Borinage receive a subsidy which (together with an equal sum paid by the Belgian government) allows them (a) to sell at the price fixed by the Authority, and (b) to modernize their equipment and rationalize their methods.

The important thing is that these levies and subsidies are for five years only. After that every firm will have to face the free competition of all the others in a market where national protection has become impossible. This is a clear example of the way in which a large free market can be established with the help of a little transitional planning to prevent unnecessary hardships.

It would, however, be wrong to assume that the road to economic unity in Europe would consist of an increasing number of High Authorities. One objection against this would be that the existence of too many autonomous corporations would throw the European economy into a state of chaos and confusion, because of conflicting powers and regulations. Another difficulty is that one cannot do with all industries what has been done with coal and steel. In other industries there are not dozens but thousands of individual firms with different cost levels, production patterns, and trade relations. Under the influence of frontier protection, European countries have developed economic patterns more or less along national lines. It would be impossible to unravel the threads and knit all these incongruous patterns together: there would be tens of thousands of threads and the patterns could never be made to match.

3

WHAT we need first in Europe is not patient patchwork but radical demolition of barriers. Tariff walls should be torn down and restrictions abolished so that economic forces which are now frustrated will find scope for free and fruitful employment. Far from stitching Europe together, we should give it a chance to grow and prosper. Space and freedom are the things it requires most. The road to freedom is easy enough to find: in technical terms it consists of complete abolition of quotas and systematic reduction of import duties.

Every further step in this direction, however, meets with the obstacle that some countries have a high price level and by admitting imports freely would wreck their balance of payments. In this connection everybody thinks of France. This country has taken some of the most valuable initia-

tives for European unity — the Schuman Plan and the European Defense Community — but at the same time it has been one of the most obstinate opponents of free trade in Europe. The main explanations of France's attitude are backward methods of agriculture, lack of efficiency in distribution, and high costs in some industries, the continuation of which has been made possible by a combination of inflationary finance and protectionism in foreign trade. If France goes on having budget deficits, a "soft" economy, and high prices, it will never be able to face competition from abroad. There is some danger that this would become the stumbling-block for further economic integration.

In this connection there is no reason to single out France in particular; every one of the European countries may in its turn get into difficulties. But since such difficulties always have repercussions on others, and usually give rise to a claim for American aid, it would be best if they were considered as common problems. Independent experts should be asked for advice, and all European countries, as well as the U.S.A., should interest themselves in the application of remedies which the experts would suggest. A certain amount of help from outside will often enable a government to deal with a problem which it sees quite clearly but is not strong enough to solve alone.

There is at present a tendency in Europe to admit the need of collective action in military and political matters. An example of this is the draft treaty for a political community of the six "Schuman" countries. This draft, which proposes a European Executive and a European Parliament consisting of two Houses, has somehow made the idea of European unity seem nearer and more real than before. But it has a serious shortcoming: economic integration is given second place and could at its best be brought about only gradually as a result of efforts to be made by the Executive in co-operation with the governments.

This, to my mind, is putting the cart before the horse. Economic integration is more essential for the unity of Europe than the political machinery which the draft treaty proposes. Not that such machinery would be redundant: there is already a rudimentary parliament for the Coal and Steel Community, to which the High Authority reports, and if the European Defense Community comes into being, its Executive will also need a representative body to report to and to be guided by. To put up a different assembly behind every specialized agency in Europe would clearly be a waste of the time of valuable men or an opportunity for less valuable men who might do the cause of Europe no good. The creation of a really representative Assembly, to which all Executives would report, seems a logical step, whatever one's opinion may be about the system of representation, the number of Houses, and the allocation of responsibilities.

But if we concentrate too much on the political machinery, we are in danger of erecting a large façade in front of a number of buildings which are still very much separated, and in parts even barred against each other. People may mistake the political façade for the real thing, and forget that behind it economic division persists.

The right thing to do is to organize economic and political integration simultaneously. The Dutch government has acknowledged this by proposing the "Beyen plan," named after its present foreign minister. This plan suggests an amendment to the draft treaty for a political community, in that the six participating states should undertake to form a tariff community within ten years. From the beginning, participants should take all necessary steps to prepare such a situation, particularly by a gradual lowering of tariff walls against each other. After the stated period there would be no tariffs between them and they would have a common tariff toward the outer world.

We can make economic union in Europe a reality if we continue the work that has already been done, but with an even greater determination. The further we proceed, the greater becomes the resistance of group interests which dread any exposure to the cold wind of competition. In view of this, our main concern for the near future should be a forceful drive for freedom of trade in Europe, as a condition for greater efficiency and stability.

There are, however, two qualifications to this: the transition should be orderly and it should be gradual. From what I have said before it will be clear that by "orderly" I do not mean regulated in detail. Such regulation is not possible. Nor is it possible to prevent every hardship resulting from the process of liberation. One cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs, as the French say. But it should be realized that economic integration must not lead to the creation of distressed areas in Europe. If it does, the government of the country in question will suffer defeat and be replaced by opponents who will do everything to reverse the process, including perhaps complete withdrawal from European co-operation.

The example of the coal industry under the Schuman plan proves that it is possible to prevent large-scale hardships by some transitional planning, which absorbs the shock and prepares the ground for complete freedom. A similar policy will have to be applied in agriculture. Farmers' attitudes and government policies in high-cost areas have so far been very negative. All they have been trying to do is to avert the danger of free foreign competition as long as possible or, if it had to come — as in Benelux — to claim special protection for high-cost products. The emphasis, however, should be not on protection but on efficiency. While there may be reasons for high costs

which cannot be ignored, the watchword should be modernization. Any price support should be temporary and the proceeds should be used for readjustments necessary to prepare the ground for free competition.

An example of the right attitude of mind was recently given by a young German economist, who found that agriculture in his country was, on the whole, working at such high costs — or low yields — that it could not face free competition from other European countries. His conclusion was, not that economic integration should, therefore, be banned, nor that German farmers should be sacrificed in the interest of the consumer, but that their efficiency should be raised by a well laid-out plan for land improvement, re-allotment, training, consultation, mechanization, and seed selection. Such a plan would prepare the German farmer to take his place in an integrated European economy. This is an example of the orderly sort of transition which is necessary to bring about freedom without creating panic or large-scale distress. Similar needs might occur in the industrial sphere, although there differences in production costs are rather between individual firms than between geographic areas.

As all readjustments take time, it is impossible to produce economic unity at one stroke. It is, therefore, essential to proceed gradually. But just as orderliness does not mean detailed regulation, gradualness does not mean hesitancy. On the contrary, gradual steps towards greater freedom should prove the governments' absolute determination to go through with the process until complete economic unity has been reached. It has been said that free trade is impossible as long as the rates of exchange are frozen at unrealistic levels. There is no reason why a scheme of diminishing tariff protection should not be accompanied by a sensible revision of exchange rates, or by a co-ordination of monetary and social policies.

The sense of reality, necessary to push governments and businessmen forward on the road to economic freedom and unity in Europe, can only be created if something definite and irrevocable is being done. That is the best reason why any treaty to form a political community in Europe should include an obligation of the participating countries to reduce the existing tariff barriers between them by a certain percentage at regular intervals, in order to arrive at a complete customs union within a stated period. The need for such a scheme is so urgent that it ought to be the subject of a separate treaty, should the political community not make enough headway. Responsible statesmen in the U.S.A. would be wise to follow the developments in Europe quite closely, because they may have an opportunity to support decisions of truly historical importance.

THE MAD EXCHANGE

by Bertus Aaffjes

I cut myself seven branches,
I tied them together,
and I flayed myself,
but saw woodnymphs dancing
in the pools of my blood.

Then from the selfsame branches
I made an instrument,
cut slits and blew therein,
and every day I now
play my torture organ.

They expound the same,
flagellation and music
on the flute, the whip
and the seven-slot horn,
the same message of death.

CATCHING A FISH

by Jacob van Hattum

The fish rises sparkling . . .

from the darkest deep,
where a little stone prince
sleeps beneath the kelp,
where the gold ducats
in the gilded chest
lie well secured
beneath gray mussels;
where at evening
the mermaid may sing
to and about people,
where the bronzed eel
amid carcasses glides.

The strange fish
rises sparkling,
blinks at the light of day
which never was his light,
then slips from my hand
and dives back into the deep,
where the little stone prince
already is summoning him.

ST. JOHN

by Martinus Nijhoff

He does not hang terribly high on the wood,
his feet are no higher than my shoulders,
yet when I look up at his stilled face,
I see him ascending along the cross.

And when the nails had been removed,
and I held his stiff body in my arms,
I understood that only in death he left us,
but left with me his bitter cup.

Mary presses his cold head against her breast,
Magdalene wails and lifts up her hands,
Peter looks down from the wall of the city.

But it was I whom he loved when he lived,
and when he died he proffered me so much,
that fulfilling him, I could not speak for years.

Translated by David Cornel DeJong

YOU SHOULDN'T KILL A DUCK

A Story

by THEO VAN DER WAL

1

TO BE honest (though nowadays it is quite difficult to be honest) I must admit that I have, from time to time, broken the law and even done so with pleasure. The law says that poaching is an offense and the judge says so too — he gives you a couple of months if you are caught. It has never gone that far with me. You see, they have brains, the policemen and gamekeepers, but so have I. I have more, as a matter of fact.

But what was I talking about? I don't want to tell about myself but about a man, a certain Udo, whom I met for the first time on a peat bog in the north.

Our country is a fine country. It has its sea whose briny smell hovers over the coast and along the dunes with their strong-rooted plants. It has heaths and woods, and there it smells sweet and resinous. And in the north there are peat bogs among the meadows.

I had asked for work at a peat digger's, a man who leased pieces of land to cut peat. I had heard he could use a hand. The helper he had before had left after a dispute over the amount of peat for his own use. And when I saw the peat digger I could understand it. He was a small slow man with crooked legs, who gave me a long look with his little piercing eyes, before giving an answer when I asked for an advance. But it was fixed up. We rode out to the field together on a farm cart.

THEO J. VAN DER WAL was born at Maastricht in 1910. He was a student of psychology at Amsterdam University, and has held a wide variety of jobs — peat cutter, printer, reporter, art critic, and graphologist. He has published five novels, six volumes of short stories, three books on graphology, and a study of poetry.

He showed me the plot I was to work and disappeared.

There lay the peat bogs, criss-crossed with ditches. The damp black blocks of peat were sucked fast into the ground. On top of them were stacked the lighter-colored ones, already shrinking; and between the rows was a rich growth — thick reeds, purple cattails, yellow loosestrife. Far away lay lonely farms, and from bands of fading green the towers of farm villages shot upwards. There was no other sound than of ducks, of the wind that blew through the reeds, and of fish leaping in the water.

And now about this Udo. He said that was what he was called, but whether it was his Christian name or his family name I don't know. And anyhow it doesn't matter.

He must have been sitting somewhere hidden behind a row of peat, because I had just taken off my coat when I heard him behind me. I turned around quickly. He came towards me with a friendly smile and a sureness of gait possessed only by those who have a right to walk somewhere.

"So you're going to begin now," he said. "The last one was not all there. I tell 'im I'll give 'im a hand, and what does he say?"

"Did he say 'No'?" I asked.

"Yes, that's what he said. Why shouldn't I give him a hand? I like to be here, and after all God created the earth. And then what did the man do? He walked off!"

"What do you mean by saying 'God created the earth'?" I asked, because I don't understand things when they get complicated.

"I mean that I have a right to walk here! The earth is for us all."

"Oh," I said, "well as far as I'm concerned you can help. But I'll keep my money for myself."

"Am I asking for money? I'm not asking anything."

"All right," I said, and put out my hand.

His hand was one that hadn't done much hard work. The callus was new, and there were scratches that hadn't yet healed. You could see that he wasn't used to heavy work. His skin was sensitive. And because I noticed the hand, I also took a good look at his face. He had thick hair, dark-blond and short, just like a dog's coat. His forehead was low and narrow, but free. I mean open, without lies, without deceit. His eyebrows were wiry, and under them, set a little deep in the sockets, lay his eyes, light-blue eyes, as clear as aquamarine. Kind eyes. His nose was straight and narrow. His mouth was never still and his chin stuck out a little and was broad.

I say all that now, but at the moment when I looked him over I didn't size him up like that. No, I saw that he was a nice fellow, a little uncouth, someone who didn't know about letters and paragraphs and such.

I had already seen that there were ducks here galore, and I decided that after dark I could catch one for my supper. This man was no snooper; he'd leave me alone with my poaching.

"Say, how are you called?" he asked, while he pulled off his coat and laid it next to mine in the shade of a peat row.

"Smith," I said.

"Udo's my name," said he.

Then we worked. The sun burned our heads and arms, blazed through the shirts onto our backs and shoulders. The breath of the earth swept past us with bitter and sweet smells. The wet peat was clamped fast to the bottom of the fermenting bog. It was veined with the roots of plants that had sprung up and covered the bog with their colorful flowers, but we turned row after row.

We got pains in our backs because we worked stooping down the whole time, turning the peat to let it dry. Our hands stung from the dirt that filled every pore. He knew what he was doing. We worked from the middle of a row outwards, towards the sides, each going towards one side, I mean. He did it just as fast as I did and I'm an old hand at this. I was working for my money, and he for nothing, just for the pleasure of it. All right with me; I wouldn't give him anything—I wasn't the boss. Every time we met one another in the middle of a row, he smiled at me with a look of understanding. No, he was a nice fellow. I looked around at my coat. His lay next to it. But I had my money in my trouser pocket. I had learned never to keep money in my coat.

And we worked. If he hadn't been there I might have rested, but he went on. All right, we'd work

on then. I had come in the afternoon and it was getting on towards evening. I was hungry, so when we came to the middle again, I stretched myself and said, "That'll be enough for today."

"All right," he said and stretched himself too. He wasn't very big, but he had broad shoulders.

"We'll go and eat," I said. We pulled our coats on. In mine were my sandwiches and a bottle of tea. On both sides of the peat rows there was water. It had been land before the peat bog had been dug out. Now it was straight ditches between narrow strips of ground where the blocks of peat were piled up a meter high. We went and sat by the water. The valerian plants, the tender flowers of the arrowhead, the thin leaves of the plantain were still above the smooth water.

And there we sat. I took out my sandwiches. He looked at the water. I might have known it. He had nothing to eat. He looked calmly before him, his hands folded around his knees. An uncivilized person. I felt to see if my money was still in my pocket. It was. That did it. That's why I gave him half my sandwiches.

"Help yourself," I said, and he took them with a look of understanding.

"A person has to eat, after all," he said, and he closed his strong teeth on a thick sandwich.

2

LATER in the evening I said: "That village there has plenty of ducks, village ducks. The people put out nest-baskets and the eggs that are laid in them, they keep. There must be hundreds of ducks. I feel like having one."

He did not answer. He lay back asleep. All right with me. It was pretty dark, and I walked off towards the village. There were pollard willows along the road and I cut down a thick branch. When I had pared off the lancet-shaped leaves, I had a good stick, thicker at one end. The village lay in darkness. The houses stood spread apart. In the still water of the canals floated motionless ducks. I went and sat by the side of the road and looked around me. A lamp was burning in a small farmyard. After a few moments I saw a girl pick up the lamp and walk towards the shed. She disappeared in it and I saw a lighted window. I had seen that she had blond hair hanging to the shoulders. Perhaps she was pretty. I looked at the ducks floating there quietly. I waited. The girl did not come back. The light went out later. So she slept in the shed then. It is the maid, I thought.

I looked again at the ducks but they were too far away. I threw lumps of earth in the water as though I wanted to feed them, and one came swimming slowly towards me. I balanced the stick for a moment on my hand and then struck down. I hit his head, but it didn't kill him. He let out a wild squawk before I finished him off and then the

others, out of reach, began to flutter away in every direction. All the ducks in the village began to squawk. I grabbed the duck I had killed and hid him under my coat. I looked around and saw a light again in the farmyard, near the shed. The girl was standing there looking in my direction. Whistling, I walked back.

It was a warm night. I looked for Udo, who was awake. I showed him the duck. The head was bloody and there were rusty spots on the blue and green feathers. The neck was limp.

"You can't live on bread alone," I said.

He looked at the duck and said dreamily, "No, you shouldn't do that, you shouldn't kill ducks."

And he looked at the limp head.

Well I'll eat it up by myself, I thought, and began to pluck it.

The next day he said it again: "You shouldn't do that!" I had bought bread from a passing baker. I roasted the duck over a peat fire, while Udo worked. He wouldn't eat any of it. Well if he wanted to eat dry bread, I had nothing against it. The meat tasted good and it was not flat, for the smoke had given it a tangy flavor. After I had eaten I didn't want to work any more. And why should I? The sun was high and it was fine here. All the rich smells and that stillness over the water. Udo worked on dry bread. He did it quietly and without a grudge.

Then I caught a rabbit. I like rabbit, wild rabbit, but this was a tame one. That couldn't be helped though. It was walking across the road and I had it just like that. The set-up was like this: I had gone to the farm with the shed, where the girl slept. I wanted to see how she looked in daylight. She wasn't bad. I got a bowl of milk and she swayed her hips as she went inside, for the farmer called her. Then I saw that behind the farmhouse was a path that ran along to some rabbit hutches. I opened one of the hutches and that's the way it happened. One hit behind the ear and his head hung limp.

When I rejoined Udo he looked at me and remarked, "You shouldn't do that, you shouldn't kill rabbits."

Then I got angry. "Listen," I said, "pretty soon you'll say I shouldn't catch a fish!"

But he went on working and ate dry bread. I thought, that can't go on, so I bought butter and cheese. He ate it with a look of understanding. The work went well, because with the two of us the rows were soon turned. The backaches went away and our fingers were limber again. We enjoyed the work. I dug up some roots of the tormentil¹ which make a good remedy against all ailments. You never can tell, isn't that so? We slept in the open and sometimes there would be a mist in the morning. We would awaken before the sun was up,

¹ Tormentil: A yellow-flowered Eurasian herb, the root of which is powerfully astringent.

cold and covered with fine drops. Udo always slept quietly. He was a silent man.

I had bought my hooks and line to fish. A willow branch was the rod. Udo worked on. He turned the peat silently while I watched the float. Work is healthy, he would say sometimes; but that remains to be seen. Anyway I'd decided to give him part of my pay — money isn't everything. And he could get a shave; he was getting to be a sorry sight.

I caught some perch — greedy things, they gobble up everything off your hook but bread. As I cleaned them, Udo watched me and I knew what he would say. He said it too, and more: "How can you cut their heads off!" He shook his. I don't think he could stand it. He became more and more silent.

3

ONE evening he started to talk about it. It was a fine clear evening when sounds carry far. At such times you feel like singing, and so I sang as we sat with our backs against the peat. I'm not much of a singer but I like singing. Udo put his hand on my arm and said: "Don't you believe that animals have a soul?"

"No," I said and sang an aria, not too well I guess, but with expression. He waited till it was over and tapped me again. His light-blue eyes had a tense look and his mouth was slightly open. Something important is on its way when people look like that; they want something badly and are afraid of being refused. The rims of the eyes get red. I know that sign; in such cases you might as well give in.

"Are you allowed to kill a human being?" he asked. What a question! I couldn't answer it. I wanted to say: no, you're dead right, you're not! But his eyes were tense and the rims red. He probably expected me to say yes. But I didn't have to give an answer because there was a noise in the distance, and when I sat up and looked I saw three men who had sprung from the road over the ditch onto our ground. You could see very well that they were policemen.

I jumped up and shouted, "Beat it!" I ran away at once, for I understood: Udo had told about my poaching and they had come for me. Three months, the judge would say — that is, if they caught me. That Udo. The broad fellow, with his honest face. Those light-blue aquamarine eyes. The sly hypocrite, who couldn't look at blood. I reached the edge of our field, jumped over the ditch and stopped to look behind me. They were running in my direction. I ducked behind a pile of peat and crawled towards the wide water that lay along the length of the fields. I slid in softly and swam quietly along the reeds back towards the road.

Then I thought better of it. It couldn't have been Udo who betrayed me. It must have been

the girl who slept in the shed. What a girl. Blonde, with hair to her shoulders, and small white teeth. Oh, a nice one. She would cost me three months. Three months for one bowl of milk and a swaying of hips.

I heard the men calling. They couldn't see me, but some reed sparrows flew up and brown marsh harriers screeched kee-kee-kee-kee-kee! They would give me away. But I don't think the policemen noticed them. Their sounds were farther away: brainless fellows, chasing right behind their prey. The water was cold. I left behind a trail of tangled brown peat deposit. The slimy plants brushed against me as I paddled carefully among them with my hands.

Well, they weren't so brainless after all, for when I floated around a corner very slowly, there stood a policeman, in water up to his hips, bent down among the reeds. His revolver was in his hand.

"Come here," he said, eyeing me sharply.

All right, I thought, and I stood up.

"Hands up!"

I did that too. We waded to land. I thought about my coat. I said so. But they were already coming with it, the other two. Udo wasn't with

them. One of them, heavy and with the face of a saloon-keeper, said in a tone as though he were speaking to a child (and the others laughed cheerfully), "Now we'll all go back to the asylum together, how about it my boy!"

"Oh," I said, "I get it."

It took a while before I could explain that they didn't want me, that I was only the hired hand, and had absolutely not escaped from an asylum. They haven't any brains. They wanted Udo. They said that he was crazy and had done someone in. They found him finally, sitting calmly against a row of peat. I shook hands with him when they left. He had a real worker's hand, I could see that.

One of the policemen was not quite convinced. "Why did you run away so fast?" he asked.

"Got the habit during the war," I said, "when our country was occupied."

Now I'm working alone again. But what was it I wanted to say? Oh yes, I went to see that girl again. She is pretty, all right. I held her hand for a moment. Maybe it will turn into something. And I'd certainly like to ask her: "Is it really so terrible to kill a duck or a rabbit, as Udo says?"

Translated by Estelle Debrot

ENKHUISEN

by Eric van der Steen

The carillon sings cleanly through the rain,
through the pallid rain of my country,
and small gray waves break against
the empty ships on the quay.

When everything is so silent all
the ancient things become ascendant;
where galleons of the East once lay at anchor,
the rain falls into the silted harbor.

The golden years drifted away,
but still the narrow rows of houses
keep staring with expectant eyes across the sea.

Hope never freed any man or any thing,
but keeps them waiting. And it sings a lie
in the rain and amid the perished things.

(Enkhuisen is one of the "dead cities" of the Zuider Zee.)

Translated by David Cornel DeJong

A SECRET LANGUAGE

Dutch and Flemish Writing Today

by ADRIAAN VAN DER VEEN

I

SHORTLY before the war, the eminent Dutch essayist Menno ter Braak attended an international writers' congress in Paris. Many distinguished writers had spoken before him, and the audience was very tired by the time he got up to speak. Nobody knew anything about him. Everyone was thirsty. And everyone knew that there was a bar somewhere in the building. While Ter Braak spoke, the audience slowly disappeared, until only Heinrich Mann (Thomas Mann's brother) and the president of the congress remained. Heinrich Mann whispered, "Who on earth is this man?" And the president whispered back, "I really don't know."

I was told this tragi-comic anecdote by the late Eduard du Perron, one of the greatest of modern Dutch writers, who observed, "What a terrible thing it is to write in a secret language!" Indeed, it almost seems as if the Dutch have always written in a secret language, as far as the other nationals are concerned.

A few of our best-selling authors, to be sure, have no reason for complaint. A whole page of a recent German bibliography was devoted to translations of the novels of Jo van Ammers-Küller, whose fiction is of the caliber found in popular women's maga-

zines. Jan de Hartog, author of *The Fourposter*, is well known abroad; also the prolific woman writer Willy Corsari, who is especially widely read in Scandinavia. The popular regional writer Anne de Vries had her phenomenally successful *Bartje* translated into twenty-two languages, including Japanese and Chinese. Yet most of the Dutch literature of real significance has remained untranslated.

It would be a valuable stimulus to our most gifted writers, if the international body of publishers would show a bit more interest in Dutch literature, which undoubtedly contains some of the glories admired in Dutch painting.

After these preliminary remarks, I must contradict myself somewhat by pointing out that the Dutch reading audience is not quite so small — at least potentially — as is usually assumed. There is still a sizeable market in Indonesia, and our publishers cling to the hope that Dutch will continue to be used as a second language among the growing body of Indonesian intellectuals. There is a long-standing interest in Dutch literature in the Union of South Africa — Afrikaans, after all, derives from the Dutch. In addition, we still have the Netherlands Antilles in the West Indies and Surinam on the South American continent, where Dutch books are read side by side with Spanish and American.

And there is also Flanders. The cultural frontiers of the Netherlands extend far into our politically independent neighbor Belgium. All through the northern part of that country Flemish is spoken, which, granted differences of idiom, is in effect the same language as our own. There is a steadily growing two-way traffic of literary ideas and books between Belgian Flanders and the Netherlands. The Dutch and the Flemish together are now writing for a potential European audience of eleven million in

At thirty-seven, ADRIAAN VAN DER VEEN — besides being a gifted novelist and short-story writer — is one of Holland's most influential literary critics. During the war years, he worked for the Dutch Government in the United States and married an American girl; they are now living with their two children in The Hague. As Literary Editor of a leading Dutch newspaper, the Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant, Mr. Van der Veen has been in the vanguard of those responsible for introducing contemporary American writing to the Dutch public. His latest novel, whose setting is New York, won the 1953 prize of the Dutch Academy of Letters.

the Netherlands proper and about four-and-a-half million in Flanders.

Even so, Dutch literature rests on very shaky economic foundations, especially since the tremendous postwar rise in costs of production. It would be an exaggeration to say that there are as many publishers and booksellers in Holland and Flanders as writers, but occasionally you get that impression. On a per capita basis, Holland has three times as many publishers as the U.S.A., and there are actually 1,460 bookshops in our country — you can find two or three good ones even in the smallest towns. The existence of such a large book trade undoubtedly reflects a wide interest in reading. Moreover, I know of no country in Europe where you find a better organized and more harmonious collaboration between publishers and booksellers. There is only one catch: there is not enough money in it for anyone — especially not for the writers.

2

IN 1952, the production of new books in the Netherlands — 6,728 titles — was nearly three quarters of that in the United States, where the population is fourteen times larger. But the printings are usually small, varying from 1,500 to 10,000. A serious novel is considered a best-seller when around 5,000 copies are sold; only a very few popular novels pass the 25,000 mark. Quite a few of the booksellers and publishers keep going only precariously; and it is a vital question whether attempts should be made to develop new book outlets in addition to the costly orthodox bookshops — possible equivalents, for instance, of the American drugstore.

One of Holland's most enterprising publishing houses, the Busy Bee, is a curiosity in this field — it is run as a co-operative. Its authors receive the usual royalties and also a share in the annual profits — so far, the firm has not had a losing year. The Busy Bee is directed by two young businessmen, Geert Lubberhuizen and Willem Schouten. During the Nazi occupation, while still undergraduates, they organized the escape of Dutch Jews, and in order to raise the necessary funds they started to publish, secretly, occasional volumes of poetry of the Resistance. Today, their firm is a center of all that is young and progressive in Dutch letters.

Within the powerful organization of publishers and booksellers, a Committee for Publicity arranges a yearly Book Week with special literary events. A campaign is launched to convert "book heathen" to the joys of reading and especially *buying* books — a campaign which has some typically Dutch aspects. A ship with a representative exhibit of books cruises Dutch waters, landing at any small town where book heathen are likely to be found. It is difficult to find out how many converts are made; but even in the smallest port of call, whether it be on the shores of the Zuider Zee or on any of the big rivers,

almost everyone excitedly gathers around the harbor when the "book ship" is seen sailing in.

The Dutch-Flemish writer, in addition to having a small audience, has to struggle against the massive competition of foreign literature. In 1952, a little more than half of the novels and long stories published were translations, three out of four foreign titles being translated from the English and American, with U.S. fiction claiming the largest share. The same situation applies to Flanders. Then, too, there is a form of snobbery which works against the writers of the Low Countries. In Holland, it is possible to meet cultured persons who will declare, with a certain pride, that they never read a Dutch book. They would be ashamed, however, to admit they had not heard of the latest title by a prominent British or American author; and Dutch society — especially in the provinces — will flock to a lecture about English or American literature. The regular editions of U.S. books are too expensive for most people in Holland, but there is a tremendous market for the American paperbacks. This situation certainly helps to keep Dutch writers, who are themselves very internationally-minded, on their toes. But the danger is that they will not keep solvent.

Whether the writer in the Lowlands likes it or not, he has to look for a job. The majority prefer to stay as close as possible to the creative field by working as journalists. This work taps a great deal of their energy and forces them to become "Sunday writers." They all dream of gaining complete liberty, but few succeed. During the war the situation was slightly different. In that strange period of *les grandes vacances*, as some French writer has called the occupation years, a new literary generation came into being. It was a dreadful period, but it gave the artist a sense of *belonging*, of close comradeship with the people. In spite of the hardships of the occupation, the spiritual insult of being bossed by the invader, the lack of publication possibilities except in the underground press, the arts were greatly stimulated. Writers, who in our competitive society often feel isolated, lost that feeling because the whole of society was isolated. Poetry, which had long been neglected, seemed to have a real function again as an assertion of the free spirit, and was widely circulated from hand to hand. Economically, too, there were fewer difficulties. Money did not mean a great deal — everyone had plenty of it (underground publications were well paid), and no one could buy much with it. Publishers, who were day-dreaming of the sales possibilities after the war, made large advances on all kinds of manuscripts.

Immediately after the war, too, publishers were fighting for books. Customers were begging the bookseller to let them have a copy of anybody's newest novel or book of poetry. The cultural department of the government embarked on generous plans for promoting the arts. Within a couple of years, however, the tide had turned to the writer's

disadvantage; and the new generation of writers, who had refused to believe that they could not make a living by their art, were bitterly disillusioned.

I have often wondered what kind of literature an American would expect from the Lowlands. On the surface our country may appear to be nothing more than a neatly run toyland. Only when you look deeper do you become aware of a certain grandeur in the landscape with its variegated sky and infinity of clouds, with its sometimes glaring sun, mysterious mists and strong winds, and its broad stretches of water leading to the sea. Then, although the Netherlands is a tiny country, it lies on the crossroads of two civilizations, the Germanic and the Roman, and shows a keen awareness of other cultures. The contribution from the surrounding countries has been completely assimilated, but the spirit of Dutch literature is far removed from the tourist's image of Holland. You should not look for a quaintly picturesque Dutch literature. Let me quote from *Silt and Sky*, a spirited little book on Dutch letters by Annie Romein-Verschoor: —

"The Dutch spirit may be more specific than any other national spirit, but it lies deeper; it is, as in every ancient culture, no less historically defined than by climate and landscape, and it is not visibly linked with wooden shoes and windmills. One trait is its adaptability, an adaptability acquired by this small and ancient merchant people during their centuries of intensive commercial relations with surrounding nations, and a correspondingly weak or at least critical, nationalism. The modern Dutch writer[s] . . . conscious purpose is to achieve a European level rather than to express the national spirit. He knows only too well that the conscious expression of the national spirit is the prerogative of the great cultural nations, and that in the smaller nations it too easily degenerates into a hollow chauvinism, for which he has a spirited contempt." This applies to Flanders as well.

3

ONE OF the most important traits of the literature of the Lowlands is the strong pictorial influence. In all periods of Dutch and Flemish letters, there has been an intimate interplay between painters and writers. The art of storytelling is not particularly developed in our literature; on the other hand you often find a superlative gift for creating atmosphere, for evoking the most vivid scenes. The pictorial influence is powerfully exemplified in the work of one of our greatest epic writers of this century, Arthur van Schendel (1874–1946), who in his most mature writing creates the same scenic and, especially, moral world as you find in Rembrandt's paintings.

The interpenetration between painting and writing is so natural that most of the Dutch artists in both fields are hardly conscious of it. Yet it is evident that a recent novel of the grand old man of

Flemish letters, Herman Teirlinck's *The Fight with the Angel*, is inspired by the rich colors of Rubens' great work. In a novel by the young Flemish author Hubert Lampo, *The Promise to Rachel*, which describes the biblical Joseph as a dictator, the ancient landscape of Canaan and Egypt closely resemble the Flemish countryside of Brueghel's paintings. Marnix Gijsen's evocation of even the remotest ancient world is saturated with the golden glitter of Flemish wheat fields at harvest time.

Marnix Gijsen is the pen name of the fifty-four-year-old Jan-Albert Goris, director of the Belgian Information Service in New York. One of the most successful books of this richly gifted Flemish writer is *Joachim of Babylon*, the story of the husband of the Suzanna of ancient times who takes a bitter second look at his frigid wife who made a cult of her virtue. The action of his latest novel, *The Fleshpots of Egypt*, takes place in America and describes the difficult situation of the European intellectual who cannot completely accept the New World, yet cannot exist without it, once he has lived in it.

Adrianus Roland Holst (1888–), one of our most significant poets — though withdrawn in his own mythological world, like Yeats, to whom he owes a debt — is nevertheless a poet of the wild threatening sea and sand dunes under hurriedly moving clouds. In the poetry of longing and disillusion of one of our elder poets, J. C. Bloem, the atmosphere of old Dutch provincial towns is reflected in the melancholy mood of a perpetual misty autumn. The work of Martinus Nijhoff, the gifted poet who died only last summer, seems to catch the crystal-clear morning light of a Dutch interior by Vermeer.

The group of Dutch poets who grew up in the Depression period with an intense awareness of the coming war mirrored the same irrational fear as you find in the "magic-realistic" school of painters. The poems of Eduard Hoornik (1910–), who spent some of the war years in Dachau, are notable for their sense of intimate relatedness to the collective sufferings of our day. Ferdinand Bordewijk (1884–), an elder novelist and short-story writer, is completely at home in this modern spiritual atmosphere. The main theme of his works is the search for an equilibrium between the two opposites of chaotic fear and severe discipline. The impressive new writer A. Alberts treats a similar subject in his collection of stories about the small isolated Indonesian islands, *De Eilanden*, where a lonely Dutch civil servant attempts to fight the gloomy atmosphere of mental disintegration. Adriaan Morriën is the exact opposite of these writers in his emphatic affirmation of the blessings of the natural life. Yet he occasionally betrays his doubts in the ironical handling of his material. To chase away the shadows of melancholy, he clings desperately to the earthy attachments, especially the relation between man, woman, and child, which he sees as the sole justification of life.

Finally, the experimental Dutch-Flemish writers who have emerged into the foreground since the war pursue strikingly similar aims to those of the experimental semi-abstract painters. In fact this poetry, in which the value of the single word is stressed instead of that of word groups, is a logical continuation of the postwar experimental painting which is seen in the studios of Amsterdam, Antwerp, and Brussels. *Atonaal*, an anthology of the new poetry, contains illustrations by the new *avant-garde* artists. The young author Hans Andreus described his latest volume of poems as idea-pictures — “notion-pictures” — which are meant to convey the same sensations as abstract art; and as title Andreus revealingly chose *The Art of Painting*.

4

THIS pictorial background of Dutch literature, however important, does not prevent the writers in the Lowlands from exercising their remarkable facility for appropriating foreign material. It may be true that we are exceptionally good ruminators of other people's ideas, as one Dutch writer rather maliciously said of his colleagues. Some of the more traditional poets, such as Martinus Nijhoff, work in the vein of Eliot. (Nijhoff translated *The Cocktail Party*, which was a success on the Dutch stage.) There are also those steeped in the French symbolist tradition — for instance Victor Emmanuel van Vriesland, an erudite essayist and a poet of the finest sensibility, who exercises a strong influence on Dutch letters.

But something essentially Dutch is added — even in experimental prose such as that of thirty-five-year-old Bert Schierbeek, whose works are written under the influence of both Kenneth Patchen (whose *Memoirs of a Shy Pornographer* is well known here) and Henry Miller, who has quite a number of disciples in Holland, as has Ezra Pound.

The influence of the existentialist movement has also been considerable; it has produced a number of savagely pessimistic works far removed indeed from the stereotypes about the supposedly placid, good-natured Dutchman. No less important has been the contact with surrealism. Young poets like Lucebert and Remco Campert found in the work of French poets from Apollinaire to Michaux an antidote to the paralyzing effects of the occupation: the affirmation that one can enjoy a dynamic life even without illusions. Characteristic of their work is the growing independence of metaphor, which approaches the autonomy of the dream life. The young poets have eagerly welcomed any contact with foreign writers whose work corresponds to their needs. The visit of a single American poet such as Robert Lowell, who made many friends in Amsterdam, had almost revolutionary effects on the poetry of, for instance, Adriaan Morriën, a writer who until then had worked in the formal tradition.

The talented woman poet M. Vasalis has aptly described this experimental poetry as “Rorschach tests.” This comparison with one of the tools of psychiatry reminds us of the subtle but pervasive influence of Freudian doctrine. Despite Holland's strong Calvinistic background and ingrained moral conservatism, Freudianism has undoubtedly become an important component of our culture. The analytical urge is not only noticeable in the spread of thinly disguised autobiography, the search for the hidden element in human nature, but also in the technique of the essayists and the new jargon of literary criticism.

The main literary theorists of the 'thirties, Menno ter Braak and Eduard du Perron, wanted less surface — fewer fine phrases — and greater sincerity. Eduard du Perron's *The Land of Origin* — a story of his youth in Indonesia and mature years in France, which was aggressively called “an anti-novel” — is the best example of this kind of resolutely honest literature. A young essayist who pursues a similar line of thought is Hans Gomperts. He might almost be called a disciple of the American critic Edmund Wilson, who is highly esteemed among the intellectuals in Holland. Gomperts, too, concentrates on giving a complete picture of the writer as a man, partly through explanation of the inner meanings of his work, partly through investigation of his psychological and cultural background.

Freud's influence has been most strongly marked in our greatest writer, the fifty-one-year-old Simon Vestdijk. Although he embarked on his writing career relatively late in life, Vestdijk — a physician by training, as well as poet, novelist, short-story writer and essayist — had produced more than fifty books of real importance before his fiftieth year. An extremely subtle psychologist, Simon Vestdijk, like Thomas Mann, owes a great deal to a clever manipulation of Freud's anthropological theories and to a Joycean projection of the states of consciousness. In fact, one of his early novels, *Mr. Visser's Descent into Hell*, is entirely based on the interior monologue of Joyce's *Ulysses*. It is even possible that for Vestdijk, whose large production undoubtedly indicates a strong inner compulsion, writing has a necessary therapeutic function. His first manuscript of no less than 1,200 folio pages, out of which he later extracted five novels and several long stories, was written after a long period of illness. When Eduard du Perron had convinced him that he had exceptional literary gifts, he sat down to work and has not stopped writing since. Even during the war, as a hostage in a German internment camp, he continued producing novels, essays, and poetry. A young writer recently published a poem picturing Vestdijk in his garden, armed with a fearful whip, playing Simon Legree to nine hundred negro slaves who were writing his books for him. The joke is a good indication of the perplexity in the Netherlands about this one-man literary factory.

There are Dutchmen who would argue that the strongest prose writing in the postwar literature of the Low Countries has come from Flanders. In fact, during last year's Book Week a cartoon appeared in one of the leading weeklies depicting a bookstand groaning under the weight of new Flemish novels; beside it there was a meager display of books by Dutch writers. Flanders is a land of peasants and of a sturdy small-town bourgeoisie. The rural background of so many of the Flemish writers may explain their strength and vitality. Creatively they live long, which is exemplified by Herman Teirlinck, who produced his major novel at the age of seventy-three and who is still the undisputed leader of Flemish literary life.

Marnix Gijsen has published in the postwar period one admirable novel after another, and Raymond Brulez (1895-) is finishing the last volume in an autobiographical series built around the theme *My Homes*. Brulez has always been a delightful writer with a philosophical turn of mind. In his fictionalized autobiography — a valuable record of the Flemish bourgeoisie in the first half of the twentieth century — he is not only an ironical rationalist of the Voltairean school, but also an accomplished social psychologist. His work contains all of the best qualities of Flemish writing: a strong sense of reality as well as mystical wonderment about the nature of human existence.

A happy mixture of acute sensitivity and ironical common sense is also to be found in the fiction of the elder novelist Willem Elsschot (1882-), who bitingly satirized the methods of advertising in his novel *Huckstering* — Elsschot has been a successful advertising executive all his life. Gérard Walschap (1898-) is a masterly psychological observer of the pathological aspects of Flemish rural life. In his latest novel, *Revolt in the Congo*, Walschap, who owes a debt to the French writer François Mauriac, directed his keen powers of observation at the Belgian overseas possessions, where he analyzes the relations between the blacks and the whites. To Maurice Roelants (1895-) goes the credit for introducing into Flemish letters the strictly psychological novel of Gallic clarity and lyrical tenderness of phrase, such as his *Coming and Going*. The restlessly active Johan Daisne intermixes dream and reality in his novels, notably in *The Stairs of Stones and Clouds* and *The Man Who Had a Haircut*.

To conclude this sketchy report on recent Flemish writing, mention should be made of twenty-four-year-old Hugo Claus, who shows the greatest zest and promise among the experimental Flemish

writers. His best work so far is the novel *The Dog Days*, which is the moving record of a boy's life at the transition point between the freedom of youth and the responsibility of maturity.

The contemporary literature of Flanders undoubtedly reflects a mood of greater optimism and self-confidence than you will find in Holland. An important factor in determining the state of mind of the young Flemish writers is the fact that their liberation from the Germans came much earlier than did that of the Dutch. The war created in Amsterdam, the cultural capital of the Netherlands, exaggerated expectations about the postwar prospects for the artist; and the strong disillusionment which set in was first reflected in a disgust about all heroics of the Resistance.

Let me quote a typical statement of one of the young poets, Simon Vinkenoog. "The mediocrity of this war bred a mediocre poetry, which expressed either the false heroism of the Resistance or the hyper-aesthetic poetry of isolation."

The sense of insufficiency and failure is strongly marked in the novel, *I Am Always Right*, of the thirty-two-year-old Willem Frederik Hermans. The story describes the nearly insane bitterness of a young Dutch soldier, who after postwar fighting in the former Netherlands Indies has to return to the overpopulated Netherlands. This sentiment is also reflected in the work of another young talent, Gerard Kornelis van het Reve. After a disenchanted description of the background of his youth, *The Evenings*, written in a prose reminiscent of the early Hemingway, Van het Reve renounced writing in Dutch altogether in order to switch to English — for him symbolically the language of the free spirit.

These young writers with their claustrophobic nightmares feel themselves to be displaced persons shut up in a prison of circumstances not of their own making. They do not realize how much they mirror in their work the widespread tensions of their generation which came of age in the era of the concentration camp. But although they may write in a "secret" language, they are open to the world. These young authors are doing symbolically what so many emigrating Hollanders do in reality: looking for living space. Something worth while may crystallize out of their dissatisfaction. Unconsciously they are pleading for something which, in political terms, could perhaps be translated into the idea of a United States of Europe. A sense of belonging to a community larger than Holland may be the answer to their spiritual needs.

BELGIUM'S PLACE IN EUROPE

The Crossroads

by PAUL-HENRI SPAAK

1

IT has often been said — and I think rightly — that Belgium is the crossroads of Europe. Her capital, Brussels, is roughly equidistant from Paris, London, Bonn, and The Hague. Bounded on the south by France, on the east by Germany, and on the north by Holland, Belgium is separated from Great Britain by an arm of the sea which ships cross in a few hours, planes in a few minutes. Geographically, Belgium is undoubtedly a crossroads.

Historically, there is probably no country which has so often been invaded and occupied, which has so often been dominated by foreign powers. The Romans of antiquity subjugated her courageous tribes, “the bravest,” according to Caesar, “upon Gallic soil.” Thereafter, in modern and contemporary times, the Spanish, the Austrians, the French, and the Dutch have successively occupied Belgium, not to forget the Germans, who made themselves at home there during the two World Wars. Alone among her neighbors, the English respected Belgium’s independence; moreover, they defended her many times. It must be admitted that, as Palmerston put it, “Antwerp is a pistol aimed at the heart of England”; thus it has always been a part of British policy that the pistol must not be left in the hands of a great power.

Belgium has spent much of her life in revolt against her temporary masters. The Belgians disliked the Spanish, chased out the Austrians, toler-

ated the French, separated themselves from the Dutch, and courageously resisted the troops of Wilhelm II and of Hitler. But such events, such a long and varied history of occupation, leave deep impressions. At Antwerp, for instance, one sees men and women — very handsome too — whose features suggest the intimate relations which our great-grandmothers enjoyed with the Spanish. Liège considers itself a typically French city; and the Flemings — which is to say more than half the population of Belgium — feel themselves to be close cousins, brothers almost, to the Dutch.

These endless, secular struggles against foreign occupation have developed in the Belgians both a deep love of liberty — they will not stand oppression — and also, perhaps, a spirit of independence from all authority, even the legitimate authority of the present government. In Belgium, love of country is very marked. Civic-mindedness, respect for law, is less so. In the course of history Belgium has so often deliberately violated the decrees and ordinances of foreign powers that the national government today experiences certain difficulties in trying to apply its own rules.

It is evident that their history has made the Belgians extremely receptive to exterior influences. Their ordeals have not only enriched their understanding but quickened it with regard to their neighbors. They admire the diligence of the Germans, the commercial sense of the Dutch, and the good taste and logic of the French. From the confluence of currents which has formed them, the Belgians have ultimately developed a type which is highly characteristic, quite versatile, and, all in all, worthy of respect. Belgium is also a crossroads in the psychological sense, a meeting place of different cultures, an exchange not only for mer-

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chandise but for ideas. All this has prepared Belgium well for her role in postwar Europe, a Europe striving for a closer unity.

Directly after World War II had ended, the "Belgian miracle" took place. While France, Great Britain, the Low Countries, and Germany were caught in an alarming economic crisis and were struggling to overcome their difficulties, Belgium rose from her ruins with a really amazing rapidity. Though she was deprived of her king, then a prisoner in Germany, her governmental machinery began immediately to function again. A regent, Prince Charles, was named; Parliament was reconvened; a government was formed which was composed of the men who had represented Belgium in London during the war and of those who had led or inspired the Resistance. Political life was resumed without a hitch.

Belgium was able to profit from several especially fortunate circumstances. Having been liberated in a few days, she did not suffer any new destruction in September, 1944. The fleeing Germans did not have time to destroy her industrial plants. Antwerp, her great port — which would be for some months the great port of the Allies — was almost intact when liberated.

On this base, an intelligent and realistic policy was to be conducted. With great courage and total indifference to unpopularity, the Minister of Finance, M. Gutt, took drastic measures for financial rehabilitation, killed a threatened inflation, and provided the basis for a sound currency, so that the Belgian franc became "the dollar of Europe."

This successful start was made good by two unlooked-for events. In London, the Belgian government had signed an agreement with the governments of England and America, by which it would advance in Belgian francs the pay of those English and American soldiers and officers who were to live in Belgium. It would then be reimbursed in pounds and dollars.

It was generally felt that this would be an operation of short duration and slight importance. No one had taken into account the possibility that the war might last for months after the liberation of Belgium. From September, 1944, to May, 1945 — eight months — Belgium constituted a base for the Allied armies, maintaining hundreds of thousands of men; and after the German capitulation, Belgium remained an important line of communication and a rest center. The operation arranged in London thus proved to be extremely important, and created for Belgium an abundant reserve of pounds sterling and dollars.

At the same time the Belgians made a Lend-Lease agreement with the United States government. Strictly interpreted, this agreement would have obligated Belgium to furnish her goods and services free. The Americans showed themselves to be understanding and generous. Recognizing that once

again reality ran counter to theory, they paid in dollars for a very large part of the goods which were delivered to them.

Thus a liberated Belgium, her currency once again sound, found herself possessed of the means to replenish her food supply and her stock of raw materials. She took advantage of this opportunity to erase most of the traces of the war. It may be said to her credit that she was not selfish; she did not seek to isolate herself in her privileged situation but, on the contrary, helped those who were less fortunate. In Western Europe, the idea that some countries can live in wealth and prosperity while others struggle through economic and social crises has become obsolete. The solidarity of the countries of Western Europe is obvious today. They must resolve their problems together, or together they will perish. It is safe to say that the great majority of the Belgian people is now fully convinced of this truth.

2

DURING World War II the governments-in-exile of Belgium, the Low Countries, and Luxembourg planned that after the liberation their countries would join together in an economic union. Thus was created what is now called Benelux, an economic bloc of nearly 20 million inhabitants, whose high industrial and agricultural productivity, whose place in international commerce, and whose geographic situation constitute an integral and important element in Europe's strength.

Once repatriated, the three governments pursued the policy outlined in London. They began by suppressing all customs duties at their common frontiers, and agreed to set a single tariff for all three countries. This was a great step and a daring one; even so, it was soon proved insufficient. It shortly became evident that to suppress customs duties was not enough, and that in the resulting single market all kinds of economic, social, financial, and monetary problems could arise.

The Benelux arrangement permits a greatly increased exchange of goods between the three countries, and is therefore an unquestionable success, but this success was only attained through a series of crises which showed the supporters of the policy that they must not only become more closely integrated than they had foreseen, but must also include other countries. Belgium, Holland, and Luxembourg consequently gave their early and enthusiastic support to all the economic experiments whose goal was to consolidate the countries of Europe. From its beginning, they were members of the O.E.E.C. (Organization for European Economic Cooperation) and agreed to all its measures for commercial and monetary exchange. Belgium upheld this policy to the point where she was at times creditor to other European nations for the sum of

over 20 billion francs — a sum so great that her aid to other countries was proportionately equal to that of the United States.

Furthering this policy, Belgium supported the Schuman Plan. She is a vital member of the European Coal and Steel Community. Thus she participates in the first great practical experiment in the economic integration of Europe. For six countries — France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Luxembourg, and Belgium — representing over 150 million inhabitants, and for two essential products — coal and steel — there are no frontiers, no customs duties, no fixed quotas, no discriminatory measures. There is, on the contrary, a single great market.

The experiment is only beginning. It is not easy, but no one expected it to be. It has already produced its first results. Reciprocal exchanges of coal and steel among the six countries have increased considerably. The necessity of recourse to American coal has been reduced by 40 per cent. The saving in dollars (a crucial problem for Europe) is significant.

Belgians in all walks of life are sympathetic to the idea of a united Europe — labor as well as management, Liberals as well as Socialists. Only

the few Communists, for motives easily understood, are formally opposed to it.

In addition to economic integration Belgium has also played her part in the field of politics and more especially in that of defense. In 1948, when the Communist *coup d'état* in Prague ended so many illusions, and when international politics underwent its great change, Belgium signed the Treaty of Brussels in which she agreed to pool her forces, in the event of aggression, with those of France, Britain, and the two other Benelux countries. A year later, the treaty was implemented by the North Atlantic Treaty and the military organizations of NATO and SHAPE.

After the outbreak of fighting in Korea, the grave question was raised of Germany's participation in the defense of the West, and the Belgian government rallied to the idea of the European Defense Community. The treaty establishing E.D.C. has just been ratified by the Belgian Lower Chamber, and no doubt the Senate will soon follow. Thus Belgium has taken another decisive step on the road of European collaboration, a road she has followed continuously since World War II.

Translated by E. S. Yntema

LONG AGO, RIDING

by Marcel Thiry

A tall horse; and the two of you astride it;
You, love, pillion, clasped to his bare thighs,
Your cheek turned perfectly into the hollow
Between his shoulders.

The horse, a horse of clouds.
As if from a masthead, you saw in the distance
Its nebulous form, swaying low as horizons.

Then, all tuned together, the dream-violins neared
You. Surreal, approaching in their indolent dance
Came the dreams-before-sleep to foretell its arrival.
But barely discerned, it was there, and you lay
As if falling asleep on its back that was vast
In the languid departure. The horse of clouds moved
Placid, in time with your dream, through a realm
Of far bells, of Junes long ago gone, of deep snows:
Your demesne, the vast empire of being-together.
Where now?

The desert's unpeopled, awaits no procession
Of dancers, violins: nor the horse that comes after.
And you, horse, where?

In what pasture of time,
Or under what snows, horse of sleep-after-love?

Translated by E. S. Yntema

THE LIEUTENANT

A Story

by HUGO CLAUS

I

IT HAPPENED when the battle was almost over. The Binnenweg, which lies in the middle of the neighborhood "like the rotten spot in an apple," as the Dutch teacher often said when Plukje or another Binnenweger was cheeky in class, is a street that smells of cauliflower, dung, sweat, and onion, a street too narrow for a truck to pass (the flat green trucks of the municipal garbage-disposal system and most of the brewery vans must stop as far away as Stuiverstraat). It is a street full of loud noises, suppressed yells, and the cries of sweating women sitting on their doorsteps and rubbing their thick knees; a group of silent men stand smoking in Poorter's garage, watching how the one-eyed Poorter takes money away from the two young sailors on leave this Sunday who are playing cards when they would do better to be walking with their girl-friends in the park.

So the battle the Apaches were carrying on against Loncke's cowboys was almost over. Many of the Apaches, including Willietje's sister and his cousin who lived with them, were already home, naked in the hands of a shouting mother who was scraping the lipstick off cheeks, breast, and back where the half-moon of the Apaches was painted, and washing out the axle grease that had pasted their hair in tangles. "Sit still. Still, I said!" and slaps would follow. The others, waiting for their turn, naked and thin, would scream nervously.

Twenty-four-year-old HUGO CLAUS is one of the most richly gifted of the youngest group of writers in the Lowlands. His first novel, written when he was nineteen, won him an important Flemish literary prize, and is currently being translated for publication in the United States. Mr. Claus, who now lives in Rome, has also published a second novel, a collection of short stories, and four books of poems.

It was in the Binnenweg coal storage-house, between two bins, where the Binnenwegers' bicycles usually stood, and where he sat hidden, that Plukje saw it happen. Sitting with his fingers in his mouth, he panted and tried not to scream. It did not last very long. Loncke was lying on top.

In movies it lasts longer and you see the betrayer close-up, while he opens his mouth spasmodically, says "ah-eh," and then closes his eyes like pale pink shells. Then his fist falls open like a giant animal that dies and becomes rigid. But this went fast and without the music of the kettledrums. Loncke was lying on top, and Plukje could not see Willietje's hands that ought to fall open. Loncke covered Willietje's body completely.

Plukje's teeth dug into his fingers. Loncke wiped off his sweat with the back of his hand and smoothed his hair back. How fast it was over! Only the squishing of Loncke's basketball shoes across the concrete floor, the stomp of Loncke's fist or knee on Willietje's chest when he fell on top of him, and the dry thud of the body against the boards. Plukje pulled in his head still lower, his chin almost touching his knees, and his hunched neck hurt him. Oh, if only Loncke would not see him!

'I am the lieutenant,' Plukje thought. 'Loncke is the commander.' There are two knives in the belt Loncke got from his brother, the sergeant in the Belgian Army. He carries them even when there aren't any battles. When we are lying in the gardens with the flowering hedges in Tuinwijk on summer evenings to tell stories like "I saw my mother while she was washing herself," "I ran into a priest with my bicycle," "My father threw the burgomaster off the bridge over the Leie once," or when we do things close to each other in the singing, fragrant heat in Maes's or Dieriks's front

room while little stripes of sun shine on us through the drawn blinds so that we are like human zebras, even on Sundays when we go to the movies and see three films one after the other, from two o'clock till nine, the two scout knives (that you are not allowed to wear in public because their blades are too long) are in the ochre belt around Loncke's loins.

When he is eating, or when he is lying down, for instance in bed in the afternoon or at night, maybe then he caresses the black-notched handle of the knife. Maybe at night in his room with the white walls and the slanting ceiling, where the waves from outside, the late cries, the sounds of the town penetrate, he lies awake with his hand on the belt, waiting for some secret signal from outside.

That was the way Plukje himself felt when he would wake up in the morning with a start, around half-past five when his father, who was night watchman at Sarma, came home. The front door would squeak and the dry tapping of his father's mason's shoes would approach. (Father, who never came up the stairs drunk or cursing, never called out the windows in the clear morning at the neighbor women like the others on the Binnenweg, but who slept from half-past five on into the day.) Then Plukje would hear the springs creak for a moment. He knew how Father would look straight ahead with the tired eyes of a sheep, scratch his naked gray skull, and fall asleep. Sometimes Father would sleep restlessly. He would toss back and forth and grumble incomprehensible words. Why? Maybe he had let the bag of coal that he sneaked out of Sarma every day fall open in the kitchen. Or perhaps the chocolate bars in his pants pocket had melted, the way they did the day before yesterday. Or he might have broken the porcelain statuette he was trying to steal for Aunt Mia, knocked it over in his mad haste, feeling for it anxiously under the white sheet stretched out to cover the porcelains at night at Sarma.

'Who's calling me?' Plukje would think then, when he woke up. Sometimes he would suddenly say it straight out through the dissolving mist of sleep: "Who called me?"

2

AT THE gate, in the sun that made a crown of heavy light shine around his blond hair, Loncke looked back into the black, dusty space once more.

'He's hidden Willietje behind one of the bicycle stands,' Plukje thought; and then, 'Loncke knows that I'm here, that I spied on him here, panting behind a bin in the hot, still storage-house; and he acted as though he didn't notice anything. Now he'll find Willietje's father, who sits in a cubbyhole at the Lenaert Brewery and checks the beer vans driving in and out. He'll say, "Where is Willietje? Is he still in the Binnenweg coal-storage house?"

Last time I saw him he was there with Plukje.'" Plukje crawled out and ran towards the street without looking back at the bicycle stands.

"Hey!" said old Vandenabeele at the gate. "You've sure made yourself dirty enough. Have you been helping carry out coal?"

Plukje wiped the coal dust off his jacket. It looked as though Vandenabeele was suspicious.

"Who do you think I am?" Plukje said.

"What have you been doing down there?"

"Nothing," said Plukje, and he looked past the old man into the sunlit Binnenweg where the men stood around the card-playing sailors and talked loudly, and the house fronts glistened in the sun.

"Have you seen Loncke anywhere?" he said.

"I don't pay any attention to that brat," Vandenabeele said, and went slowly into the warehouse with his head-with-the-cap-on-it turned straight ahead and his hands in his pockets, springing a bit on his cycling shoes as he walked. Plukje ran through the Binnenweg.

He slipped between the women on the doorsteps; past the girl with the thin gray-stockinged legs who was kicking a little wooden block; past Brand, who was busy cleaning fish on the sidewalk, and past the sailors and the hoarsely-shouting men. The saliva in his mouth had a flat, warm, sickly taste, like melted margarine. He ran past the sharp corners of the houses into Tuinwijk, and then he calmed down and went to sit on the Roels Bridge steps. But not really calmed down. He thought about his father while he looked at the bad-smelling water of the Leie standing still between the pilings of the side-bridge with a layer of thick green on it. 'Secret water, still water,' Plukje thought.

'Loncke, secret Loncke, cool, smooth Loncke,' he thought.

I have his picture lying on the night table beside my bed. He said he didn't give it to anyone else. It's the same as the one on his identity card, only in my picture he looks a little more to the left.

Once, beside the water here, further up towards the tile factory, after we had got tired of wrestling and then had sent pebbles skipping, like little puppies jumping, over the placid surface of the Leie among the long green dragonflies, he said, "My joints are made out of rubber. My hair is of grass. My eyes are marbles." And I helped him on, "Your teeth are white stones. Your skin is made of leather." And Richard said, "Your nose is the cork of a wine bottle." But Loncke was too lazy to move. He laughed, the way Old Shatterhand laughs before he raises his fist.

Richard had said that because we used to joke about Grandfather Loncke that if you bit into his nose you would fall down dead drunk. There had been photographs of Grandfather Loncke in *Het Land* once. The article was called "The Last of the Wanderers," and you saw an immobile, flaky man with the face of a dead fish, who didn't look

like the real one at all. The real Simon Loncke had Saint Vitus' Dance, so that he hobbled and hopped and did Swedish gymnastics in the streets in one single, poor step forward. First he would lift his right knee up to his navel and swing it out, then suddenly put his foot forward about two inches from the ground, slanting himself forward, and then let his leg drop with his full weight; then the same thing would begin with his left leg.

We had to perform the same sort of movement in our gymnastics class; then it was called the swan walk, the elevated jump step, and each time I was reminded of old Simon Loncke.

'Loncke's eyes are marbles,' Plukje thought. 'When he is bad they blink. When he is suspicious, too. And when he is cross.'

"What a piece of filth you are, anyway," Loncke had said to him once, a year ago.

And through the smoked glass you use to look at the sun, through a cloud that does not become thinner, Plukje saw himself, a hesitant little fellow with gray dishwater hair, standing on the blue iron bridge over the railway tracks. Leaning against the railing, gripping his schoolbag between his knees, he looked down at the shining railroad tracks and the confused spots of gray and black gravel scattered beneath them according to an unknown pattern. There were sluggish men in blue pants, with caps on, walking unhindered between the tracks and carrying boards and lanterns. Behind them were the red-and-white-painted crossing-gates on wheels, where the people were waiting. He asked himself why the people didn't go over the bridge that was built especially for that.

And then Loncke had turned up, and beside him walked three thin boys in ragged clothes with ravelings on their pants' legs and holes in the elbows of their jackets — like the poor people who begged alms of Charles the Good in the history book — and one of them had a red, burnt face and creases around his nose as though he laughed all the time without realizing it. And another had a red handkerchief tied around his head, and he had a narrow skull like a big red egg. Loncke had come nearer, not threatening or sneaking, but almost bashful, with his arms held out a little bit from his body the way someone comes up to you who is going to ask his way. Then Loncke had cursed, and inside Loncke's open jacket with the brown checks Plukje had seen for the first time the army belt with the knives stuck in, a hand's breadth lower than his waistband. (And later on he would often think about it and wish that he had stolen the belt and thrown it in the water or cut it to pieces or burnt it. Though he would have liked to wear it himself first for a bit.)

"What are you doing here, kid? Spying?" one of them had asked.

"Loncke, there it comes!" the one with the red skull had shouted above the other.

"Take a good look," Loncke had said to him,

and had smiled at Plukje the way the hawker at a fair smiles at you, friendly, inviting (and the whistle of the train coming seemed like the noise of all the booths at the fair) — you know that it isn't honest, that he's bluffing so he can skin you out of your money. And when he looked behind Loncke's back he saw that the others were leaning against the railings, one to the left and two to the right, and that they had some rocks in their hands. He saw Loncke pick up a rock and slowly move, and when the enormous lukewarm cloud of smoke from the train enveloped them and surrounded the bridge in a white mist, Plukje heard the first rocks strike the engine. One of them hit the mark and clattered into the smokestack, but some missed completely and rattled against the rails. Then, before the train was halfway through the bridge, the high yells of the vagabonds and their quick steps on the iron stairs.

The mist became lighter and left things clear behind. Plukje went down the stairs on the other side and then stood still, suddenly lonely. He looked in surprise down the street, where people were moving in the traffic, on foot and on bicycles.

A bit later, when the police captain in the warm little room next to the office asked him what the boys had looked like and what they had said, and made him sign the descriptions while he could hear his mother weeping in the office — false weeping, of course, because she wanted to have him home before his father (or rather, her husband, his stepfather, because his father had been killed in the war, but Plukje didn't think much about that any more) got to know about it — there stirred in him the image of the blond boy in overalls and checked jacket, and beside him the others, who were gray, dirty, filthy, like herons, with rags around their feet and their gray necks, and he remembered the calm, almost tender movement of the blond boy's body, turning around to stand by the one on the left and holding the rock above the railing with two careful hands.

The captain had said, "So, Loncke . . . Loncke again." And he had not known the whole time in the warm little room that it had been Loncke, but now he remembered that one of the other boys had called the blond boy by that name.

3

LATER ON I became lieutenant,' Plukje thought, 'later on I knew why the boys I met on the street when I came by each afternoon with my schoolbag on my back — the boys who sat along the enclosure around the brewery and played dibs and spat at the feet of the people passing by, and taunted the office girls and peddlers and the boys with schoolbags on their backs — used to mention the name "Loncke," or said "Loncke's men," "Loncke's house, Loncke's gang," or pointed at a shabby, pale boy and called, "Watch out, one of Loncke's gang,"

while they waited (I, too, scared and surprised) for the leader to whistle for his hidden buddies and pull out an infallible slingshot.

'I am lieutenant,' Plukje thought, and he threw a tin can into the green water and watched the circles. He did not dare to go to the Binnenweg any more.

This time it would be more difficult than ever for Loncke to rescue himself. Here on the steps of the bridge it seemed to Plukje as though he were taking leave of Loncke. 'We were two of a kind,' he thought. 'He never had a lieutenant like me. I was always with him. Even without his guessing it. In his shadow.'

Like the week before, when Plukje had gone to Sarma with his fat aunt, who had a distorted face and was always suffering from sore feet, to get his father's ration of cigarettes. Hand in hand they tried to get out of the shoving mob at the exit, where a woman was selling apples and cherries, calling out incomprehensible, drawn-out words (almost the same as the calls of the hoarse men who buy up rabbit skins that woke him on Saturday mornings — as though he had to come to their help, or at least answer their tortured cry). Finally they reached the sidewalk, in the sun, his aunt ahead with her face wrinkled up, when suddenly the people in the street looked around and called and all pointed in the same direction, and above all the sounds he heard the shout right next to the screaming of the apple woman, "Help! Help! Catch him! Catch him!" and his aunt called, "Gerard!" to him and tried to grab hold of his hand again, but he was already in the middle of the street and saw Loncke fleeing on a brand new, yellow bicycle with its spokes glittering in the sun, and a big pack of dark-looking people ran after him with a soldier in their midst swinging his arms. He saw Loncke, straight up, pushing on the pedals and turning suddenly into the vegetable market with a sharp swing.

Plukje decided not to go to the brewery. 'I'm the lieutenant,' he thought, and stood up. He counted to past eighteen hundred while he was going to Loncke's house. He found Loncke and told him everything. They sat together in the safe half-darkness and the sounds of Tuinwijk buzzed around his thin voice, between the parallel rafters, the tiles, the wooden walls with the color photos of Gary Cooper and Humphrey Bogart, the skylight along which the light moved and hung in powder. He watched Loncke biting on his fingernails.

"And did Vandenabeele go into the storage-house?" asked Loncke. Plukje nodded. He got nervous and thought he would begin to cry. He

leaned backward till he touched the wall with his shoulders. 'I'm being pecked at by ravens,' he thought, and listened to the slow phrases.

"Another country," Loncke said, "where you don't see anything but sand, and not one house, not a single one. Nothing but sand and rocks, and no plants grow there. You have a horse to ride through this country, and a lasso. At night you crawl into a cave and build a fire in it. And no one can find you." Plukje could see Loncke on his white horse called Lightning, riding through the country where the winter sun shone so brightly on the ridges of sand and flint rocks. Loncke rode as in an electric light, and there was not a single house, not a single person, not a sound except the click of the horse's hard hooves. Then they talked about his flight and the Congo boats.

On the way home Plukje wiped off his damp face and combed back his cowlick with his fingers (the way Loncke did in the coal storage-house when he got up; only Loncke had not cried the way he did), and he dragged his tired feet farther while he counted and the numbers (more than nineteen hundred) ticked in him, and he knew, 'My father will come in at dawn, shuffling across the floorboards with his mason's shoes. Everything will be the way it always has been. My father, who isn't my father. My mother, who lies in her bed all day with a lot of bottles on her night table. Day. Dawn with the rattling of the milk cans in the street, school, the Binnenweg, only I won't see the commander any more, and I'll be the lieutenant of someone who doesn't exist any more.'

Two days later he heard from his aunt that Willietje was well and could go back to school the next week. Later he saw Willietje's thin back and yellow neck every day, and the first week after he was well Willietje was second in Industry and Attentiveness. Plukje was sent out of class by the Inkfish one afternoon after that. He leaned against the toilets and thought about the vanished commander who now roamed somewhere on the freight trains in the West, stole coal and sold it, broke in on old women who recognized him wailing with fear. Then he would flee further into the rock country, this time not on a gleaming, glittering bicycle but on the white horse Lightning, with his head bent over close to the flowing mane, his wet, slanting mouth moving open and shut.

'I have his photo lying on my night table,' Plukje thought, while the Inkfish said, "*Het paard, de leeuw*," and the shrill voices repeated, "The horse, the lion."

Translated by James Holmes

THE ROAD UPHILL

Belgium's Post-War Recovery

by CAMILLE GUTT

1

WHEN the Belgian government returned to Brussels on September 8, 1944, from its wartime stand in London, it found a country prostrated by the ravages of war. Nazi controls had reduced the economy to a state of pernicious anemia; and prices had soared to 1,500 per cent of their prewar level. (I refer to the actual cost of living, not to the official price scale, which meant nothing at all, as no goods could actually be obtained at those prices.)

A year later, our prosperity was a surprise to everyone. All the factories were going at full blast, so were the building yards. Prices had declined to about one quarter of their level at the liberation. The rate of exchange was stable, the monetary reserve untouched. And people were talking about "the Belgian miracle."

But there had been no miracle. There had been, first and foremost, work — hard work by all the Belgians; and next, sensible measures, adopted at the right time in vital segments of the economy, and carried out with discipline by the nation.

Currency

I mention this first and must apologize, since it was my own responsibility. But I give it first place because it was here that the fastest action was

needed, and here that, by the force of circumstances, the action taken was the most spectacular.

A terrible evil was undermining Belgium — inflation. The money supply (currency and bank balances) had more than tripled during the war, rising from 55 billion francs to 155 billion francs. On the other hand, the supply of goods had drastically decreased. Bombings had destroyed one part of it; another and larger part had been looted by the Germans. Scientifically planned, this looting had intensified both the sources of inflation. Belgian factories were compelled to send to Germany part of their production: hence a shortage of goods. To get paid, these Belgian factories had to apply to the so-called Issuing Office (*Institut d'Emission*) set up by the Germans soon after the invasion; and the Issuing Office had discounted their notes, becoming itself a creditor of the Reichbank of Berlin: whence an increase of paper money without actual counterpart. By the time of liberation, the credit of the Issuing Office with the Reichbank had risen to 63 billion francs. Needless to say, this credit was no longer worth even 63 peanuts.

The bull had to be taken by the horns, and we did just that. All money had to be deposited, all bank accounts declared, within five days. Of the 155 billions in circulation, 98 were withdrawn — 59 billion permanently blocked, 39 temporarily frozen. To unfreeze these last assets, the holders had only to prove that their use would contribute to the restoration of the national economy; and, very rapidly, they were turned into free accounts. The other 59 billion were made available later on for the payment of special taxes, and about half the amount was thus absorbed. Later still, the other half was turned into government bonds redeemable over a period of twenty years. The

CAMILLE GUTT, one of Belgium's elder statesmen, demonstrated his economic wizardry in his brilliant handling of the run-away inflation created by the Nazi occupation. M. Gutt has been at various times in his career Minister of Finance, of National Defense, of Communications, and of Economic Affairs; and President of the Executive Council of the International Monetary Fund. He has written articles for leading business and financial journals in Europe and the United States.

significant fact is that at a crucial moment a sound relation was established between the volume of paper money and the volume of goods, and thus in one stroke inflation was nipped in the bud. Even at present, after nine years of almost continuous prosperity — with a reinvigorated economy, with stocks replenished, and with plants reconditioned — the money supply amounts to 175 billion francs, only about 10 per cent more than the amount we found on our return to a Belgium looted and ruined.

These results show that the program launched in 1944 has been carried out unremittingly over the last eight years, thanks to the government's determination to balance the budget and to the wise credit policy of the National Bank.

There are many picturesque sidelights on the preparation and enforcement of the monetary decrees we passed. Our whole course of action had naturally been arranged before the liberation. The new bank notes, which were to replace those turned in, had been printed in London. Their total weight was 120 tons, and shortage of transportation almost made the whole plan fall through. Every available vessel was earmarked for troops, equipment, and munitions. But thanks to the ingenuity of an American officer, we procured two invasion barges which took the precious bank notes to Rouen, whence they were carried by rail to Brussels.

Deposit offices had been opened all over the country. People formed long lines in front of them, particularly on the first two days, but without unpleasant incident and, on the whole, with good humor. Three times, I stood in those lines myself, incognito, to see the reactions of my fellow countrymen at first hand. As might have been expected, I heard myself cursed rather often and occasionally sentenced to death *in absentia*. But most of the people realized that the measures taken were necessary, and they considered the apparent sacrifice imposed on them nothing in comparison with the suffering and ruin which four years of occupation had brought.

Of course the tax evaders and the war profiteers thought differently. For them, the monetary decrees were a catastrophe from which they tried to escape by disposing of their bank notes in all possible ways. Peasants were seen burning them — shoveling them into the fire — rather than declare them. The driver of a 1935 Ford was stopped in the street and was offered a million francs (\$22,000) for his car. For five days, the most incredible exchanges took place.

On the other hand, the reverend mothers of several convents sent me their warmest thanks. One of them wrote to me: "We are very poor. . . . When the declaration of bank notes began, we had only 100,000 francs. On the first day, we received anonymous gifts which brought this sum to one

million; and, by the time the declaration period came to an end, we had ten million. Thank you, Mr. Minister. Thank you with all our heart."

Controls

Other measures were taken in the strictly financial sphere, that of securities and stock markets. All these measures aimed at clearing up the situation from the start, from the moment of Belgium's rebirth. They were followed by a gradual return to normalcy, to individual initiative and free enterprise, Belgium's trump cards in the past.

In the same way, exchange controls were relaxed, and all that is left of them today is a system so pliable that Belgium could easily change over to a policy of convertibility whenever international circumstances favor such a move. Through the domestic measures already taken, Belgium is one of the countries which has done the most toward the eventual return of international convertibility.

In economic matters, too, it was necessary to take as a starting point the situation left by the occupation and act accordingly. Prices were fixed, everything was controlled and regimented. The process of decontrol took place gradually. At present, price controls are limited to rents, bread, coal, gas, and electricity. Everything else is free.

Quota restrictions — always fewer in Belgium than elsewhere — have been reduced in accordance with resolutions passed by O.E.E.C., and even beyond. Provisions made by the Belgium-Luxembourg Union at O.E.E.C. abolish 60 per cent of the restrictions on food stocks, 82 per cent of the restrictions on raw materials, and 78 per cent of the restrictions on manufactured goods. But the releases actually put into effect go still further, and add up to 91 per cent of the total. In this sphere, also, it may be said without bragging that Belgium is a pioneer of progress.

U.S. Aid

This sketch, rough as it is, of the course taken in the last nine years in the financial and economic field, would be incomplete and one-sided if it did not take into account the part played by the United States in Belgian recovery.

Right from the time of the liberation, our policy was to place at the disposal of the allied armies all the country's resources and, above all, its entire working force; and we saw with pride our contribution to Reverse Lend-Lease rise 130 million dollars above what we had received through Lend-Lease. Furthermore, this same policy brought into our economy a particularly precious supply of dollars and sterling.

Later, that program of broad co-operation and magnificent human understanding called the Marshall Plan had its impact on our economy. Some people, in America itself, have regretted that it contained "disincentives to recovery"; and that

Belgium, which had done so much on its own to restore its economy, should have had proportionally the smallest allotment in the plan. I do not share this feeling. First of all, nobody can deny that the aid we received was most useful to us. Furthermore, if we got back on our feet, it was not with the idea of obtaining a larger or smaller slice of what American generosity might some day provide. What moved us was a sense of national dignity which was rewarded by the very result of our effort.

Social Security

War and the Resistance had brought the various social classes closer together. Even before the liberation, thought had been given to assembling under one law the various provisions for social security in force before 1940, to getting them harmonized and expanded. On December 28, 1944, the basic law was passed, and later was implemented through a series of decrees.

The cost of social security amounts at present to almost 34 billion francs a year, which is more than 13 per cent of the national income. Ten billion are contributed by the government, 16 billion by the employers, 8 billion by the workers.

This is a large commitment, and one which could become a burden in the event of an economic depression. On the credit side, however, it can be pointed out that since 1944 not a single long strike has been organized in Belgium. There has been no social strife. In addition, the atmosphere thus created has led to a sharp rise in production. The index for industrial output, taking 1948 as a base, shows a rise from 82 in 1938 to 114 in 1952, and was still at 105 in 1953 when the effects of the Korean war boom were over. Exports have risen from 22 million tons in 1938 to 25 million tons in 1953.

International Policy

The whole of Belgium's outlook toward foreign affairs has been governed by one key idea: the

progress of science has completely changed the premises of political, economic, and monetary problems. From a national scale, they have moved to a world scale. Conflicts are no longer between men or groups of men, but between giants. It is better to be part of a giant than to be crushed between two giants.

Nor does this conviction stem from any belief that such conflicts are inevitable. On the contrary, one of the best ways of avoiding them is through a better balance of power. Belgium, remembering the lessons of the past, is more than willing to play its part in this balance.

Quite realistically, then, casting aside formulas belonging to a vanished world, Belgium has found itself in the vanguard of the great movements for international integration. The Benelux Customs Union is the concrete embodiment of Belgium's willingness to sacrifice certain local interests in the interest of freer trade and larger markets. The same common-sense reasoning caused Belgium to take an active part in the formation of the European Payments Union and in the implementation of the Schuman Plan.

In the political sphere, Belgium has been a firm supporter of the Council of Europe: we believe that the groundwork must be laid for a supra-national organization which alone can safeguard the independence of individual nations, and we are willing to face the necessity of national adjustments. Similarly, we have backed the European Defense Community, on the ground that it is better to have twelve German divisions within the framework of a European defense system than fifty German divisions on their own which might be turned against us.

None of these ventures are perfect, nor are they yet operating successfully; but each one of them offers great hope. My country will devote itself to the realization of this hope with all the fervor it brought to its own recovery from ruin.

Translated by Nancy Lenkeith

TWELVE ARTISTS

A Perspective of the Modernists

Selected by CHARLES J. ROLO

THE artists whose work is briefly discussed below and reproduced on the succeeding pages together offer, I believe, as representative a glimpse of modern art in Belgium and Holland as can be achieved in twelve illustrations: most of the dominant styles of the modern period in the Low Countries are exemplified. To achieve this diversity was one consideration that guided the selections; another was the fact that certain painters cannot be reproduced as satisfactorily as others.

Here, then, is a characteristic and, I hope, impressive perspective: it is not a panorama. It omits such modern masters as Constant Permeke, the great Belgian Expressionist; and Hendrik Chabot, whose awkward, harshly melodramatic canvases, stamped with a tragic genius, are powerful expressions of that somber strain which the foreigner soon discovers, somewhat to his surprise, in the contemporary arts of Holland. Also regrettably absent are the two pioneers of a contemporary school that is a significant expression of the Dutch spirit, Magic Realism: they are Raoul Hynckes and Albert Carel Willink.

If this perspective could have been broadened, it would have included René Guiette, a Belgian painter whose folklorish style has a singular refinement and charm; and the sculptor Oscar Jespers, whose *St. Anthony* is at New York's Museum of Modern Art, and who collaborated on the bas-relief which adorned the Belgian Pavilion at the New York World's Fair and which has been rebuilt at Virginia Union University. I would have liked to include such younger Belgian artists as Georges Grard, one of the rare first-rate sculptors of today whose entire work is a realistic glorification of the female figure; the painter Louis van Lint, currently an Abstractionist, whose *Balconies and Façades* can

be seen at the Brooklyn Museum, New York; and Gaston Bertrand, who is also doing outstanding work in the abstract vein. There are many, many others who should be mentioned; but this, I repeat, is merely a perspective.

In the reproductions, and among the additional names just cited, Belgium figures more prominently than Holland. The reason is that, though Holland has made a good showing in the past half-century, Belgium has unquestionably produced a richer array of talents; and, insofar as recent and current work is concerned, Belgium displays a decidedly greater vitality. Artists everywhere have been influenced by the great French Modernists, but the younger Dutch painters have not been as successful as their Belgian contemporaries in assimilating these influences and arriving at a personal style of their own: They have nothing like the individuality or the force of the older artists by whom Holland is represented in these pages. The Director of Amsterdam's Municipal Museum, Dr. Willem Sandberg, and his coadjutor, H. L. C. Jaffé, have been zealous and effective crusaders for the *avant-garde*. Even so, for the experimental artist there exists a more congenial climate in Belgium than in Holland.

Born of an English father and a Flemish mother, JAMES ENSOR (1860-1949) remained all his life a citizen of his native town, Ostend. The British strain in Ensor's heritage has been mentioned to point up his affinity with Hogarth and Rowlandson; a misanthrope and a misogynist, his predilection was for savage caricature.

Ensor was an innate Impressionist, who did not need to seek models in the Paris School. In the

eighteen-eighties he sometimes interpreted with real feeling the physical aspects of his familiar surroundings at Ostend; at other times he unveiled his secret world of masks, skeletons, and Pierrots. This duality seemed to guide his brush. The physical world kept it to a dark, even somber tonality, the world of fantasy seemed to incite it to a more luminous expression. His *Entry of Christ into Brussels* (1888) — a gigantic caricature teeming with daring in its technical detail — marks the full unfolding of his personality. Hereafter, the world of carnival and fantasy took the lead over interiors and landscapes (though still life remained in great favor). Now there came into being a fantastic gallery of snouts, sardonic leers, and grotesque faces, fraternally mixing with masks, from which it is sometimes difficult to distinguish them; and Ensor's painting progressed uninterruptedly toward an ever more luminous expression. In the later years, the elements of fantasy overshadowed cruel satire. The design became more and more graceful, the touch lighter.

Having started, by choice of subject and atmosphere, from an external Impressionism, Ensor evolved toward an ever-growing world of unreality, remaining nonetheless a true Impressionist in technique. Placed at the crossroads of two epochs, keeping with his brush to the colorist researches of the nineteenth century and with his mind to the anti-naturalism of the twentieth, he represents the essence of transition.

— Roger Avermaete.*

RIK WOUTERS (1882–1916), the son of a cabinet-maker, turned from sculpture to painting only to revert to sculpture. As a painter he was a revolutionist in the wake of James Ensor, and a great Impressionist in his own right. His short life was dramatic and painful, but his art was inspired by an instinctive wonderment at the beauty of nature and man. He was a Dionysiac artist who expressed his rapture with abandon and with force. His most famous work, *The Wild Dancer* (see reproductions), is a creation of incredible audacity. Rarely in the history of sculpture has such a violent movement been controlled by so sure a sense of equilibrium.

— Jan-Albert Goris.

A painter of the Brabant landscape and of the humble interiors of workers and peasants, JEAN BRUSSELMANS (1884–1953), though in the very forefront of Belgian Expressionism, was the prototype of the profoundly independent artist who is unfalteringly inspired by his own highly personal vision. His is a severe, homespun universe, painted with masterly assurance, in strong daring lines and solid colors. Perhaps the dominant trait of his technique is his rectangular design: fields, houses, clouds, even boats, animals, and men, are

*Adapted from *Ensor* by Roger Avermaete. Antwerp: Editions de Sikkel.

traced in rectangular brush strokes. His dramatic landscapes express a contest between the forces of nature and the artist; the former are, so to speak, unleashed on the canvas and the artist marshals his technical resources to keep them in equilibrium. The result is an art that abounds in passion and yet achieves serenity.

— Charles Rolo.

One of the major figures in modern Belgian art, EDGARD TYTGAT, born in 1879, paints pictures full of fun, tenderness, and poetry — enchanting pictures which are strangely little known outside his native country. Tytgat is, above all, a teller of stories: his favorite subjects are the circus, musical performers, *kermesses*, processions, street scenes, children, and shy lovers. A delicate colorist with an intensely personal style, Tytgat reduces the world to the dimensions of a puppet show. Indeed his art has a folklore quality, and one might describe him as a Primitive were it not for his exquisite refinement. His vision combines the ingenuousness, the delight in fantasy, of childhood with an ironic sense of life's absurdities that is often richly amusing, sometimes very sad, and almost always steeped in compassion.

— C. R.

After studying at the Académie des Beaux Arts in Brussels, RENÉ MAGRITTE (1898–) joined hands with the Surrealist “revolution” in the mid-twenties. Though he has remained faithful to Surrealism, his amazing inventiveness and exacting technique have kept his work continuously resilient and challenging. His inspiration is so rich that at one time, for two years, he painted a picture every day. His primary purpose is not to please the eye or merely stir the emotions: to Magritte, painting is an instrument of discovery — of understanding. His work bears a piquant relationship to that of the psychoanalyst. The latter seeks to enlarge self-awareness by unscrambling the images of dreams; Magritte scrambles the images of reality in an attempt to enrich man's awareness of himself and the world. Thus he paints doors with a piece scooped out — as in his well-known *Love's Perspective* (see illustrations) — because the very essence of doors is that they *give passage*. As one Belgian critic has said: “It is as though René Magritte had invented a new mythology.” Magritte recently had an exposition in New York, at the Sidney Janis Gallery.

— C. R.

With a human skeleton as his model, PAUL DELVAUX was working on one of his large, haunted canvases when this writer visited him in his cramped studio on the outskirts of Brussels last June. Now in his fifty-sixth year, this richly gifted artist conjures up a mysteriously poetic world pervaded by a cold sensuality: a domain in which, in André Breton's phrase, “there exists a point

where the real and the imaginary cease to be perceived as contradictory."

Surrealist in spirit, classic in form — his clear-cut contours and meticulous design, his dramatization of subject and atmosphere hark back to Ingres — Delvaux has achieved mastery in a personal idiom that is infinitely startling. Nude women, painted with insistent exactitude in all their luxurious nudity, people a landscape with long, melancholy vistas reminiscent of de Chirico: a phantom landscape with Greek and Roman constructions (temples, arches, columns, ruins), mountains in the far distance, and sometimes a skeleton and/or a black-suited figure in a derby hat. Delvaux also projects his slightly pop-eyed nudes into the mechanical world, juxtaposing them with a locomotive or a trolley car. He paints them reclining on Empire-style couches; or in a room with skeletons; or being peered at through the detachable glass eye of his ubiquitous man with the derby hat.

In recent years, Delvaux has had exhibitions in London, Paris, and New York. — C. R.

Born in Louvain in 1903, CHARLES LEPLAE obtained a degree in law, then decided to devote himself to sculpture. His evolution has taken the opposite course to that of most of his contemporaries. After a period of experimentation in the Expressionist and in the abstract vein, he emerged with a style that is profoundly humanistic. The exquisite head entitled *Gabrielle* (see illustrations) is a characteristic example of his portraiture. With its delicacy of sentiment, its acute characterization, its gracefully balanced volumes and harmonious proportions, the sculpture of Leplae expresses an ideal of beauty that is rare in contemporary art. Leplae's work is represented in a number of museums in Belgium, Holland, and Denmark. — C. R.

Born in London in 1915, MARC MENDELSON studied at the Art Institute of Antwerp and settled in his father's home town, Brussels. He was one of the founding members of *La Jeune Peinture Belge*, an association, formed in 1945, of younger Belgian artists of varied inspiration but with a common experimental bent. A talented colorist with a deep feeling for inanimate objects, Mendelson has worked his way through several phases which have led him to abstraction. A distinctive feature of his art is the sensitive arabesque. He recently completed a monumental mural for the terrace of the Canterbury Restaurant in Brussels. — C. R.

BART VAN DER LECK, born in 1876, has been a figure of great consequence in modern Dutch art. A friend of Piet Mondrian, he became a prominent member of "The Style" movement, founded in 1917, which sought to achieve a greater universality

through "purification" — through reducing reality to its basic patterns and colors. It accented Functionalism and stressed the link between the painter and the architect.

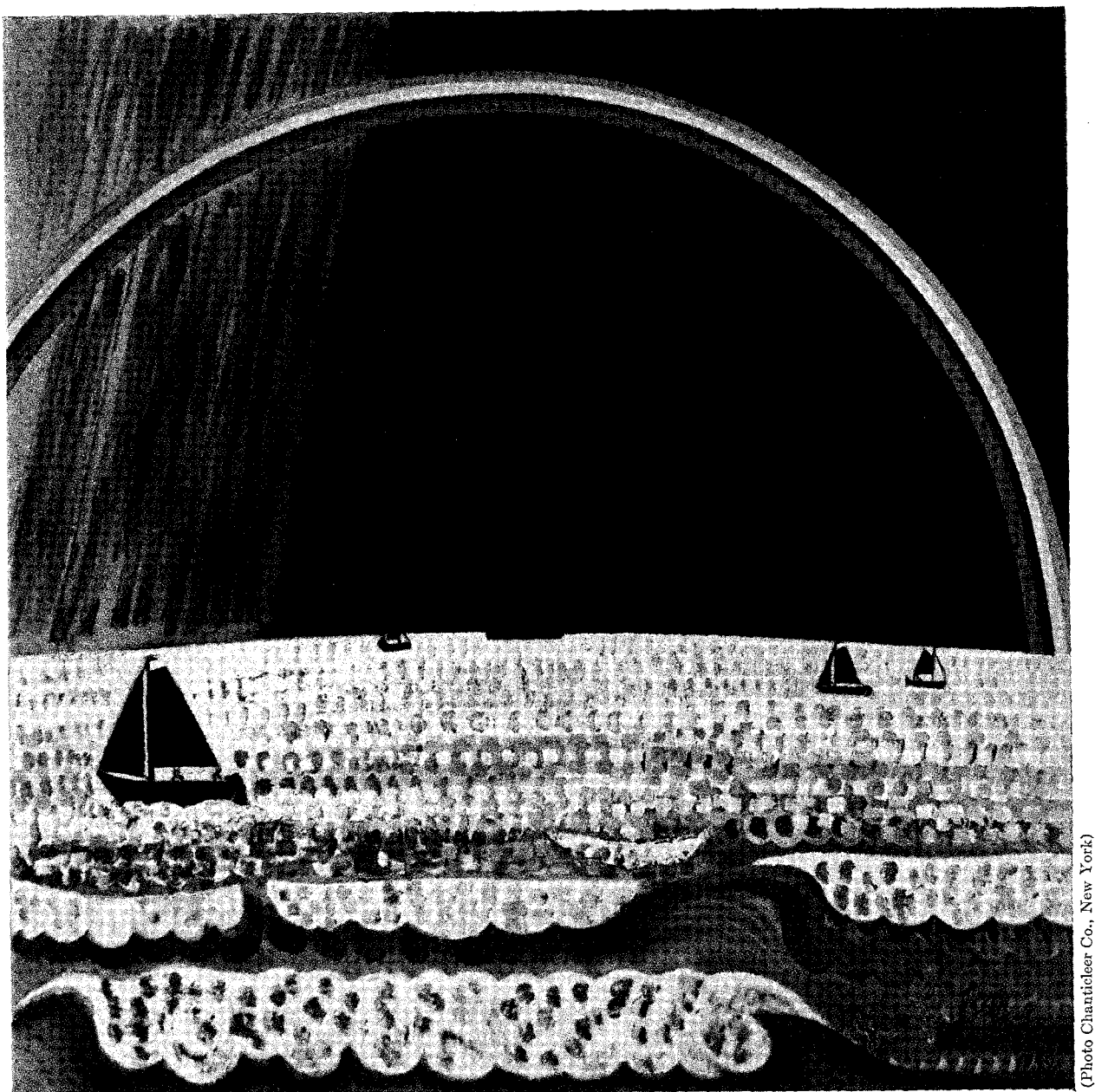
In the painting of Van der Leck, the elements of space are replaced by the two-dimensional; and he works, chiefly, in the three primary colors, red, yellow, and blue, to which he adds grey and black, and white backgrounds. Unlike Mondrian, he does not always abandon the appearances of the world around us. He distributes his figures over and under each other as in Egyptian relief sculpture, and succeeds in attaining a new and arresting balance. To Van der Leck, art is very much a social force. In his groups and in his street scenes, he achieves a sense of human togetherness, an emotion of our common destiny, by the omission of the personal, the individualistic.

— Hans Konigsberger.

CHARLEY TOOROP (1890–) paints as if she were sculpting, in simple hard movements, and with a palette that runs to deep blues and dull red-brown. Her style is human but aggressive: its realism is more than life size. This "more-than-realism" of Charley Toorop transfigures the intentional ugliness and vulgarity of many of her subjects. The force of her talent is well exemplified in her self-portraits, one of which is reproduced among the illustrations that follow. — H. K.

PIET OUBORG (1893–) has been one of the most consistently experimental of modern Dutch painters. After spending twenty years as a teacher of drawing at schools in the Netherlands East Indies, he returned to the Hague in 1939. In his forties, his drawings and paintings were Surrealistic: he was fascinated by the sense of magic in the art of the Indies and injected it into his experiments. More recently, he has sought to put his ideas on canvas "in rhythms" and no longer in forms borrowed from nature; and he has arrived at a pliable, unarchitectural Abstractionism. — H. K.

PYKE KOCH, now in his fifties, is a self-taught painter, who has patiently studied the technical secrets of the old masters. He paints in dark and light, using little color; and his work shows a deep preoccupation with the conflict between our world and our ideals. There is bitterness and tragedy in much of his painting, but there is also an awareness of beauty in his handling of drab and sordid subjects. The self-portrait chosen for reproduction is in a different vein, but it is a fine illustration of his masterly draughtsmanship. Koch's art is generally defined as "Magic Realism": a school which pictures men and things not for their own sake but for the sake of the mystery seen around them, for the overtones of a larger truth. — H. K.



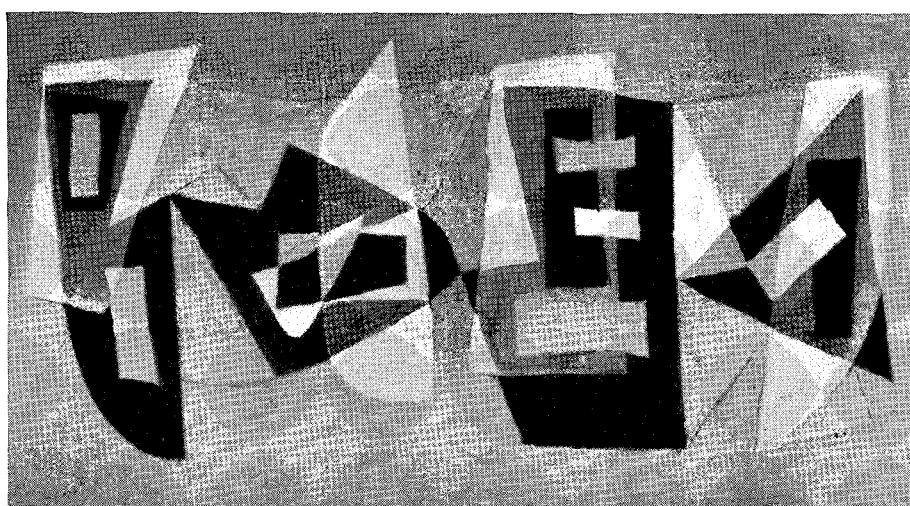
(Photo Chanticleer Co., New York)

JEAN BRUSSELMANS: *The Rainbow* (1932)

Collection Ernest van Zuylen, Liège

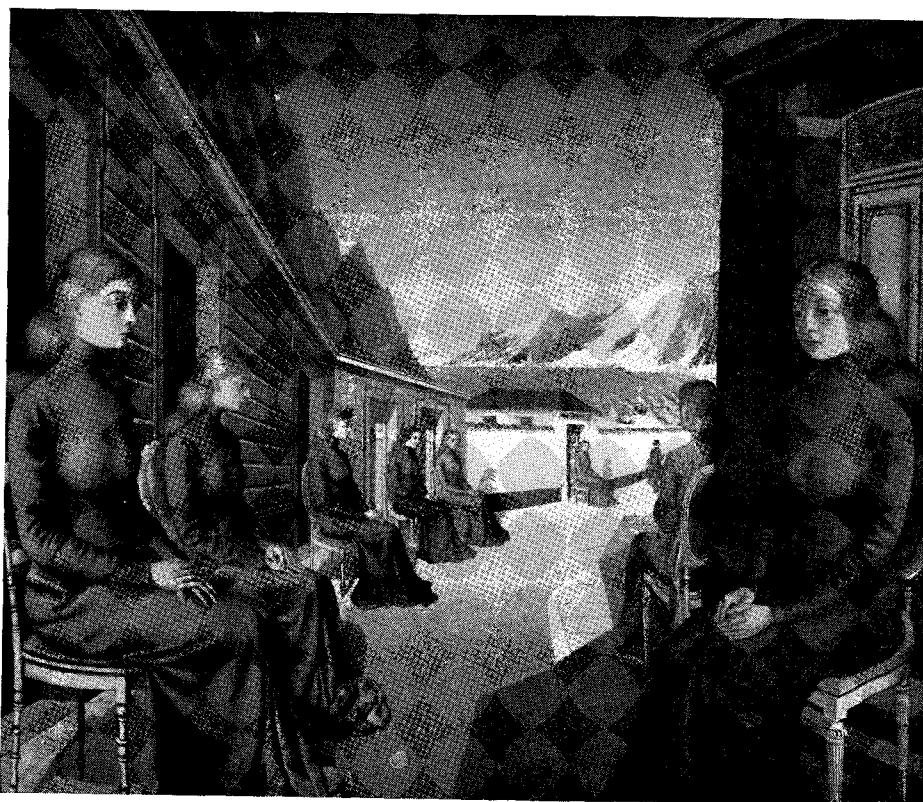


RENÉ MAGRITTE: *Love's Perspective* (1935)
Collection Robert Giron, Brussels



(Photo copyright Serge Vandergam, Brussels)

MARC MENDELSON: *Sense of Sequence* (1952)
Collection of the Artist



(Photo courtesy Sidney Janis Gallery, New York)

PAUL DELVAUX: *Village of the Sirens* (1942)
Art Institute of Chicago



(Photo copyright ACL, Brussels)

EDGARD TYTGAT: *The Gypsies* (1925)
Collection René Lyr, Brussels



(Photo Chanticleer Co., New York)

BART VAN DER LEEK: *In the Market* (1913)

Gemeente Musea, Amsterdam



(Photo Chanticleer Co., New York)

PIET MONDRIAN: *Abstraction* (1950)
Stedelijk Museum, The Hague



PYKE KOCH: *Self Portrait* (1938)
Centraal Museum, Utrecht



CHARLEY TOOROP: *Self Portrait* (1938)
Gemeente Musea, Amsterdam



(Photo copyright A. Freguin, The Hague)

CHARLES LEPLAE: *Gabrielle*, terra cotta (1938)
Musée Boymans, Rotterdam



RIK WOUTERS: *The Wild Dancer*, bronze (1912)
Koninklijk Museum voor Schone Kunsten, Antwerp

(Photo copyright ACL, Brussels)



(Photo Chanticleer Co., New York)

JAMES ENSOR: *The Intrigue* (1890)

Koninklijk Museum voor Schone Kunsten, Antwerp

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF LOUISE

A Story

by MADELEINE BOURDOUXHE

I

WHEN melted sugar falls onto the iron stove, it's really bad luck. It sticks like glue, and you need steel wool and emery cloth to get it off. Louise's hands moved to and fro as she bore down on the cloth and rubbed with all her might. Her hair fell over her eyes and she brushed it away with the back of her blackened hand. When she stopped for a moment to catch her breath, she looked into one of the glass doors of the cupboard. The curtain which hung inside caused her image to be reflected as if by a mirror, and Louise found herself pretty. She parted her lips in a made-to-order smile. Yes, anyone could see that one tooth was missing on the upper left side. Too bad; it would cost a lot of money to replace it. She started rubbing again, and again her hair fell over her eyes. She was a little wisp of a woman, with every motion full of grace.

Now she fetched a basket of vegetables and began to peel potatoes. There was a ring at the door downstairs. Louise stuck her head out of the window.

"I'll throw you the key, Odette," she called down.

Then she went out on the landing and listened to Odette coming up the stairs.

"Were you a good girl at school?"

She smoothed the child's hair and straightened the blue bow on her head. Then she went on with her potatoes, while Odette picked up the peelings as they fell onto the table, cut them into tiny pieces, and stacked them in neat little piles.

"Are we having them fried, Mother?" she asked.

"We're having them the way Madame orders."

"Then I'll tell her I like fried potatoes, and she'll surely . . ."

"No you won't. I forbid you."

Odette took a cup, stuffed it with peelings, carried it over to the sink and turned on the tap. The water splashed out of the cup and spattered the wall and the table.

"Yes, I'm going to tell her," Odette repeated. "And then she'll order them fried."

Louise turned around and brusquely smacked Odette's face.

"I forbid you to tell her anything of the sort. Look now, you've made everything dirty. The moment you return, you have to get in my way."

Odette was taken aback by the slap and raised her arm to protect her face. Louise caught hold of her wrist, shook her and slapped her again. Just then Madame opened the door.

"Come along, Odette. I'll give you some pictures to look at. You're getting on your mother's nerves."

Madame spoke in her usual calm voice and went away, taking Odette with her, as quietly as she had come. Louise went back to her work, thinking of Madame. Madame was gentle and didn't talk very much, and when she did there was nothing to be added to what she had to say.

Now the rest of the vegetables had to be washed. She didn't find it unpleasant to plunge her hands into the cold water. The sink was near a window, and as she worked she could look out onto the street. It was a fine sunny day, and Louise would have liked to go for a walk. She'd do that in the evening, when her work was all done and her little girl had gone to bed. She would stroll along the street, taking her time; she would go into a café and spend seventy-five centimes; she might even spend one franc twenty-five and sit at a table. She en-

Born in Liège in 1906, MADELEINE BOURDOUXHE is the author of several novels which have won her a reputation as one of the most gifted Belgian writers of her generation. This story marks her first appearance in the United States.

joyed sitting there, in the midst of so much animation. Men stopped to speak to her, and some of them were really quite nice. When Louise knew that she was free to go out in the evening, she thought about it all day. The café wasn't only a source of amusement; it was a refuge and relief. When she was there, she was in good company.

It was October, and the evenings were cool. She'd look ridiculous in a cotton dress. What she needed was a lightweight coat, a blue one, for instance, with a turned-up collar that she could button up over her faded dress. Yes, a round, turned-up collar, with a white rep one pinned over it. She'd put on lipstick and fix her hair and look very pretty in a blue coat like that. A man would sit down at her table — Bob, for instance. Yes, she'd have on that coat and she'd run into Bob. Meanwhile, with all these thoughts running through her head, she had let her hands float idle for ten minutes in the water. They were clean and smooth and cold; a little red, but that wouldn't last for long. They didn't look as bad as they did after doing the laundry, when they were scrubbed very clean but covered with tiny wrinkles. Louise hurriedly cut up the vegetables and threw them into the saucepan.

Madame came back into the kitchen, with her gloves on, ready to go out. While she gave directions for lunch, Odette stood up against her, with her hands on Madame's coat, hands which like the rest of her were never quite clean.

"You'll get Madame dirty," Louise told her.

Madame paid no attention to this, but as she continued to talk she put her arm around Odette and held her close. Louise didn't dare say anything more. As soon as Madame had gone, Odette said: "You see, I didn't say anything about the fried potatoes."

She made a face, bent one leg, held the foot in both hands behind her back and hopped up and down on the other, lifting toward her mother the face of a scrawny and grubby child, a pointed face, paler than Louise's but with the same delicate features and big, black, almost feverishly burning eyes. Louise gave her a big crushing kiss.

"Go along with you," she said. "Go look some more at your pictures."

2

LOUISE went back to the sink, and from the window she saw Madame walking along the street. Madame had made herself look very pretty; she had on her three-quarter-length coat, a dark blue coat with a round, turned-up collar. She held herself beautifully erect and walked rapidly along until Louise could hardly make her out any more and finally, after one last glimpse, lost sight of her in the crowd. But Louise continued to stare after her, in fascination, with an idle mind. With her eyes still on the street, she called up a succession of

images of Madame. Madame in the morning, upon Louise's arrival, saying in that gentle voice of hers: "Good morning, Louise. How are you?" Madame never said that Louise had done a bad job; she simply raised her eyebrows, smiled, and pointed to a trail of dust under the table. Then there was nothing Louise could do except fetch the broom and start the job over. She felt that there was nothing to say, no excuse. The trail of dust seemed to her abnormal, a blot on the universe which could not be allowed to stay there and defy the proper order of things. Madame coming back to the house and asking in a strangely breathless way: "Didn't anyone call me?" Or Madame looking at Louise's hands with an expression in her eyes which was even stranger than that of her voice and saying: "No mail?" Faced with Louise's empty hands and negative answer, her look would change. No one could say that she seemed sad or disappointed. The words *happy* and *sad* simply weren't appropriate. You could only say: she has this or that look about her. And this one Louise called the "letter-and-telephone" look. But what letter and what telephone call, since none ever came? From her look, one might imagine that she had lost a child. Of course, one never knows much about anyone else, but of Madame one knew absolutely nothing. One day, when Madame was ironing something, beside Louise, at the kitchen table, Louise raised her eyes to look at her and said: "Anyone can see from your face how clever you are. . . ." Madame had laughed quite gaily at Louise's admiration. She had a damp ribbon in her hand and as she stretched it out on the edge of the table to get the wrinkles out she had murmured, no longer laughing, as if to herself: "Intelligence is one thing, and that's another." *That?* What did she mean? Louise couldn't understand. But since there were so many things she didn't understand about Madame, this *that* simply stood for them all. Madame was intelligent, and, in addition, she was *that*.

Then there was Madame's beauty, the beauty that was hers a few minutes ago, when she opened the kitchen door and when she walked down the street. With other women one could pin down the reason for their beauty: their big eyes, shapely lips, or wavy hair. Madame had all these things, but none of them was the reason for her beauty. What was it? Was it *that* again? It was all too difficult and confusing. Louise wanted to get back to her work; she left the window, only to return and stare out again at the street, all because of the beauty she couldn't explain and what Madame had said when she was ironing the ribbon and the fact that she didn't know anything about her. Louise managed to think up a sort of comparison and took quite a fancy to it. She repeated it several times to herself and then said it aloud.

"Madame is as beautiful as a mystery."

Feeling somewhat relieved, she left the window,

filled a pail with hot water, and went about her work.

Madame came back. It all happened very quickly and Louise was left in a daze. She admired Madame's coat and asked: "Was it very expensive?" Madame laughed and Louise apologized for her question. She wanted one just like it, she explained.

"Well then, Louise, I'll lend it to you for this evening," said Madame.

Louise made some sort of protest, but Madame only laughed again and put it on her.

"You're smaller than I am, so it will be a full-length coat on you instead of a three-quarter one, that's all. It's very becoming."

"Madame, you're not like everybody else," Louise remembered saying. ". . . For you to lend your coat, to me, it isn't . . . normal. . . ."

"I don't need it this evening and you would very much like to have it. What would not be normal would be for me not to lend it to you."

And, as usual, Louise could find no reply. Now she was standing with the coat folded over her arm, ready to go home.

"Are you taking Madame's coat with you?" asked Odette.

The strangeness of it all struck her again. As she led the child away she answered: "Yes, it's to sew up a seam."

They sat down beside each other to eat their supper. They ate their bread and ham and drank their wine. Odette leaned against her mother's arm.

"Don't you want part of my orange, Mother?"

"No."

"Yes, you must."

"Just a quarter, then."

Louise put away the dishes, undressed Odette, put her to bed, and then waited until she had fallen asleep.

3

LOUISE walked across the room on tiptoe. Standing in front of the washbasin she combed her pretty brown hair, rolled the curls around her fingers and pushed some of them up on top of her head, according to the latest fashion. She didn't have any rouge, but she took some lipstick and applied it skillfully to her cheeks. After she had finished fixing her hair and patting on her make-up, she put on the blue coat. There are small satisfactions in certain lives which for a moment give just as much joy as a major miracle. Louise could not get a full-length view of herself in the mirror hung over the washbasin. She climbed on a chair, and now could see herself from the hips to the ankles; the bottom of the coat was full and hung beautifully around her knees. She went noiselessly out and locked the door behind her.

The city was all lit up, and Louise was happy to walk through it. She stopped in front of first one café and then another. Amid the bright lights of the

city she was searching for something, she did not quite know what. Finally she made her way to the section she knew best and went into the usual café. She stepped up to the counter and asked for a cup of coffee. There was a man there, comically rigged out, who went around from bar to bar carrying an instrument made up of a wooden stem and a sardine tin, on which he mimed the playing of a violin, imitating the sound with his lips. He had a tiny green hat on his head, attached by a narrow rubber band to a pear-shaped squeezer in his pocket, and when he pressed on the squeezer the hat bobbed up in a ludicrous manner. Louise joined in the onlookers' laughter.

Even after the clown had gone, Louise felt happy. She sat down at a table and asked for a glass of cider, which she sipped slowly, watching the people going in and out of the café. From behind the counter the barman called out: "You're looking nifty this evening!" She answered him with a wide smile, which only gradually faded away, and sipped some more cider. The minutes went by, more and more slowly, until time began to weigh upon her. It must be pleasant to wait, when you know someone is coming. Louise bent her head and daydreamed. She felt very pretty — and very lonely. A vague odor came from Madame's coat, a faint bodily odor, mingled with scent, as if the cloth was impregnated with something of the body that had worn it before. Another heart had beaten in the place where her heart was now beating. Whatever Madame said, the fact remained that she was very kind. There weren't many women who would have done the same thing. She was kind and beautiful too. Louise could find only these two adjectives to describe her, but she felt that they were inadequate and wished she had others at her disposal. She closed her eyes in order to recapture Madame's image and better define her, if not in words, at least in her own mind. There were all her distinctive marks: her long, pensive face; her forehead that was perhaps a shade too high; her smile; the fingers, so slender that her rings slipped around them; her big, somewhat weary eyes that saw through everything. . . . If only these dragging minutes were spent waiting for Madame to appear! To be her sister, or her friend, could mean a lifetime of happiness. If only she were to come into the café and sit down at the table! "Why are you so sad, Louise?" "I wouldn't be so sad, if only Bob loved me." "You mustn't be sad, Louise. I love you, you know." They would go out arm in arm; they would talk; they would confide everything to each other. But none of this happened. Louise was quite alone in the world. She had a daughter, of course, but although a child may provide a woman with company, warmth, and a reason to go on living, she is not a comfort, a help: she is a tender burden.

Louise left the bar and walked toward the wholesale market, where Bob was usually to be found.

This evening she was quite bold enough to run after him, for she knew that she looked too pretty for him to repulse her. . . . She looked in first one café and then another, but every time she was disappointed. Bob hadn't been there, and nobody had seen him. Finally in one place she did get some news. Bob had stepped out with the boss and would be back shortly. She sat down at a table to wait.

When Bob walked in she did not move to signal to him. While he stood at the bar, with a group of friends, she took paper and pencil out of her bag and pretended to be absorbed in some important calculations. Instead of the figures she was jotting down at random, she wished she could write "Bob" or "I love you," but she didn't dare, for fear he might come over to the table. Although she continued to scribble numbers, the pencil took matters into its own hands and traced a tiny *M* at one corner of the paper, then went over it and decorated it with little squibs that were supposed to be stars and flowers, although they didn't look like either, arranged in a frame of parallel lines in both directions. The whole corner was thus transformed into her alphabet of love. Louise was waiting, but now time no longer dragged. She didn't mind how far it stretched, since love and joy might be waiting at the other end. And, sure enough, Bob turned around to look at her.

"Well? Are you writing to your sweetheart?" he asked.

She nodded hello lightly and said: "No, I'm doing my accounts."

He picked up his glass and brought it over to her table, then gave an admiring whistle.

"All dolled up, aren't you? . . . You're quite a handsome piece this evening. . . ."

"No fooling?" she said pertly.

"What I say goes, doesn't it?"

The men at the bar had drained their glasses and gone away. Bob let them go and stayed with Louise. She held in her joy for fear he might see it.

"How about going somewhere for some onion soup?" he asked her.

She pretended to think hard for a minute before she answered. "All right."

When they went into the restaurant they were told to go up to the second floor.

"That's real style," said Bob, laughing.

The stairs led directly into a small dining room, where there were only three tables, covered with paper cloths. Louise sat down near a window, while Bob pushed in her chair and said with mock gallantry: "Allow me, Madame. . . ."

Louise laughed. She wasn't hiding her joy now; it echoed in her voice and was written in her eyes and all over her face as she looked tenderly at Bob. He had on his work clothes; his hair was uncombed and he hadn't shaved, but this untidiness suited him. Because he was young, ruddy-skinned, with a strong and dashing build,

he could get away with anything. The soup was hot and good, and they ate it with relish.

A dog appeared at the top of the stairs, hesitated and went down again. Probably he had left those droppings under a chair, which Bob couldn't see from where he was sitting. She burst out laughing, without daring to tell Bob the reason why. Then the idea that she was laughing over a dog's droppings made her laugh even louder than before. The apparent senselessness of it was contagious and Bob joined in. They were both laughing now, louder and louder, all the while exhorting one another to stop.

Finally Bob said: "That makes me thirsty."

And he ordered a bottle of red wine. If they were to go on at this rate, they'd soon have spent ten francs. This idea only made them laugh the more. Bob was warm and took off his jacket. He had on a dark blue, short-sleeved shirt, open at the neck and with one button missing. Louise had kept on her coat; she ate carefully, holding her left hand across her chest for a napkin.

Bob paid for the onion soup and the wine. Outside, just in front of the restaurant, Louise bought a bag of fried potatoes. Then they walked away, munching them together. It was beautiful and warm outside, more so than before, or at least so it seemed to Louise.

The fried potatoes were all gone now. Bob had put his arm around Louise and pushed her into the corner of a doorway. She stood one step above him, so that her eyes were level with his. He kissed her very gently and then looked into her face.

"Darling . . ." she murmured. Her voice was tender, expiring, and after the word her mouth remained half open.

Bob kissed her again. He led her away, holding her around the waist and lifting her up a little.

4

LOUISE slept the heavy sleep of a tired woman whom the dawn cannot awaken. It took the clatter of garbage cans thrown back onto the sidewalk and the honking horns of the first buses to arouse her. She stretched out a groping arm, then, in disappointment, pulled the bedcovers up under her chin and lay still, with a strange sadness upon her. Bob wouldn't be back this evening. It might be days or even months before he returned. He had gone off without so much as a word or a kiss. . . . Oh, all that! . . . There was nothing she could prove, but she had a definite feeling that all this could only mean Bob didn't love her. But hadn't she known that all along? What of it? Louise shrugged her shoulders indifferently under the bedcovers and buried her face in the pillow, completely crushed. Why aren't you my friend, why don't you tell me the reason for the emptiness I feel in and around me? What

am I to do? You have the answer, I am sure of that. "You mustn't be sad, Louise. I love you, you know. Put your arms around me, Louise. . . . Shall we go to the pictures together?" Between the two of them they'd see how things really were. What things? That she didn't know. . . . "Put your arms around me . . ."

Behind Louise's closed eyelids there was the picture of a high, pensive, feminine forehead, with another lower and more obstinate forehead beside it, superimposed until they were only one. Nothing made much difference. Embrace me, no matter who you may be! . . .

"Odette, hurry and get up. You'll be late for school!"

She took the child to the school gate and then went to her job with Madame. The day began all over. Louise scrubbed and waxed the floor and peeled the vegetables. She stayed late because there was ironing to do. It was four o'clock when Madame said: "I'm hungry. How about you, Louise?"

She pushed away the bedspread that had still to be ironed and cleared some things from the table.

"Just set the kitchen table. I'll have something to eat in here with you."

Louise was happy to obey. Now they sat across from one another and Madame took some jam.

"Aren't you having any, Louise?"

"No thanks, I like it this way."

Madame spread the butter and jam, the little knife graceful in her long, slender fingers, and ate the bread. Louise dipped hers in her coffee and ate very slowly, with a vague expression in her eyes.

It wasn't late, but the light coming through the windows was already dim. Summer was gently declining. Tomorrow would bring in the autumn, a long train of days, and the lifetime that lay ahead. A slow, everyday life, stripped of all hope, going on just as it had gone before. But there was still this minute when Louise felt good, here, with Madame. Perhaps Madame would say something before this minute died.

Translated from the French by Frances Frenaye

ARTHUR RIMBAUD

by P. G. Buckinx

"Sixteen natives carried the sick body
of Harrar to the coast of Ethiopia"

We walk through the black foliage of the night,
white and soundless along the ravines.
Could it be that some time, silent and white,
we shall evaporate in this darkness
and everything that is now
or was once upon a time,
be absorbed in the black necromancy of the grass?

Who exiled us, and who struck us with
a sword of fire? We know not
whither we go, so white and silent,
this disastrous hour.

The wind whistles through the tall rushes:
Death shall slay you in the end,
and quietly rid your white limbs
of darkness and insanity.

When God stands effulgent among the stars.

Translated by David Cornel DeJong

MADAME EUPHRASIE

A Lady of the Ruanda

by MARIE GEVERS

I

Editor's Note: This portrait of an African chatelaine is, in miniature, a portrait of a society in transition: that of the lordly Batutsi of Ruanda, a Belgian Trust Territory on the eastern border of the Congo. The tall Watutsi of the film, *King Solomon's Mines*, are Mme. Gevers's Batutsi.

HER baptismal name? Let us call her Euphrasie, which is popular among the Batutsi. Her native name means "Beautiful-Cow-Of-The-Plain," and it is borne out by the lady's great beauty. Aged about forty, she is six feet three inches tall and strong in proportion, a sign of her high breeding. Her nose is straight and thin, her mouth well shaped, her teeth superb. Being myopic, she wears gold-framed spectacles which fail to conceal her beautiful eyes. We would call her "gazelle-eyed" at home; here, naturally, they say "cow-eyed." Her legs, long and exquisite, easily support what we would call her *callipygia*; common among the ladies of her race, it is considered a mark of beauty. Her long supple neck carries a rather small head, whose high brow is set off by an Egyptian coiffure. Seated in one of Monsieur O.'s deep armchairs — he had let me know of her visit — she gracefully smokes a cigarette. Her host offered her a whisky and soda, which she now prefers to the hydromel and *pombé*, or banana beer, of her childhood. Her costume is most elegant, draped so as to enhance her statuesque beauty. Over a salmon-pink blouse of crêpe-de-Chine with a low round neck, the lady has knotted

a *pagne*, a sort of long wrap-around skirt, of fine cotton printed with large black flowers. A classic *peplum*, a shawl-like upper garment, of white crêpe-de-Chine, falls in graceful folds, moving at the slightest gesture.

This beautiful creature's walk befits her high descent. She has the gait of an Inyambo heifer which is characterized by a laborious waddle caused by the weight of the animal's immense horns: among the women, it is produced by heavy leggings, piled from ankle to knee. She no longer wears the rings, but her gait remains bovine. The Batutsi lords deride the walk of European women as absurdly masculine and bouncy.

Monsieur O., who speaks fluent Kinyaruanda, has agreed to translate my questions to this once-feudal lady.

"Madame, tell me how you spend your days, and what your occupations are."

Monsieur O., as he translates, gives me a malicious wink; he foresees her embarrassment. She does, in fact, look like someone on the witness stand. But at last she says that in the morning she sets her house in order: "It is not a hut, but a brick dwelling. . . ."

"And then, Madame Euphrasie?"

Monsieur O. manages to elicit the statement that she busies herself with fine basketry, with her serving-women. And she plays at archery with the children; and she teaches them, by word of mouth, songs and poems.

We talk of cooking. Madame Euphrasie prefers potatoes, especially fried, as the Belgians like them, to the yams of earlier days. She steams her meat; her mother never touched it. She has taken up the three European meals. She drinks tea. Coffee, she does not fancy . . . nor the movies. The pic-

MARIE GEVERS is a poet and a novelist, well known in Belgium. In 1938, she became a member of the Royal Academy. Her book on the Ruanda is the result of two years' sympathetic observation of the changing mores of that Belgian Trust Territory.

tures go too fast; it is very difficult to understand.

Madame Euphrasie is accompanied by a young follower, very pretty, self-effacing, like a maid of honor. She too smokes cigarettes and drinks whisky. The young girl wears black and white stripes, with a red *peplum* over her white blouse. Both have, naturally, renounced the ancestral custom of spitting on the floor. Their bearing has great distinction. The lady politely invites me to call on her at home, in her brick dwelling, when I am in the neighborhood of her Hill.

When they have taken their leave, Monsieur O. gives me a sly smile: "All she told you: the basketry, the archery, the poems . . . don't count on it. It's half dreamed, half spoken, because it seemed good to say. You'll see when you go there."

2

MY CHANCE comes soon to call on this great lady of the Batutsi. A high official, Monsieur D., will provide me with an interpreter. He proves to be a young man of family, very "evolved," connected with all the aristocracy.

We soon turn onto a path trodden at random through the banana plantations and cultivated fields. Beyond these, we come to a clearing, with a superb view of the hills, all the way to the volcanos near the Uganda border. We can see two of the Birunga — Karissimbi, the "white shell," and Sabinio, "Grandfather's teeth," so called because of its crenelated summit.

We arrive at Madame Euphrasie's home, a square pavilion of coarse brick, roofed with heavy tile. My guide raps on the door, and a porter appears, an old man in calico rags. He says that Madame is out walking, but nearby. He sends out a messenger, and we walk to meet Madame Euphrasie, along a path which slopes sharply down.

The chatelaine climbs toward us, surrounded by her women. The pretty follower is not present, only two sluttish little maidservants; but the lady, taller by two heads than they, is well turned out, though not with the elegance of her calling-costume. Heavy necklaces; a *peplum* of hieratic purple, faultlessly draped; a white blouse, a *pagne* of black and white.

She recognizes me. The interpreter reminds her that she invited me to call. She regrets not having been notified. We go toward the house. She shows us into a minuscule hall, lit by its one door, and furnished only by a dusty wooden chest. If Madame Euphrasie spends her mornings tidying the house, as she said, then today she has forgotten the vestibule.

She evidently prefers that we go no farther, and repeats, "If only she had been notified. . . ."

She gladly permits herself to be photographed, in full face, in profile, and against the vast horizon. And then, "as on every day," she gives orders to her overseer.

"Are you talking to him about your herds, Madame?"

She replies that her herds are at present in some distant hills.

"And the serving-maids whom you instruct in basketry?"

"Oh . . . they are away . . . there is only one here."

A flustered young girl is singled out from the gawking crowd of serfs; the lady hands her a little basket, which she has caused to be brought, and then explains this and that, resting her hand on the delicate woven straw.

"But the great woven panels that you told me about?"

"There are none at present."

"And the bows and arrows? And the children?"

"The children? They are not here."

"And the songs you teach them? Could I hear them?"

"The woman who knows them is away."

My patrician interpreter is impassive as he transmits these questions and answers.

Remembering Monsieur O.'s smile, I understood.

Madame Euphrasie had described to me a day in the life of her mother, a feudal chatelaine. Madame Beautiful-Cow-Of-The-Plain now calls herself Euphrasie, drinks whisky and smokes cigarettes; but Madame Euphrasie is half ruined, and unadapted to these times. Her cows, which is to say her fortune, are stolen in the distant hills they graze; and she no longer manages to obtain *abagaragu*, or vassalage. Her old serfs no longer keep faith with their contract: two months' work in the chatelaine's fields in exchange for the use of two cows.

Madame Euphrasie has lost the power to order a thief impaled, to blind those who displease her, to cut off the hands of the disobedient. She is obliged to sell cattle in order to meet her living expenses and her desire for new things: gold spectacles, or that gold watch. She is like a nobleman of long ago, selling away, one by one, his farms and fields. Of her former splendor, these only remain to the lady: the distinction of her bearing, a taste for fine clothes and authority, a little land, this small and unkempt dwelling, and a splendid tree, on which I compliment her. "It was planted," she says, "by my grandfather."

She is a widow. Most of the great chiefs, her contemporaries, have managed to adapt themselves. They become chiefs of Hills; they own plantations, and great herds which they supervise from nearby; they visit their domains, drive their own gleaming cars, and frequently perform important administrative functions.

Madame Beautiful-Cow-Of-The-Plain is unhappy. She misses the old days. It is inconceivable to her that a cattle-thief should get off with a couple of years' penal servitude.

— Translated by E. S. Yntema

THE UNDERGROUND THEATER

The Slaughter of the Innocents

by MICHEL DE GHELDERODE

1

CHRISTMAS, that luminous pause in the long winter night, is that moment when heaven and earth unite; it is a stained glass window with lights behind it, a high dream of hope which all men on earth dream together. And then there is that silver star. Oh, don't say it is made of cardboard sprinkled with ground glass . . . that star is the promise of a better world! It lights up cold churches and children's nurseries. For the children it leads the way toward the future. For me, that star, whenever I recalled it, would plunge into the past, and at its passage all the Christmases of other years returned — the beautiful nights around the lighted tree, in front of the miniature Nativity where the most wonderful drama ever conceived was played! Memories of that loving vigil! Let me tell you of one that will make you smile.

It was more than forty years ago. My ambition as a small boy was not to become the rival of Buffalo Bill or Nick Carter; but all the same I dreamed of a life of adventure, full of danger and brilliant deeds. I scorned Indians and gentlemen crooks! Who was my ideal? He wore a sword and top boots, a gold-laced coat and a feathered hat; he had a thundering voice, a magnetic eye, and magnificent mustachios. You've guessed! I was the constant companion of those prodigious swashbucklers, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis. I was held spellbound by their rodomontades and, at the sight of the

sparks struck from their swords, was ready to do or die! Bad company, you'll say. I was fully aware of that. So, it was shamefacedly and with cautious hypocrisy that I used to slip down into certain cellars in one of the poorer neighborhoods of Brussels, where I was sure of finding my favorite heroes. Yes, I used to go to see the underground marionettes. I loved them passionately, those dolls whose heads were hollow but full of grandiose thoughts; I adored their fantastic parades, their strutting self-importance, their strange grandiloquent rhetoric, in those far-off days when simple folk were easily pleased, and children my age would be lost in wonder at a penny show. . . .

Well then, at dusk on the evening of December twenty-fourth, the principal episode had just come to an end in that smoky cellar, a regular witches' den. Happy youngsters were still seething with excitement over the slashing swordplay of Monsieur de la Guerche! But the show was not over yet. For the Christmas season, the "Toone"¹ offered his audience, as an extra attraction, a special play for the occasion: *The Slaughter of the Innocents*.

It was ludicrous and pathetic, this Christmas play, but ludicrous and pathetic in a way no artist could ever succeed in creating. I invite you to sit beside me on the rickety bench, for now with a sharp rap the curtain vanishes. We are in St.

MICHEL DE GHELDERODE, whose plays have been performed throughout Europe, is Belgium's greatest living dramatist. He is a "possessed," inward-looking artist, and his theater is that of a visionary and a fervent Christian, whose central concern is the problem of Good and Evil. He lives in seclusion in Brussels, where he was born fifty-six years ago.

¹Toone: Diminutive of Anton or Antoine. In Brussels, a "Toone" is a manipulator of marionettes, provided, that is, he shows them in a cellar. Those who exhibit marionettes in a theater are not considered real "Toones" by true marionette fans. This title is derived from the name of a famous puppeteer of the last century, "Old Toone" or "Toone the First. When he died his successor took over the name along with the marionettes. The line of "Toones" or "Antoines" was established. I hardly need say that there were many dynastic quarrels. The real name of Toone de Locrel, with whom I once worked, was Jean Hembrauf, number IV in the genealogy of Toones.

Joseph's house. The Holy Couple is squabbling in the adorable Frenchified Flemish of the Marolles¹ district in Brussels. It is all about that complicated day on which the angel has appeared to Mary, and Mary, at the same time, is expecting her confinement *immediately*, and must also set out on a long journey with her husband because Herod's men are going to take a census of all the children. Poor things! They will not go by train, they will travel on foot, without forgetting to take sandwiches along. It begins badly and continues to get worse. In Jerusalem, Joseph and Mary are manhandled by a ruffianly policeman. No hope of finding lodgings with any of the innkeepers, who are all full up. When the "onion," that is the policeman, threatens to take them to the police station, the unhappy couple flee to the suburbs where they take refuge in the stable decreed by Providence. Then Mary bursts into tears, exclaiming:

"Oh, Joseph, how miserable we are! What is going to become of us?"

And the crestfallen St. Joseph gives her an answer no playwright would ever have thought of:

"Well, my dear Mary, we're going to become a little more miserable." And he begins bawling too.

Happily, this episode is followed by a charming pastoral scene: some shepherds are rejoicing at the appearance of a star (sparkling at the end of a string). Never before have they seen such a "*blinkant*" star. To crown their joy they hear strains of sweet music all around them (played on a mouth organ). They are discussing whether it is a solo or a duo when an aerial sprite appears. He tells them: "I am the Director of Music. Shepherds, it is winter and it has snowed. Shear your sheep and take the wool to Jesus, for he is cold. I will guard your flocks." And the shepherds go off singing *Gloria in Excelsis*.

Thence we are transported, without transition, to Herod's palace, which is a Louis XVI room. Now things begin to hum. Herod is furious and is giving his magician a piece of his mind. That wicked *pinnemouche*² has foretold bad fortune. For, you must know, the poor soothsayer has dared tell Herod the truth, has predicted that someone is going to "put him down." The great Herod, the famous king of the Holy Bible, is going to be dethroned! And the one who will do it is a poor infant whose birth has come to pass "with a star."

Herod has the *pinnemouche* beheaded by his myrmidons, and orders his Captain to kill all the *schoppekes*, the innocents, so as to be sure not to miss Jesus, the infant who is going to "put him down." For good measure, they are to chop off the head of John the Baptist who, if you please, has baptized Jesus, and they are to bring Herod his

¹ Marolles: Name of one of the most populous districts of Brussels where a very ancient jargon is still spoken. It is a mixture of French and Flemish with a sprinkling of German, Spanish, and Yiddish words.

² Pinnemouche: A pointed bonnet worn by this marionette.

head "on a plate." . . . As the myrmidons are leaving Herod shouts after them: "A few children don't count anyway. We'll buy some more. . . ."

The slaughter of the innocents having been decreed, we begin to shake in our boots. But wait. The supernatural is the rule. An angel comes to announce that Mary and Joseph have succeeded in escaping to Pharaoh's kingdom of Egypt. So now the slaughter can begin. The slaughter? No idle word . . . but deeds! The myrmidons fight one another. Superb duel. All the musketeers are on the stage, swords drawn. They fall down, they get up again. They are swung around and knocked against each other in bunches, and finally celebrate victory. But what of the innocents in this free-for-all? Yes, what of them? But everybody knows they have been slaughtered. From behind the scenes comes a faint wail: "*Mouma*. . . ." And a tiny wooden doll falls down in the midst of the musketeers to symbolize, in the interest of synthesis, all the unhappy mites of that shocking day. Is it all over now? No, one more scene, the last.

Herod in his palace watches the procession of his returning myrmidons. Here is a sample of the dialogue in which we seem to be listening to Jarry's old *Père Ubu*³ himself:

The Captain: Sire, they have all been killed.

Herod: That's not true.

The Captain: It is the truth.

Herod: You lie. The child Jesus has skedaddled. How many children have you beheaded?

The Captain: 200,357, exactly.

Herod: That isn't enough. Start again.

The Captain: Mercy, Sire! I haven't the heart . . .

Herod: Traitor, die! . . . (He kills the Captain.) And you, myrmidons, you have disobeyed my orders. Perish! (The whole battalion falls dead.)

Lucifer (appearing): Miserable butcher!

Herod: Wait a minute, Lucifer! I'm going to repent.

Lucifer: Too late! (Terrific struggle. Fire. Flames.)

Herod is dragged off to Hell with the myrmidons and the Captain.)

The curtain would then fall with a crash. And everybody was satisfied — the wicked were going to be hurled into the fiery furnace, and the Holy Family was safe.

Other times, other customs! The young people of today would undoubtedly make fun of this childish spectacle, and even the little children would refuse to be seduced. Childhood today is quickly shorn of grace! But if it is true that there are no children left, we'll buy some more, as Herod said. Let us hope there will be others, and real ones, for whom the world will begin afresh on some beautiful purple evening under peaceful stars.

Translated by Louise Varèse

³ Père Ubu: the leading character in a play by Alfred Jarry, *Ubu Roi*, which created a sensation when it was produced in Paris in 1896, and which later became one of the bibles of the Surrealists. Père Ubu represents the zany wisdom of extreme folly.

THE FRENCH WRITERS OF BELGIUM

What Gives Them Their Identity

by RENÉ MICHA

1

LAST June, writers from France and Belgium gathered at the Cistercian abbey of Royaumont, near Paris, for a friendly discussion of their art. After this meeting, which was said to demonstrate a perfect unity of views "in literary matters as well as in the larger field of human relations," a journalist concluded it was an established fact that "there is just about as much difference between Belgian writers and French writers as there is between French writers from Provence and French writers from Brittany, or Parisian writers from the Rue St. Jacques and Parisian writers from the Porte d'Auteuil." There was no meaning, this journalist added, in "the tags which our Belgian friends rather self-consciously pin upon themselves: Belgian writers in the French language or French writers of Belgium.¹ Where Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, Plisnier or Michaux were born has long since ceased to be of any importance in France."

This opinion that the place of birth or even ethnic traits cannot prevail over the unity of language and literature is widely held not only by Frenchmen but among Belgians too. However, such was not always the case. At various times in their history, the inhabitants of this country had to contend against foreign occupation or influence, and it affected their disposition. After 1830, for instance, when Belgium was constitutionally established as an independent state, the Belgians were liable to exaggerate their feelings of individuality. Text-

books and political speeches of the period display a patriotism all the more naïve for its actual novelty. And when Napoleon III's *coup d'état* in 1851 drove into Belgium writers like Victor Hugo and publishers like Hetzel, a distrust of France was aroused. In their meetings with these exiles, Belgian writers became conscious of all that set them apart from Paris. A little later, Baudelaire came to Belgium to make money, and found, for the most part, grounds for bitterness and scorn. His *Amoenitates Belgicae* reveal, with extravagance but sometimes with truth, the aesthetic and moral discordances between the two nations.

Curiously enough, in the eighteen-eighties Belgian and French writers started getting together within the same literary movements and literary magazines, and endorsed the idea of a single French literature, just at the moment when, for the first time, distinctive Belgian characteristics were manifesting themselves strikingly.

Today, the situation is the following: In practical matters, there is no reason to set Belgian writers apart from French writers. The life they lead, as writers at least, is similar; the most prominent live by their pen, the others have another occupation with which they earn their living.

¹ In Belgium, two languages are spoken: Flemish with its many dialects, and French with its Walloon dialects. There are also two literatures: one in the Flemish language, which is discussed in the Dutch section of this publication, another in the French language, which is the subject of this article. Except when direct reference is made to Flemish letters, the words "Belgian literature," "Belgian writer," etc., here designate only Belgian writing in the French language. Such is the case even when I compare or distinguish between Flemings and Walloons. The latter write only in French, but many Flemings use this same language. If, for instance, I should happen to connect Michaux, who is a Walloon, with Ghelderode, who is a Fleming, the connection belongs strictly within the French sphere.

RENÉ MICHA, a resident of Brussels, is a young essayist and critic who combines a career in business with a very active interest in literature and the arts. Author of *Peintres Belges Contemporains*, he has contributed articles to *Les Temps Modernes* and other literary journals in France.

Publishers, however, are much fewer and smaller in Belgium, so that quite a number of Belgian writers, and among them the best, get their works published in France. And some of them have made Paris their home.

In intellectual matters, the prevailing view is, as I said at the beginning of this article, that Belgian literature is but a province of French literature. This view allows for particular shades of thought and feeling, for particular idioms in the language, but assumes a fundamental unity of inspiration and expression.

I am tempted to contest this theory. I believe that however important the bond between a literature and its language, there appears to be an even stronger bond between a literature and its people. There are differences, to be sure, between British English and American English, between Iberian and American Portuguese or Spanish, *but there are far greater differences between the literatures of these countries.* There exists very clearly a literature which is English and another which is American; one which is Portuguese and another which is Brazilian.

2

WHAT is the situation in Belgium? Does the literature produced on that soil and by Belgians differ from the literature written a few hundred miles away and by Frenchmen?

In its present form, Belgium is hardly a century old. And yet the Flemings and Walloons who inhabit it have lived together for hundreds of years; since the treaty of Verdun in 843 they have formed — on territory sometimes larger, sometimes smaller — a working partnership in which Flanders played the leading role.

Only a certain community of character can explain the fact that two groups of people, differing in race and language as the Flemish and Walloons, and each of them subjected to the enticements of powerful neighbors akin to them in race and language, unremittently reconstructed a unity which wars and treaties would dispute. Their persistence was all the more singular in that there are no mountains or rivers to favor their union; on the contrary, this plain of theirs, just a bit hilly in spots, is wide open to all the highroads and waterways.

The originality of the Belgian character is not that it is a blend of various strains (for every character is a blend) but rather that it blends these strains so slightly that they show up one after the other, and often run to the extreme. Even when the Germanic and the Latin traits appear together, they do not fuse: one side or the other prevails in turn without ever wiping out the opposition. That proverbial "Belgian common sense" is a compromise which a people continually torn apart finds between its opposed tendencies. One might almost

deny the existence of any properly Belgian character, if it were not that this endless coming and going from thesis to antithesis, from reason to unreason, leads, not to a synthesis, but to a sort of equilibrium: an equilibrium of heavy-handed reason and powers of invention that run to the fantastic. Serious things, here, become ponderous; work becomes grinding hard labor; the taste for the concrete leads to commonplaceness; the distrust of ideas turns into a hatred of debate; a traditional faith cloaks itself in ceremony and superstition. In return, the imagination soars, becomes ornate and disordered; mysticism flowers in many parts of the country; entertainment assumes riotous colors and intensities.

Many nations, we know, went off to the Crusades in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. The Christians involved followed their native temper and customs. Most of them behaved like soldiers, a few like Christian soldiers; and merchants, plunderers, adventurers, and loafers were not excluded. The German among them was a roughneck or a dreamer; the Frenchman a knight of St. Louis-the-King, the champion of many a joust. But the Lotharingian — i.e. Belgian — Crusader was all things at once. He fought bravely; established trading-posts; carried off fabrics, spices, and jewels in his bags, and fabulous beasts on his banners; he made the maidens pregnant and inspired the *chansons de geste*. Such a man, more or less, was Godfrey of Bouillon who now has his statue in Brussels: grandson of the Knight of the Swan, first king of Jerusalem, he triumphed over Evil, but fled (unless it be his brother) before his thirty wives and thirty illegitimate children.

To the foreigner's eye, the Belgian — eating, drinking, working, playing cards — seems the snuggest and most settled of mortals: down-to-earth, matter-of-fact, familiar or strange in the same way as things-in-themselves. Yet no one is more extravagant in his folklore, in his painting, in some of his writings and sayings.

Listening to a Belgian speak, the foreigner (particularly the Frenchman) will be struck even more strongly by this subjection both to the real and to the unreal which, shortening the distance between words and their object, sacrifices reflection and certainly elegance; finds words that are picturesque, though often inapposite; creates a language that is mimetic but flat.

The very proximity of French and Flemish — languages quite different in character — increases the incongruities in each of them. From time to time, however, a sudden show of strength, a flash of wit, a telling oddity, make one forget about harmony or elegance. Michel de Ghelderode obtains powerful effects from such incongruous verbal marriages; he invents supplications, imprecations, nicknames, derived from the Flemish, and these Flemish thrusts tear apart the already

over-taut web of his own French writing. Henri Michaux, carrying this same tendency still further, sometimes breaks into a brand-new language.

Belgian literature, then, is wrought in the image of the Belgian people and their character. Reacting, of course, to the main trends in European letters, it has tendencies and schools of its own; undergoes foreign influence; and, less often, exerts its own influence abroad. And yet, whatever these variations and elements shared with other literatures, it retains features which give it a recognizable identity. The Flemish may put their emphasis on color as against the Walloon's preoccupation with music: but there is blazing color in the writing of the Walloon Camille Lemonnier, and there is music at the heart of the works of the Flemish Maeterlinck. Such contrasts are slight in terms of a *common direction* — a nearness both to the real and to the unreal — which to the present day connects Flemish writers such as Franz Hellens and Michel de Ghelderode with Walloons such as Georges Simenon and Henri Michaux.

3

BELGIAN literature is a picturesque literature, more descriptive than evocative, clear sighted and inquisitive, composing in space rather than in time, exuberant and streaked with triviality, but to the point. It is not incapable of storytelling, I think, but it has little gift for going beyond concrete reality, for giving significance to an anecdote or depth to characters. It has little inclination to transpose what the writer has seen into universal terms, though it does have an affection for sly morality plays.

That is why there is more poetry than fiction in Belgian literature. It has, to be sure, produced many plays, but what is fine about them has to do with vision and language rather than with action. Maeterlinck's theater displays, through the genius of a great artist, what Kleist termed the "tragic innocence" of the marionette. Ghelderode's theater shows us Goya and Bosch as through a magic lantern: the frenzy of drowning creatures, fixed as on a slide. In both cases we have the theater of a visionary, presented with a fiery commentary by an impassioned showman.

If Simenon runs counter to this line of argument, it is only slightly. The story itself does not matter much to him: what matters are the place, the men, the women of his choice. He uses, as the dreamer does, precise memories, which he reshuffles and deals out afresh. This particular setting, these particular faces, which he patiently reveals to us, form the story little by little. For years, he kept to only two hours of writing each morning; and, the rest of the day, he would loaf or attend to practical matters, leading the life of his characters. When he sat down at his typewriter, he was in a

hurry to get down all that the needle of the *Arabian Nights* had engraved on the corner of his eye. His novels are usually made into movies, but on the screen they lose their veracity: on film, the plots seem trivial or hard to believe, for all the atmosphere is lost. Yet this same atmosphere, in the books, fills the eyes and ears of the reader, creating anew, as Brueghel did in his Bethlehem or his Babel, the skies, trees, and houses of Flanders.

As for Belgian poetry, it inevitably eludes cut-and-dried formulations: in Belgium, as elsewhere, it is a free-wheeling, many-mirrored art. Such poems as Verhaeren's *Les Campagnes Hallucinées*, Maeterlinck's *Serres Chaudes*, Max Elskamp's *La Louange de la Vie*, Eric de Haulleville's *Tramontane sur son grand Cheval*, Henri Michaux's *Mes Propriétés*, Théo Léger's *Les Puissances de Chagrin*, differ in subject and style, and already belong to different periods. And yet the reader is impressed in each one of them by the prerogative given to the material things of life. In each case, the outside world is the subject for description, imagination, rapture: even the poet's very self, seized in its physical being and exposed on the scaffold, finds itself reduced — like the Prevaricating Judge in Gérard David's painting — to the most concrete terms, a structure of lines and colors: *ut pictura poesis*. The only exception to this school of pictorial poetry is perhaps Odilon-Jean Périer, whose poems are a world unto themselves. If a cup of tea is the point of departure, it is in the manner of Mallarmé's incidental poetry; if the poet speaks of Brussels, it is with the tender mockery of Apollinaire.

Belgian literature runs to the fantastic. It describes things unseen as well as what it sees; and gives to the invisible an everyday look. It does not present things through a looking-glass, but a diabolical reflection is there, all the same. The human scene is a haunted one.

As in some of the masterpieces of Brueghel or Jan van Eyck, *realism* is applied to both the real and the unreal. The title, *Réalités Fantastiques*, which the Belgian novelist Franz Hellens gave to one of his works, aptly suggests the commutation between reality and mystery, the exploration of the uncanny within the familiar, which characterizes other, widely different, works of literary *trompe-l'oeil*: Maeterlinck's *Les Aveugles* and his *La Mort de Tintagiles*, Franz Hellens's *Melusine*, Simenon's *Les Pitard* and *Le Voyageur de la Toussaint*, Ghelderode's *Sire Halewyn* and *La Farce des Ténébreux*, or Marcel Lecomte's *Les Minutes Insolites*.

The proper word for this literature, then, is not *clumsy* but *unbalanced*. I am not referring to the language, whose lines, to be sure, twist and break under the impact of color; a language which dazzles more than it charms. I am referring to the composition itself.

Novels, comedies, poems, which depict but do not

evoke, which offer an image of things, concretely, but not their broader meaning — such works, whether fiction or fact, impose on the reader a sometimes burdensome task of elucidation and of interpreting in general terms. Reality is presented to us piecemeal, and we have to step backward to set the pieces in their proper place; to make them jibe with our knowledge; to recreate perspectives and a horizon. We have to make the effort which is required to get at the essence of things and to the hearts of men — in short we have to do for ourselves what other literatures do for us. There is nothing further from Stendhal and his flashing

generalizations than these immediate experiences which have meaning only in themselves and do not lead any further. Occasionally, perhaps, a broader meaning appears, a kind of proverb or picture of popular wisdom. But it does not move us right away; it strikes us only upon reflection.

I should like to mention a final trait. A literature of this sort, which gives primacy to the concrete, has a need, and an instinct, for comic situations; for the concrete, naturally, includes laughter. In sum, Belgian literature is a painter's literature. Hence its qualities and its faults.

Translated by Nancy Lenkeith

IN A STRANGE COUNTRY

by Théo Léger

Why go away thus, proceeding across the fields
In your precise black gloves, you person in a derby?
No one expects you.

To a country of blue chasms, air that breathes
The deep mourning of this season.
And the mountains! Those iron fangs, those hoarse wild waters.

I do not know this place! where the tall women
Turn upon me a splendid, alien gaze,
The somber silver of unhuman snows.

I go on, shade of a great desire,
Drunk still on the rich fumes of the lowlands,
Toward some vast ruin, unknown, standing gutted

By all the winds of the heart, by obstinacy.
I am blinded and bruised.

And yet,

Up there in the sun lies the village,
Calm under the deep dome of autumn,
Concerned with the soft sky and the ripened fruit.

The women must hurry to harvest.
Snug, drowsing among home possessions,
Their people are settled for winter.

Oh, I am blind! Let it at least be given me to speak.
And let the year hold back a little while
Its lowering snows. For love's sake,

Or for pity's. For the world, once in mourning,
Must swoop into a zone of fogs and rages,
Its great wing bloodier even than before.

Translated by E. S. Yntema

A CHRONOLOGY OF DUTCH HISTORY

57 B.C.: Caesar invades the country inhabited by tribes of Gallo-Celtic stock and tribes of Germanic origin.

500 A.D.: Clovis, king of the Franks, becomes the first Christian ruler.

9th Century: With the breakup of the Carolingian empire, the lands pass to the east Frankish (German) kingdom and thus to the Holy Roman Empire.

1421: The St. Elizabeth flood, the greatest in Dutch history, destroys more than 50,000 lives.

15th Century: The feudal states of Holland, Zeeland, Gelderland, and Brabant fall under the dominion of the house of Burgundy, which thus virtually controls all of the Netherlands.

1515: Charles V, of the house of Hapsburg, becomes emperor and by 1543 rules over the provinces which today comprise the Netherlands.

1555: Charles passes over his lands to his son, Philip II of Spain.

1559-1564: In the first period of religious revolt, the Dutch attempt to throw off Spanish rule and establish Protestantism.

1568: The Eighty Years War begins as the Spanish Duke of Alba invades the Netherlands.

1576: The Low Countries unite under William the Silent — founder of Dutch independence — in the Pacification of Ghent.

1579: The Union of Utrecht confederates the seven northern provinces, which two years later declare themselves free from Spain. The Union remains in force until the fall of the Dutch Republic in 1795.

1580-1666: Frans Hals is the first great artist of free Holland.

1584: William the Silent is assassinated at Delft by a fanatic while the struggle against Spain is at its height.

1602: The Dutch East India Company is granted a charter.

1606-1669: Rembrandt van Rijn.

1621: The Dutch West India Company is formed.

1632-1675: Jan Vermeer — Holland's most gifted genre painter.

1648: The Thirty Years War is victoriously concluded by the Treaty of Münster which recognizes Holland's independence.

1795: The French attack the Republic of the United Provinces. William V flees to England and the French set up the Batavian Republic.

1805: Holland is incorporated into the Napoleonic empire.

1815: William I, of the house of Orange, becomes the king of the Netherlands and the country becomes a constitutional monarchy.

1830: The southern provinces (Belgium) break away and declare their independence.

1853-1891: Vincent van Gogh — Holland's greatest post-impressionist.

1863: The Dutch West Indies abolish slavery.

1914-1918: Neutrality is maintained in World War I.

1932: The twenty-mile enclosing dam across the Zuider Zee is completed.

1940: The Germans invade the Netherlands and occupy it for five years.

1948: Queen Wilhelmina abdicates in favor of her daughter, Juliana, who rules with a coalition government.

1949: The former Dutch East Indies become the independent United States of Indonesia.

A CHRONOLOGY OF BELGIAN HISTORY

57-51 B.C.: Caesar conquers the Belgae, tribes of Celtic origin.

1st-5th Centuries: The period of *Pax Romana*. The Salian Franks, of Germanic origin, occupy northern Brabant and Flanders. Christianity is introduced.

9th-12th Centuries: The Treaty of Verdun divides the inheritance of Charlemagne between his sons. Belgium is comprised in Lotharingia and later in the duchy of Lower Lorraine, which occupies all but the western part of the Low Countries. In the twelfth century Lower Lorraine disintegrates and the duchies of Brabant, Luxembourg, and the bishopric of Liège take its place. The cities of Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres rise to power and virtual independence through their wool industries and trade.

c.1385-1441: Jan van Eyck is attached to the dukes of Burgundy as a painter of religious panels.

c.1400-1465: Roger van der Weyden succeeds Jan van Eyck as head of the Flemish school of painting.

c.1430-1494: Hans Memling continues the tradition of Van Eyck and Van der Weyden in his delicate religious paintings.

15th Century: All of present Belgium passes to the dukes of Burgundy. The wool industries decline, partly due to English competition. With the death of Mary of Burgundy (1482), a period of foreign domination begins.

c.1525-1569: Pieter Brueghel the Elder paints scenes from everyday life which generations of Lowlands painters are to explore to the full.

1560: The religious wars break out. Philip II, a Spanish Hapsburg, lays down absolutist policies which are later to result in revolution.

1577-1640: Peter Paul Rubens becomes the greatest exponent of the Baroque north of the Alps.

1579: The religious schism between the Protestant north and the Catholic south (now Belgium) is complete. The south remains under Spanish rule with Catholicism as the state religion.

1599-1641: Anthony van Dyke, as Rubens' greatest student, continues the great tradition of Flemish painting.

1715: The Treaty of Utrecht transferred control of the Catholic Lowlands from Spain to the Austrian house of Hapsburg.

1797: The Treaty of Campo Formio passes Belgium from Austria to France.

1815: The fall of Napoleon frees the Belgian provinces which, under the Treaty of Vienna, are united with Holland to form the Kingdom of the Netherlands.

1830: Belgium revolts against Holland and declares its independence.

1831: A constitution is voted and Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha becomes the first king of the Belgians.

1865: Leopold II becomes king and personally directs his country's acquisition of an African empire.

1885: The Congo Free State is established under the sovereignty of Leopold II who becomes the chief stockholder in its managing company.

1908: The independent state of the Congo is annexed to Belgium to be administered through that country's parliament.

1914: Belgium is invaded by the German army and occupied for four years.

1940: The Nazis invade the country and occupy it until September, 1944.

1951: Leopold III abdicates his throne in favor of his son, Prince Baudouin.

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON THE POETS

BERTUS AAFJES is one of the most gifted younger Dutch poets. Born in Amsterdam in 1914, he studied archeology for a year in Rome and has also been a newspaperman.

JACOB VAN HATTUM is an elementary-school teacher in Amsterdam. Aside from his poetry, he has written some fairy tales and short stories.

EDUARD HOORNIK, now in his early forties and a well-known poet in Holland, has at various times been a newspaperman and editor, and, after the war, Director of the Dutch-Indonesia Information Service.

MARTINUS NIJHOFF, who died last year, was a major figure in Dutch letters. For two decades editor of *De Gids*, a leading journal of ideas, he wrote critical essays and poetry which are the expression of a complex, richly gifted personality.

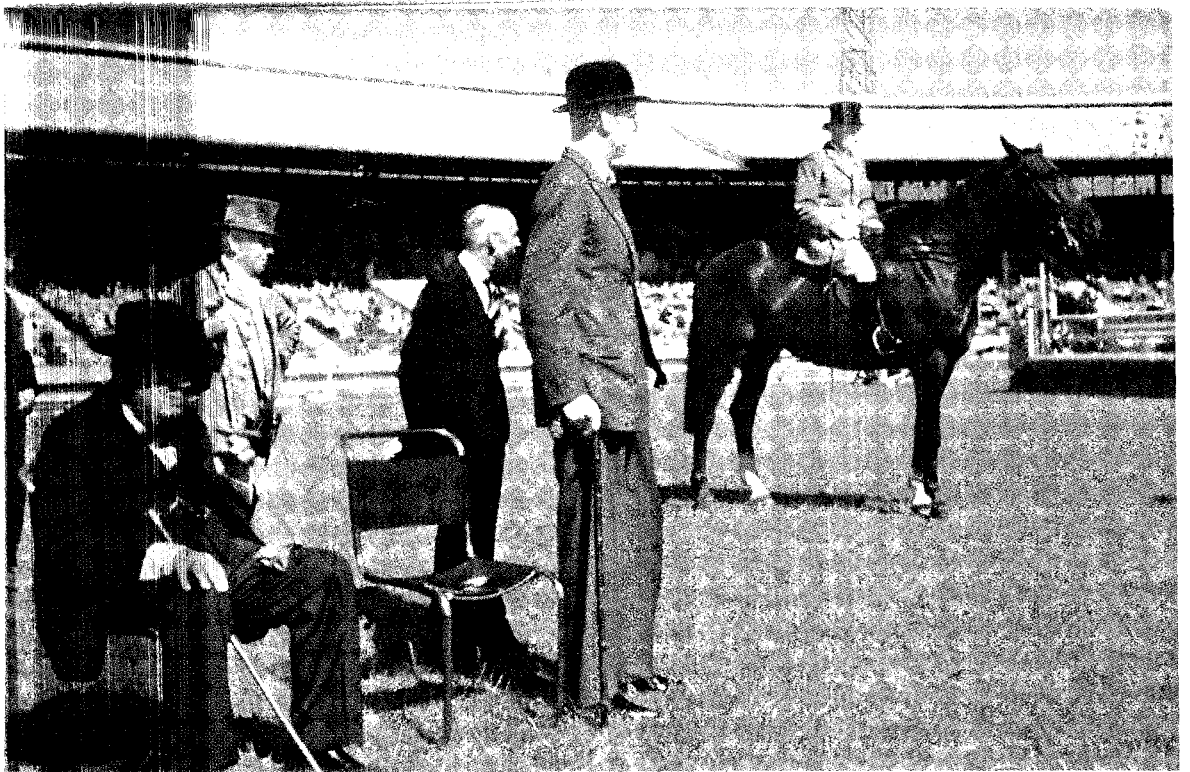
ERIC VAN DER STEEN is the pseudonym of D. Zijlstra, a newspaperman in Amsterdam who has published poetry and short stories.

P. G. BUCKINX, now a resident of Brussels, was born in Kortesseem in 1903. He is the recipient of several Flemish literary prizes.

THÉO LÉGER, born in Brussels in 1912, published his first book of poetry in 1937, and today is considered one of the outstanding Belgian poets writing in French.

MARCEL THIRY, a native of Charleroi, is in the top rank of Belgian poets. In 1927, at the age of thirty, he received the Prix Verhaeren. At present he lives in Liège.





The Duke of Beaufort, standing, and the Duke of Devonshire, seated, at the White City Stadium. Seated on the horse, the Duke of Devonshire.

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SIR ALEXANDER MAXWELL

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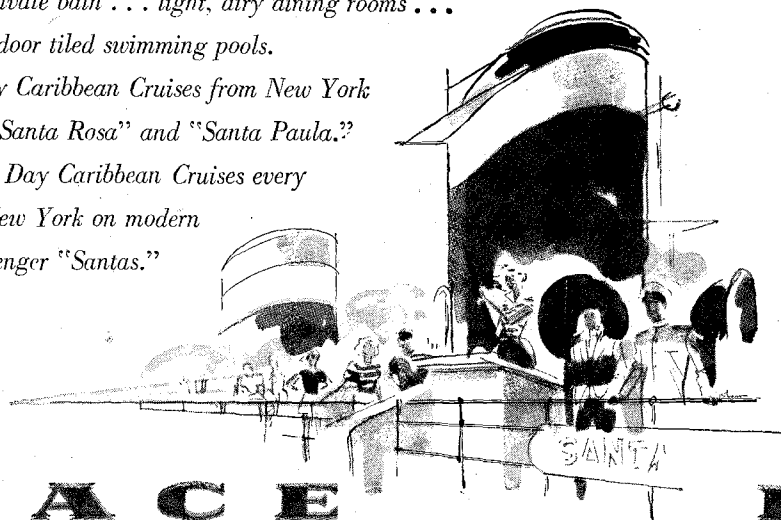
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